THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

NOV. 30, 1918 10c. in Canada 5cts.

S O S — By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co. *Copyright 1918 by Cream of Wheat Co.*

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE."

Where is the Dollar Ingersoll?

STOP to think for a minute what the dollar would do when the Ingersoll watch first sold for a dollar. A dollar bought a bushel of wheat, paid the day's wage of an unskilled laborer, bought twenty pounds of sugar for the good housewife.

But year by year the dollar has shrunk until in these war times it has about half its former purchasing power.

Today, we are not making the Dollar Watch. It can be sold at that price only when made in large quantities. Also the government has just ordered all manufacturers of non-jeweled watches to restrict their production to a portion of their normal output, and to two models—one large and one small.

Because our country is working on a 24-hour schedule; because night time must be measured as carefully as day time; because soldiers and sailors, above all, need the time at night, we are concentrating what materials and labor we are entitled to, on two Radiolite models—Ingersoll Radiolite and Radiolite Wrist, Army Model.

Prices of Non-Jeweled Radiolite Watches	
Ingersoll Radiolite	$2.75
In Canada	*3.00*
With soldier pocket strap	3.00
In Canada	*3.35*
Radiolite Wrist, Army Model	5.50
In Canada	*6.00*
Jeweled Watches	
Waterbury Radiolite, 4-jewel	5.50
In Canada	*6.00*
Waterbury Wrist Radiolite, Pigskin Strap	6.00
In Canada	*6.50*
Reliance, 7-jewel, Nickel Case	5.50
In Canada	*6.00*
Reliance, 10-year gold-filled	8.50

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315 Fourth Avenue - - - - - New York
CHICAGO MONTREAL SAN FRANCISCO

Ingersoll Radiolite

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Tells Time in the Dark

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The Gift of Holeproof Fills Essential Needs

ADJUST your tastes this Christmas to the spirit of the times — send this admired hosiery to all the names on your gift list. Holeproof is both a charming remembrance and a real essential — it's a gift with a two-fold purpose.

It is also the safest hosiery to give to others because you know that Holeproof hose wear months without mending. And mind you, their famous durability does not come from coarse materials. We use the finest pure thread silk that Japan supplies. In other styles, fine, strong lusterized lisle and cotton, or fibre silk, and silk and cotton mixed.

All are fine-textured, shapely and lustrous. And knit the Holeproof way these hose gain extra strength and charm.

Insist on the genuine Holeproof when you go to buy. Most dealers have them—so don't accept substitutes. Write to us if necessary for illustrated book of styles and prices. Order early—assist in relieving Christmas trade congestion.

Men's, 35c and upward — Women's and Children's, 50c and upward

This trademark is attached to every pair so you can identify the genuine. Don't accept hose that do not have it

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S. O. S.—The Army Behind the Army

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE boom of American cannon echoed beyond the Meuse; machine guns sputtered wickedly at the right and left; overhead, Liberty motors hummed as the aëroplanes returned from their evening reconnaissance; down the dark paths to the trenches troops marched to the rattle of equipment. All round was the deadly din of war—the unfailing music of the supreme world drama.

Behind that fighting front stretches another battle line that reaches from those perilous posts of freedom four hundred miles down to the sea and then three thousand miles beyond to the shores of the United States. About it is no glamour of stirring spectacle; no sense of actual combat. Yet day and night and with ceaseless and heroic endeavor it feeds and supplies the battling hosts. Instead of mustard gas it breathes the choking dust of teeming highways; in place of open shot and bursting shell it faces the hidden hazard of the submarine. Bending beneath the burden of a tonnage that is one of the wonders of the war it maintains the insurance against a disaster more destructive than Hun advance. For mouths and guns must be fed, and fighters clothed and carried.

We thrilled at the narrative of Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel, yet every twenty-four hours since we have had an army of any size in France these legions of transport and subsistence, combating wind, rain and every obstacle that warfare in a foreign land imposes, have registered an achievement fit to rank with that high heroism. Their gallant acts have been recorded in the tangle of railroad yards, in the gloom of warehouses, amid the glare of sun-scorched quays and the prosaic routine of repair shops. For them there are few medals of merit; only the consciousness that without their service of the rear there would be no brilliant offensive at the Front.

This army behind the army is the first to land, the last to leave. In their eager search for the smell of powder sightseer and historian pass it by. Nor is it surprising. In the thrall of battle tumult the world loses sight of the mechanics of war. It is easier to have an emotion about a forlorn hope led to victory than about a food-supply column that reached the line under a storm of shrapnel. Yet the courage of the teamsters who faced death with only the reins in their hands is full mate to the valor of the fighting men armed with rifles.

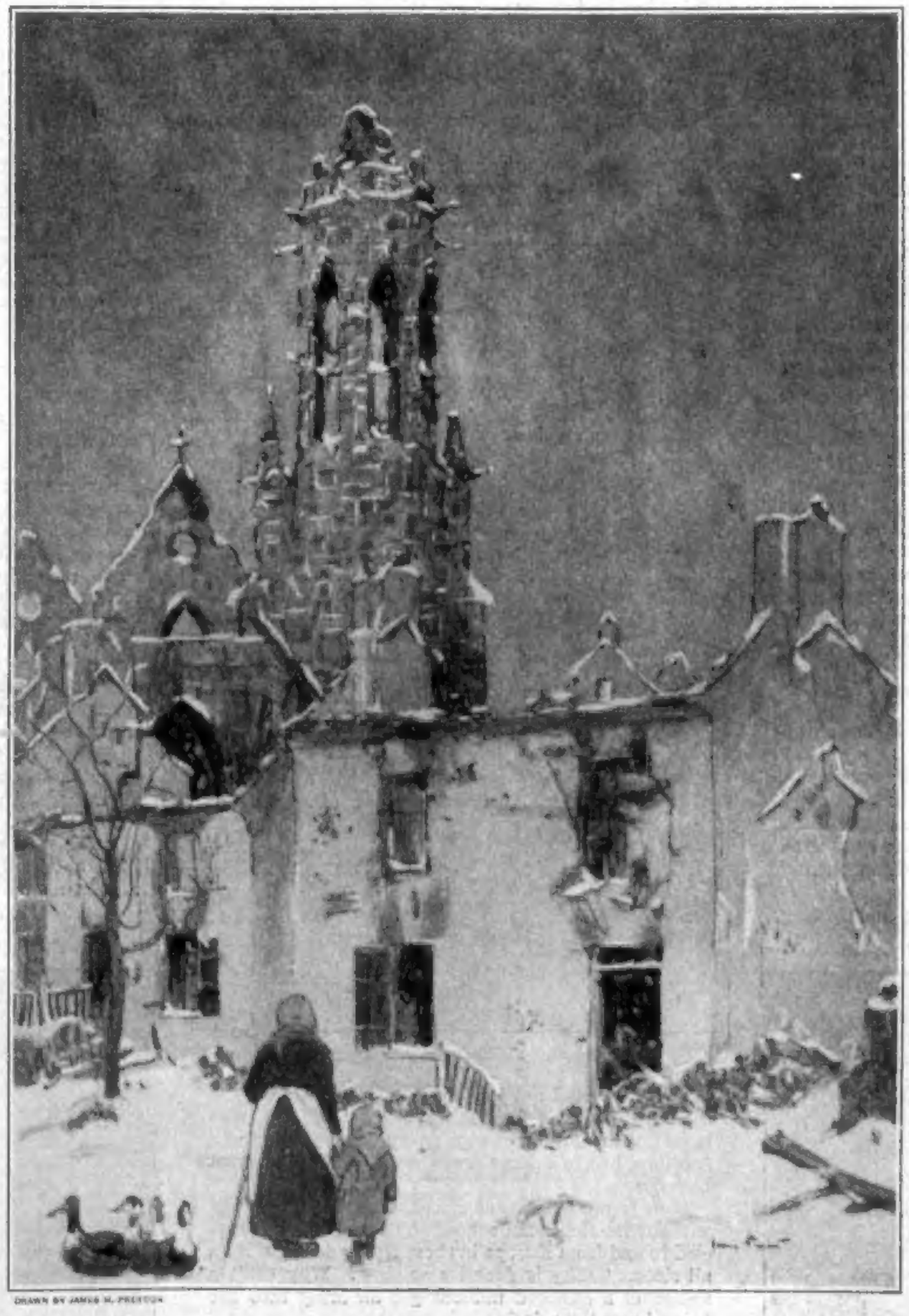
From France this past year has come a flood of writing about the fighting doughboy and his doings. The boy who supplies the doughboy has in the main escaped the spotlight. Yet he is part of an intricate organization that has solved, so far as supply and transport are concerned, the most stupendous military problem in all history. For every soldier that we land in France we must also land fifty pounds of supplies and equipment every day. Most of it comes across three thousand miles of submarine-infested sea. Each aëroplane that we assemble over there needs forty men for upkeep. Our motor-transport service alone requires seventy thousand kinds of spare parts. To guard against a breakdown in ocean communication we are compelled to keep, and do keep, a ninety days' reserve of food and fuel on the Continent. We have more than two million troops in France, and the number increases daily. A ship loaded with soldiers or supplies leaves an American port for France every fifteen minutes. An avalanche of men and munitions literally beats upon the shores of our sister republic.

We originally planned for an expeditionary force of five hundred thousand men; the scheme was expanded five times, until we began marching to a goal of four millions. These men and their supplies must be adapted to a shifting scheme of combat or subsistence the moment they arrive. How have we kept pace with this stupendous and incessant activity and at the same time avoided a congestion that in twenty-four hours would be fatal to an adequate participation in the war? What is the system that has been proof against every handicap that enemy cunning aided by geography could set up?

The story is one of action—the story of men who, eager to rise up and fight, buckle down to drudgery that has no thrills. They wrestle with figures, pore over charts, pound typewriters, drive trucks, unload ships and build docks and railways in order that their more fortunate brothers may have a fling at glory. This romance of America transplanted is as stirring as the story of any battle.

I have touched it at every point. For weeks I followed the trail of tins and transport from dock to trench, I lived in the turmoil of ports, dug into diagrams, saw this whole panorama of supply pass in well-nigh bewildering review. When you have watched it you realize why the American soldier has not missed a meal or lacked the wherewithal to fight ever since he has been abroad. It took blood and sweat and agony to produce the goods, but they have always been delivered. The fifty millions of dollars that we spend every day for war is not wasted.

Likewise you understand how, when Paris sat imperiled last July, General Pershing could swing a well-equipped and well-supplied army into the line almost overnight and help stem the tide at that stream where once before civilization had trembled for its fate. It was not accident or luck that added the name of Château-Thierry to the history



DRAWN BY JAMES H. PRESTON

of American arms. It was because the American overseas machine that feeds the fighting man was so well constructed and so mobile, that it responded swiftly and efficiently to the first emergency call. Here was revealed the initial phase of the miracle that has transformed an unorganized democracy into a formidable military power.

I have no illusions about army organization. For three years I have ranged that flaming battle line that once began in the snowy Caucasus and ends at last in the blue waters of the Adriatic. In that time I have seen many millions of men under every condition of modern combat and commissariat.

It is no depreciation of any of the army organizations that I have described to say that the American business of war as expressed in the Services of Supply—the S. O. S. they call it for short—is the most remarkable performance of the kind that I have yet seen. Those magic letters, which flashed by wireless spell distress at sea, mean first aid to the fighting American in France.

Do not get the idea that we have reached perfection. You cannot construct a Panama Canal overnight and fail to find a few raw spots at dawn. We are not standardized, for example, like the British or the French. But England and France have reached the limit of their war strength; they have been going war concerns for more than four years. Our troops and supplies, on the other hand, are in a constant race across the Atlantic. We serve as we build. Hence in the magnitude of our operations, in the difficulties that eternally beset us and in the galvanic energy that animates us we stand alone. The impetuosity of the American soldier, one of his outstanding qualities, obtains with ration as with rifle.

The proverbial desert that suddenly bloomed like a rose has nothing on the A. E. F. By one of the curious paradoxes of war we create and consume at the same time. A warehouse is filled before it is roofed; giant cranes swing cargoes from ships while they are being berthed; the cowcatchers of American locomotives press on the heels of the track-construction gangs. The supply city of to-day is unrecognizable in a fortnight because it grows so fast. We have turned farms into factories, converted swamps into swarming communities. We reclaim men just as we salvage guns. We have laid down and operate a series of railways equal in scope to the Pennsylvania system; we feed and supply a population almost as large as that of Chicago; we have erected a cold-storage plant that would supply every citizen in Greater New York, London, Paris and Chicago with fresh meat for twenty-four hours; somewhere in France we have established a motor principality that is a small replica of Detroit. Coördinating this universe of effort is a system of control and administration, linked up with every known scientific aid to modern commerce, that would run a hundred United States Steel Corporations all rolled into one. Even the horses have identity disks! Quantity output, which dramatizes the genius of the American industry of peace, is duplicated in this new American business of war, unlimited!

When Miraculous Speed Seemed Slow

EVERY real American is a shareholder in this enterprise. Its bank is the Liberty Bond; its perpetual dividend will be peace and security in the days to come.

The spirit of that overseas America which changed Allied depression into defiance in the crucial hour of the war is after all the same pioneer spirit that conquered the prairies and won the West. It animated Lincoln and Lee and Grant, and is to-day reincarnated in the character and purpose of Pershing and the working and fighting host he leads. In this war-born faith which finds one expression in the Services of Supply lies the hope of the new America, which, recreated in the crucible of conflict, will be a factor in the rehabilitation of the world.

You cannot understand the immense operation, which daily pumps and provides the lifeblood of the A. E. F., without knowing the approach to that historic day when our troops first set foot on France. It explains many things, most of all the colossal difficulties under which our supply system was launched.

As most people know, Marshal Joffre came to America soon after we declared war and pleaded for immediate assistance. It is no secret that the French morale had wavered slightly under three years of incessant hammering. Human endurance, heroic as it was, had almost reached the limit of its powers. The hero of the First Battle of the Marne said in substance:

"Send us troops at once. You must make a beginning, no matter how small."

This procedure was against our better judgment, which dictated delay until we could come in force. Besides, the way had to be prepared. But France's need was urgent.

It followed that almost before the United States realized that it had gone to war our First Expeditionary Force—the immortal prototype of Britain's gallant First Seven Divisions—steamed unheralded into a certain port on a June day in 1917 that will be forever famous. So far as the tools of supply and transport were concerned that vanguard of the new armies of democracy had practically nothing but its bare hands, and with these implements it set to work.

Bread was necessary before bullets. The first scene in the vast drama of our actual participation therefore discloses that handful of men in khaki digging, grubbing and building; and it has been kept up ever since on a constantly increasing scale.

At the start the two principal problems were revealed: One was labor; the other was tonnage. This is why our little army could not join the battle line at once. It discarded the rifle for the pick; the engineers, who came out to plan trenches, military railways and fortifications, had to enlarge docks, build berths and erect bakeries.

Brigadier General Johnson Hagood

Now began the chorus of criticism, which was not without its European echoes. Those of us who traveled to and from Europe in those trying days got it on all sides. "Why is America so slow? Why can't a nation of a hundred millions get an army into the field?" was the refrain.

These people who criticized little knew the price in sweat and sacrifice that our outposts in France were paying for unreadiness. But if the nation was unprepared the individual was not. It is the triumph of this dauntless individualism—as you shall see in the succeeding articles in this series—now welded into an organized and close-knit whole, that has made the achievement of the A. E. F. possible. Nowhere is it more strikingly apparent than in the development of the Services of Supply.

But while those intrepid outposts, whose picks and derricks registered a courage not surpassed on the firing line, worked and worried, help was on the way. During the heartbreaking autumn of 1917 the labor battalions began to arrive. The plantation negro from Alabama suddenly found himself working alongside a Chinese coolie on a French dock piled with American supplies. We began to annex ports; our engineers burrowed into the rich soil of France; acres of machinery sprawled about in apparent confusion. Still the plaint was, "Why so slow?"

Then the miracle happened. Almost overnight the visible structure of a vast supply system appeared. Out of the mire rose quays; in the waste places warehouses broke like magic; American locomotives seemingly sprang from the ground as the fabled warriors of old leaped from the planted dragon's teeth. The French blinked their eyes; but to the American it represented no witchery or necromancy. Accustomed to see a gaping busy hole in the midst of a city block give forth a steel skyscraper almost overnight he knew that Yankee construction history, animated by stupendous hustle, was simply repeating itself.

A Military Effort Without Parallel

IN TRYING to appraise our whole supply and transport performance in France—and it is all part of the larger American war story—it is well to remember that practically without preparation we were suddenly called upon to send an army overseas and sustain it. Back of this lay the fact that we had to create and train that army first. Until we went to grips with Germany we had no considerable armed force. What we did have was largely National Guard. The regular establishment never exceeded one hundred thousand men. It was scattered throughout the United States, Alaska, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China and Panama. A colonel seldom had his regiment together; save at maneuvers we never mustered a brigade; until the mobilization on the Mexican border a division was an impossibility. The European War produced the general organization project which outlined a real American Army comprising a larger combatant force than the whole Union had at the close of the Civil War; many more men than Grant had ever handled at any one time.

The modern army not only fights but invents. Into its scheme must go every aid that science or German hellishness has brought to physical combat. It means wireless, searchlights, gas and aëroplane service, and countless other things undreamed of when we went to war with Spain. Yet this scheme was only on paper when the hour struck for America. It meant, as far as our present purpose is concerned, that the vitally necessary agency to feed, equip and transport troops on a large scale was barely in the making. Now you can see why we have to build and serve and fight in France, all at the same time.

Search all history and you will find that no great military effort was ever before made under the handicaps that tried the souls of the organizers of the American Expeditionary Forces. You must know them before you can make a real estimate of that far-flung line of communication that not only binds the American trench to warehouse and factory but never knows a break.

First of all we have what may be called the moral obstacle, crystallized in our national ignorance of what an army is. To our credit we have always been a peace-loving nation. But when the world is at war this state of mind is not altogether an asset. Though many Americans outwardly hooted at Mr. Bryan's theory that "a million men would leap to arms between sunrise and

(Continued on Page 42)

Colonel H. C. Smither

Colonel J. B. Cavanaugh

BREAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

A Slight Girl in an Airy Slip and Bare Legs Was Executing a Furious Dance With a Powdered Youth on the Open Space

THE train rolling rapidly over the broad salt meadows thunderously entered the long shed of the terminal at the sea. August Turnbull rose from his seat in the Pullman smoking compartment and took down the coat hanging beside him. It was gray flannel; in a waistcoat his shirt sleeves were a visible heavy mauve silk, and there was a complication of gold chains about his lower pockets. Above the coat a finely woven Panama hat with a narrow brim had rested, and with that now on his head he moved arrogantly toward the door.

He was a large man, past the zenith of life, but still vigorous in features and action. His face was full, and, wet from the heat, he mopped it with a heavy linen handkerchief. August Turnbull's gaze was steady and light blue; his nose was so heavy that it appeared to droop a little from sheer weight, almost resting on the mustache brushed out in a horizontal line across prominent lips; while his neck swelled in a glowing congestion above a wilting collar.

He nodded to several men in the narrow corridor of the car, men like himself in luxurious summer clothes, but for the most part fatter; then in the shed, looking about in vain for Bernard, his son-in-law, he proceeded to the street, where his automobile was waiting. It was a glittering landaulet, folded back and open. Thrusting a wadded evening paper into a crevice he sank in an upholstered corner while his chauffeur skillfully worked out through a small confusion of similar motor activity. Before him a carved glass vase set in a bracket held smilax and yellow rosebuds, and he saw on the floor a fallen gold powder box.

Picking it up his face was suffused by a darker tide; this was the result of stooping and the angry realization that in spite of his prohibition Louise had been using the landaulet again. She must be made to understand that he, her father, had an absolute authority over his family and property. Marriage to Bernard Foster did not relieve her from obedience to the head of the house. Bernard had a car as well as himself; yet August Turnbull knew that his son-in-law—at heart a stingy man—encouraged her to burn the parental gasoline in place of his own. Turned against the public Bernard's special quality was admirable; he was indeed more successful, richer, than August had been at the other's age; but Louise and her husband would have to recognize his precedence.

They were moving faster now on a broad paved avenue bound with steel tracks. A central business section was left for a more unpretentious region—small open fruit and fish stands, dingy lodging places, drab corner saloons, with, at the intervals of the cross streets, fleet glimpses of an elevated boardwalk and the luminous space of the sea. Though the day was ending there was no thinning of the vaporous heat, and a sodden humanity, shapeless in bathing suits, was still reluctantly moving away from the beach.

Groups of women with their hair in trailing wet wisps and short uneven skirts dripping on the pavements, gaunt children in scant haphazard garb surged across the broad avenue or with shrill admonishments stood in isolated helpless patches amid the swift and shining procession of automobiles.

August Turnbull was disturbed by the sudden arrest of his progress, and gazing out saw the insignificant cause of delay. He had again removed his hat and a frown drew a visible heavy line between his eyes.

"More police are needed for these crossings," he complained to the chauffeur; "there is the same trouble every evening. The city shouldn't encourage such rabbles; they give the place a black eye."

All the immediate section, he silently continued, ought to be torn down and rebuilt in solid expensive structures. It made him hot and uncomfortable just to pass through the shabby quarter. The people in it were there for the excellent reason that they lacked the ambition, the force to demand better things. They got what they deserved.

August Turnbull made an impatient movement of contempt; the world, success, was for the strong men, the men who knew what they wanted and drove for it in a straight line. There was a great deal of foolishness in the air at present—the war was largely responsible; though, on the other hand, the war would cure a lot of nonsense. But America in particular was rotten with sentimentality; it was that mainly which had involved them here in a purely European affair. Getting into it had been bad business.

Nowhere was the nation's failing more evident than in the attitude toward women. It had always been maudlin; and now, long content to use their advantages in small ways, they would become a serious menace to the country generally. He had always admitted the economic value of women—they filled every possible place in the large establishment of the Turnbull Bakery; rather, they performed all the light manual labor. There they were more satisfactory than men, more easily controlled—yes, and cheaper. But in Congress, voting, women in communities reporting on factory conditions were a dangerous nuisance.

He had left the poorer part, and the suavity of the succeeding streets rapidly increased to a soothing luxury. Wide cottages occupied velvet-green lawns, and the women he saw were of the sort he approved—closely skirted creatures with smooth shoulders in transparent crêpe de Chine. They invited a contemplative eye, the thing for which they were created—a pleasure for men; that and maternity.

The automobile turned toward the sea and stopped at his house midway in the block. It was a square dwelling painted white with a roof of tapestry slate, and broad awning-covered veranda on the sea. A sprinkler was flashing on the lawn, dripping over the concrete pavement and filling the air with a damp coolness. No one was visible and, leaving his hat and coat on a chair in an airy hall furnished in black wicker and flowery chintz hangings on buff walls, he descended to the basement dressing rooms.

In his bathing suit he presented a figure of vigorous glowing well-being. Only the silvering hair at his temples, the fatty bulge across the back of his neck, and a considerable stomach indicated his multiplying years. He left

by a lower door, and immediately after was on the sand. The tide was out, the lowering sun obscured in a haze, and the sea undulated with a sullen gleam. Two men were swimming, and farther at the left a woman stood in the water with arms raised to her head. It was cold, but August Turnbull marched out without hesitation and threw himself forward with an uncompromising solid splash.

He swam adequately, but he had not progressed a dozen feet before he was conscious of a strong current sweeping him up the beach, and he regained his feet with an angry flourish. The other men came nearer, and he recognized Bernard Foster, his son-in-law, and Frederick Rathe, whose cottage was directly across the street from the Turnbulls'.

Like August they were big men, with light hair and eyes. They were very strong and abrupt in their movements, they spoke in short harsh periods, and fingered mustaches waxed and rolled into severe points.

"A gully has cut in above," Bernard explained, indicating a point not far beyond them; "it's over your head. Watch where you swim." They were moving away.

"Are you coming over to dinner?" August Turnbull called to Bernard.

"Can't," the latter shouted; "Victorine is sick again. Too many chocolate sundaes."

Left alone, August dived and floated until he was thoroughly cooled; then he turned toward the beach. The woman, whose existence he had forgotten, was leaving at the same time. She approached at an angle, and he was admiring her slim figure when he realized that it was Miss Beggs, his wife's companion. He had never seen her in a bathing suit before. August Turnbull delayed until she was at his side.

"Good evening," she said in a low voice, scarcely lifting her gaze from the sand.

He wondered why—she had been in his house for a month—he had failed completely to notice her before. He decided that it had been because she was so pale and quiet. Ordinarily he didn't like white cheeks; and then she had been deceptive; he had subconsciously thought of her as thin.

She stopped and took off her rubber cap, performing that act slowly, while her body, in wet black satin, turned like a faultless statue of glistening black marble.

"Do you enjoy bathing in the ocean?" he asked.

A momentary veiled glance accompanied her reply. "Yes," she said; "though I can't swim. I like to be beaten by the waves. I like to fight against them."

She hesitated, then fell definitely back; and he was forced to walk on alone.

His wife's companion! With the frown once more scoring the line between his eyes he thought satirically of the contrast between Miss Beggs, a servant really, and Emmy.

II

HIS room occupied the front corner on the sea, Emmy's was beyond; the door between was partly open and he could hear her moving about, but with a cigarette and his hairbrushes he made no acknowledgment of her presence. The sun was now no more than a diffused gray glow, the sea like unstirred molten silver. The sound of the muffled gong that announced dinner floated up the stairs.

Below, the table was lit both by rose-silk-shaded candles and by the radiance of a suspended alabaster bowl. August Turnbull sat at the head of a table laden with silver and crystal and flowers. There were individual pepper mills—he detested adulterated or stale spices—carved goblets for water, cocktail glasses with enameled roosters, ruby goblets like blown flowers and little gilt-speckled liqueur glasses; there were knives with steel blades, knives all of silver, and gold fruit knives; there were slim oyster forks, entrée forks of solid design, and forks of filigree; a bank of spoons by a plate that would be presently removed, unused, for other filled plates.

Opposite him Emmy's place was still empty, but his son, Morice, in the olive drab and bar of a first lieutenant, together with his wife, was already present. August was annoyed by any delay: one of the marks of a properly controlled household, a house admirably conscious of the importance of order—and obedience—was an utter promptness at the table. Then, silent and unsubstantial as a shadow, Emmy Turnbull slipped into her seat.

August gazed at her with the secret resentment more and more inspired by her sickness. At first he had been merely dogmatic—she must recover under the superlative advice and attention he was able to summon for her. Then his impatience had swung about toward all doctors—they were a pack of incompetent fools, medicine was nothing more than an organized swindle. They had tried baths, cures, innumerable infallible treatments—to no purpose. Finally he had given up all effort, all hope; he had given her up. And since then it had been difficult to mask his resentment.

The butler, a white jacket taking the place of the conventional somber black, poured four cocktails from a silver mixer and placed four dishes of shaved ice, lemon rosettes and minute pinkish clams before August Turnbull, Morice and his wife, and Miss Beggs, occupying in solitude a side of the table. Then he set at Mrs. Turnbull's hand a glass of milk thinned with limewater and an elaborate platter holding three small pieces of zwieback.

She could eat practically nothing.

It was the particular character of her state that specially upset August Turnbull. He was continually affronted by the spectacle of Emmy seated before him sipping her diluted milk, breaking her dry bread, in the midst of the rich plenty he provided. Damn it, he admitted, it got on his nerves!

The sting of the cocktail whipped up his eagerness for the iced tender clams. His narrowed gaze rested on Emmy; she was actually seven years older than he, but from her appearance she might be a hundred, a million. There was nothing but her painfully slow movements to distinguish her from a mummy.

The plates were again removed and soup brought on, a clear steaming amber-green turtle, and with it crisp wheat rolls. Morice's wife gave a sigh of satisfaction at the latter.

"My," she said, "they're elegant! I'm sick and tired of war bread."

She was a pinkish young woman with regular features and abundant coppery hair. Marriage had brought her into the Turnbull family from the chorus of a famous New York roof midnight beauty show. August had been at first displeased, then a certain complacency had possessed him—Morice, who was practically thirty years old, had no source of income other than that volunteered by his father, and it pleased the latter to keep them depending uncertainly on what he was willing to do. It insured just the attitude from Rosalie he most enjoyed, approved, in a youthful and not unhandsome woman. He liked her soft scented weight hanging on his arm and the perfumed kiss with which she greeted him in the morning.

"I Want Everything!" She Cried. "Can You Give Me All the Gayety, All the Silks and Emeralds There are in the World?"

Nevertheless, at times there was a gleam in her eyes and an expression at odds with the perfection of her submission; on several occasions Morice had approached him armed with a determination that he, August, knew had been injected from without, undoubtedly by Rosalie. Whatever it had been he quickly disposed of it, but there was a possibility that she might some day undertake a rebellion; and there was added zest in the thought of how he would totally subdue her.

"It's a wonder something isn't said to you," she continued. "They're awfully strict about wheat now."

"That," August Turnbull instructed her heavily, "is a subject we needn't pursue."

The truth was that he would permit no interference with what so closely touched his comfort. He was not a horse, to eat bran. His bakery—under inspection—conformed rigidly with the government requirements; but he had no intention of spoiling his own dinners. Any necessary conservation could be effected at the expense of the riffraff he had driven through coming from the station. Black bread was no new experience to them.

He saw that Miss Beggs' small white teeth were crushing salted cashew nuts. Noticing her in detail for the first time he realized that she enormously appreciated good food. Why in thunder, since she ate so heartily, didn't she get fat and rosy! She was one of the thin kind—yet not thin, he corrected himself. Graceful. Why, she must weigh a hundred and twenty-five pounds; and she wasn't tall.

The butler filled his ruby goblet from a narrow bottle of Rhine wine. It was exactly right, not sweet but full; and the man held for his choice a great platter of beef, beautifully carved into thick crimson slices; the bloodlike gravy had collected in its depression and he poured it over his meat.

"A piece of this," he told Emmy discontentedly, "would set you right up; put something in your veins besides limewater."

She became painfully upset at once and fumbled in her lap, with her face averted, as the attention of the table was momentarily directed at her. There was an uncontrollable tremor of her loose colorless mouth.

What a wife for him, August Turnbull! The stimulants and rich flavors and roast filled him with a humming vitality; he could feel his heart beat—as strong, he thought, as a bell. In a way Emmy had deceived him—she probably had always been fragile, but was careful to conceal it from him at their marriage. It was unjust to him. He wished that she would take her farcical meals in her room, and not sit here—a skeleton at the feast. Positively it made him nervous to see her—spoiled his pleasure.

It had got worse lately; he had difficulty in putting her from his mind; he thought of Emmy in conjunction with the bakery, of her slowly starving and the thousands of loaves he produced in a day. There was something unnatural in such a situation; it was like a mockery at him.

A vision of her came to him at the most inopportune moments, lingering until it drove him into a hot rage and a pounding set up at the back of his neck.

The meat was brought back, and he had more of a sweet boiled huckleberry pudding. A salad followed, with a heavy Russian dressing. August Turnbull's breathing grew thicker, he was conscious of a familiar oppression. He assaulted it with fresh wine.

"I saw Bernard on the beach," he related; "Victorine is sick once more. Chocolate sundaes, Bernard said. She is always stuffing herself at soda-water counters or with candy. They oughtn't to allow it; the child should be made to eat at the table. When she is here she touches nothing but the dessert. When I was ten I ate everything or not at all. But there is no longer any discipline, not only with children but everywhere."

"There is a little freedom, though," Rosalie suggested.

His manner clearly showed displeasure, almost contempt, and he turned to Miss Beggs. "What do you think?" he demanded. "I understand you have been a school-teacher."

"Oh, you are quite right," she responded; "at least about children, and it is clear from them that most parents are idiotically lax." A blaze of discontent, loathing, surprisingly invaded her pallid face.

"A rod of iron," August recommended.

The contrast between his wife and Miss Beggs recurred, intensified—one an absolute wreck and the other as solid and erect as a birch tree. Fate had played a disgusting trick on him. In the prime of his life he was tied to a hopeless invalid. It put an unfair tension on him. Women

were charming, gracious—or else they were nothing. If Emmy's money had been an assistance at first he had speedily justified its absorption in the business. She owed him, her husband, everything possible. He suddenly pictured mountains of bread, bread towering up into the clouds, fragrant and appetizing; and Emmy, a thing of bones, gazing wistfully at it. August Turnbull, with a feeling like panic, brushed the picture from his mind.

The dessert was apparently a bomb of frozen coffee, but the center revealed a delicious creamy substance flaked with pistache. The cold sweet was exactly what he craved, and he ate it rapidly in a curious, mounting excitement. With the coffee he fingered the diminutive glass of golden brandy and a long dark roll of oily tobacco. He lighted this carefully and flooded his head with the coiling bluish smoke. Rosalie was smoking a cigarette—a habit in women which he noisily denounced. She extinguished it in an ash tray, but his anger lingered, an unreasoning exasperation that constricted his throat. Sharply conscious of the sultriness of the evening he went hastily out to the veranda.

Morice following him with the evening paper volunteered, "I see German submarines are operating on the Atlantic coast."

His father asserted: "This country is due for a lesson. It was anxious enough to get into trouble, and now we'll find how it likes some severe instruction. All the news here is bluff—the national asset. What I hope is that business won't be entirely ruined later."

"The Germans will get the lesson," Rosalie unexpectedly declared at his shoulder.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he replied decidedly. "The German system is a marvel, one of the wonders of civilization."

She turned away, lightly singing a line from one of her late numbers: "I've a Yankee boy bound for Berlin."

Morice stirred uneasily. "They got a Danish tanker somewhere off Nantucket," he continued impotently.

August Turnbull refused to be drawn into further speech; he inhaled his cigar with a replete bodily contentment. The oppression of dinner was subsiding. His private opinion of the war was that it would end without a military decision—he regarded the German system as unsmashable—and then, with France deleted and England swamped in internal politics, he saw an alliance of common sense between the Germans and the United States. The present hysteria, the sentimentality he condemned, could not continue to stand before the pressure of mercantile necessity. After all, the entire country was not made up of fools.

Morice and his wife wandered off to the boardwalk, and he, August, must have fallen asleep, for he suddenly sat up with a sensation of strangeness and dizzy vision. He rose and shook it off. It was still light, and he could see Bernard at his automobile, parked before the latter's cottage.

The younger man caught sight of August at the same moment and called: "We are going to a café with the Rathes; will you come?"

He was still slightly confused, his head full, and the ride, the gayety of the crowd, he thought, would do him good.

"Be over for you," the other added; and later he was crowded into a rear seat between Louise, his daughter, and Caroline Rathe.

Louise was wearing the necklace of platinum and diamonds Bernard Foster had given her last Christmas. It was, August admitted to himself, a splendid present, and must have cost eighteen or twenty thousand dollars. The Government had made platinum almost prohibitive. In things of this kind—the adornment of his wife, of, really, himself, the extension of his pride—Bernard was extremely generous. It was in the small affairs such as gasoline that he was prudent.

Both Caroline Rathe and Louise were handsome women handsomely dressed; he was seated in a nest of soft tulle and ruffled embroidery, of pliant swaying bodies. Their satin-shod feet had high sharp insteps in films of black lace and their fingers glittered with prismatic stones. Bernard was in front with the chauffeur, and Frederick Rathe occupied a small seat at the knees of the three others. He had not made his money, as had August and Bernard, but inherited it with a huge brewery. Frederick was younger than the other men too; but his manner was, if anything, curter. He said things about the present war that made even August Turnbull uneasy.

He was an unusual youth, not devoted to sports and convivial pleasures—as anyone might infer, viewing his heavy frame and wealth—but something of a reader. He quoted fragments from philosophical books about the will to power and the *Uebermensch* that stuck like burs in August Turnbull's memory, furnishing him with labels, backing, for many of his personally evolved convictions and experience.

Then, Silent and Unsubstantial as a Shadow, Emmy Turnbull Slipped Into Her Seat

They were soon descending the steps to the anteroom of the café, where the men left their hats and sticks. As they entered the brilliantly lighted space beyond a captain hurried forward. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said servilely; "Mr. Turnbull ——"

He ushered them to a table by the rope of an open floor for dancing and removed a reserved card. There he stood attentively with a waiter at his shoulder.

"What will you have?" Frederick Rathe asked generally. "For me nothing but beer. Not the filthy American stuff." He turned to the servants. "If you still have some of the other. You understand?"

" No beer for me!" Louise exclaimed.

"Champagne," the captain suggested.

She agreed, but Caroline had a fancy for something else. August Turnbull preferred a Scotch whisky and soda. The café was crowded; everywhere drinking multiplied in an illuminated haze of cigarettes. A slight girl in an airy slip and bare legs was executing a furious dance with a powdered youth on the open space. The girl whirled about her partner's head, a rigid shape in a flutter of white.

They stood limply answering the rattle of applause that followed. A woman in an extravagantly low-cut gown took their place, singing. There was no possibility of mistaking her allusions; August smiled broadly, but Louise and Caroline Rathe watched her with an unmoved sharp curiosity. In the same manner they studied other women in the café; more than once August Turnbull hastily averted his gaze at the discovery that his daughter and he were intent upon the same individual.

"The U-boats are at it again," Bernard commented in a lowered voice.

"And, though it is war," Frederick added, "everyone here is squealing like a mouse. 'Ye are not great enough to know of hatred and envy,'" he quoted. "'It is the good war which halloweth every cause.'"

"I wish you wouldn't say those things here," his wife murmured.

"'Thou goest to women?'" he lectured her with mock solemnity. "'Do not forget thy whip!'"

The whisky ran in a burning tide through August Turnbull's senses. His surroundings became a little blurred, out of focus; his voice sounded unfamiliar, as though it came from somewhere behind him. Fresh buckets of wine were brought, fresh polished glasses. His appetite revived, and he ordered caviar. Beyond, a girl in a snakelike dress was breaking a scarlet boiled lobster with a nut cracker; her cigarette smoked on the table edge. Waiters passed bearing trays of steaming food, pitchers of foaming beer, colorless drinks with bobbing sliced limes, purplish aloe gin and sirupy cordials. Bernard's face was dark and there was a splash of champagne on his dinner shirt. Louise was uncertainly humming a fragment of popular song. The table was littered with empty plates and glasses. Perversely it made August think of Emmy, his wife, and acute dread touched him at the mockery of her wasting despair.

III

THE following morning, Thursday, August Turnbull was forced to go into the city. He drove to the Turnbull Bakery in a taxi and dispatched his responsibilities in time for lunch uptown and an early afternoon train to the shore. The bakery was a consequential rectangle of brick, with the offices across the front and a court resounding with the shattering din of ponderous delivery trucks. All the vehicles, August saw, bore a new temporary label advertising still another war bread; there was, too, a subsidiary patriotic declaration: "Win the War With Wheat."

He was, as always, fascinated by the mammoth trays of bread, the enormous flood of sustenance produced as the result of his energy and ability. Each loaf was shut in a sanitary paper envelope; the popular superstition, sanitation, had as much as anything contributed to his marked success. He liked to picture himself as a great force, a granary on which the city depended for life; it pleased him to think of thousands of people, men, women and children, waiting for his loaves or perhaps suffering through the inability to buy them.

August left a direction for a barrel of superlative flour to be sent to his cottage, and then with a curious feeling of expectancy he departed. He was unable to grasp the cause of his sudden impatience to be again at the sea. On the train, in the Pullman smoking compartment, his coat swinging on a hook beside him, the vague haste centered surprisingly about the person of Miss Beggs. At first he was annoyed by the reality and persistence of her image; then he slipped into an unquestioning consideration of her.

Never had he seen a more healthy being, and that alone, he told himself, was sufficient to account for his interest. He liked marked physical well-being: particularly, he added, in women. A sick wife, for example, was the most futile thing imaginable; a wife should exist for the comfort and pleasure of her husband. What little Miss Beggs—her name, he now remembered from the checks made out for her, was Meta Beggs—had said was as vigorous as herself. He realized that she had a strong, even rebellious personality. That, in her, however, should not be encouraged—an engaging submission was the becoming attitude for her sex.

He proceeded immediately into the ocean, puffing strenuously and gazing about. No women could be seen. They never had any regularity of habit, he complained silently. After dinner—a surfeit of tenderloin Bordelaise—he walked up the short incline to the boardwalk, where on one of the benches overlooking the sparkling water he saw a slight familiar figure. It was Miss Beggs. Her eyes dwelt on him momentarily and then returned to the horizon.

"You are a great deal alone," he commented on the far end of the bench.

"It's because I choose to be," she answered sharply.

An expression of displeasure was audible in his reply, "You should have no trouble."

"I ought to explain," she continued, her slim hands clasped on shapely knees; "I mean that I can't get what I want."

"So you prefer nothing?"

She nodded.

"That's different," August Turnbull declared. "Anybody could see you're particular. Still, it's strange you haven't met—well, one that suited you."

"What good would it do me—a school-teacher, and now a companion!"

"You might be admired for those very things."

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YOUNG MEN OR OLD

By Albert W. Atwood

IF NO other good comes out of this war there may at least be some let-up in the cruel and wasteful process of our industrial system, by which great numbers of men are thrown upon the scrap heap in middle life. For the grim exigencies of war have drawn off millions of young men, and employers, obliged perforce to take older men, have begun to wonder if their former policy of seeking out only the young and strong was as wise after all as it seemed to be. They are wondering if such a policy was founded more upon prejudice than upon fact; whether after all it was only a bubble that circumstances, over which they no longer have control, have begun to prick.

There can be no doubt that the deification of the young man, whether as a business executive or merely as a wage-earner, had gone too far in this country. We had been careless and prodigal of human resources. We had gloried too much in the young man's strength, forgetting that while its almost exclusive use might result in an apparent speeding-up in the process of production, the interests of the whole people, of society at large, could only best be served by the use of all our human resources. And now we are paying the bitter penalty that recklessness and cruel thoughtlessness must always pay.

"Do you want me to tell you really what this policy of always trying to get young blood has done to us?" asked the astute, hard-headed manager of one of the largest offices of the United States Employment Service, to whom the question was put because he daily comes in contact with thousands of workers and scores of employers.

The Tragedy of Gray Hair

"IF WE had not thrown the older workers on the scrap heap we should have been in a far better position to meet the labor and manufacturing crisis. We would have had hundreds of thousands more skilled mechanics. To-day the country is full of half-baked mechanics who know only one machine and if thrown out of work have to learn all over again. From the point of view of real mechanical skill they are only bums, that's all. They don't really know anything. What we needed for this crisis were the thousands of skilled, all-round mechanics that only a different policy in the past would have given us."

There need be no fear, there can be no danger, that youth will fail to play its major part upon the stage of humanity. Aside from all questions of relative strength, vigor and adaptability, youth will always be served, for the simple reason that it is more numerous than middle life. The population over forty is less than one-fifth of that below forty. As we ascend in years we go up toward the tip of a pyramid. The work of the world must always be done by the young even if every employer comes to agree that the middle-aged are far superior; because the angel of death will never permit enough of the middle-aged to remain.

But the proper use of the man beyond forty, his placement in the job or position for which he is best fitted, is no mean problem. It implies, especially in time of war, a conservation of man power that might prove decisive in any great struggle. And always the existence of the despondent, hopeless has-been of middle life is an ugly cancer in the body politic. It is not so much the actual numbers of the maturer men upon the scrap heap as the disturbing, depressing effect of this sore upon the whole labor situation.

It is no new question, this problem of the middle-aged, of the tragedy of gray hair, of the deadline at forty and forty-five. But it is like many another question which the nation was either too heedless to face before the war or did not absolutely need to grapple with. War has thrown many of these previously neglected subjects fairly at us because of their enhanced importance. Nor is that all. The time is ripe, the conditions are favorable for all manner of industrial changes upon which any real, permanent solution of the problem of the middle-aged depends.

It is only too true that in a very real sense and to a very large extent industry had built up an age deadline. This was so even though the golden thread of youth is often carried to a much later period in life than in earlier times, despite the later marriages, the fewer beards, and the general failure of men to settle down in life until later years. In Shakspere's time men were considered positively aged at fifty, but there were no factories or other beehives of industry, none of the rush and pace of modern times to wear them down.

For many years one of the largest corporations in the country would not employ anyone over thirty. Forty was a more common limit, but in many places thirty-five was the maximum. This did not mean of course that employees were turned off when they reached any of these ages. As everyone knows the deadline applied to those who sought new employment, those who for any reason had left their previous place.

"If a man stayed in one place they usually kept him," is the way an employment manager expressed it, "but if he left—then good night!"

Of course there are always a few industries where the pace is so intense that men are aged long before their time and flung off into the scrap heap at some absurdly early period. It is said there are a few abnormally severe stunts in certain shipyards from which men become lame and rheumatic at thirty and are known as Old Bill or Old John. But in the main, industry has sought, more or less imperfectly it is true, to protect the worker who has become superannuated either through the actual advance of years or the unusual severity of the work. As long as they stay with the concern something is found for them to do. Perhaps the most common example is the old man who acts as gate tender at a railroad crossing.

It was the middle-aged man or woman who for any reason sought a new place that ran up against the deadline, a veritable Hindenburg line at that. Corporations actually printed the figure forty on their application blanks as the maximum age at which anyone could apply for a position. Men were refused work merely because their hair was gray, and the incident told by a labor leader at a union convention was typical: "I know a skilled mechanic who couldn't get work for nine months. The last time I saw him he had a good job, but he had dyed his hair from gray to brown."

The Delusions of Employers

AS RECENTLY as August of this year a woman employment manager of one of the country's largest corporations said she found in many lines the insistence upon young workers as strong as ever. She remarked that, judging from her experience with what corporations demand, the old saying should be amended about a man being as young as he feels and a woman as young as she looks.

"I find that gray hair is the real deadline with men; and age, forty as a rule, with women."

But nothing could be a greater mistake than to assume, as many do, that the employers, or industry, or society as a whole, or whoever and whatever may be responsible, has preferred young blood solely because of unfounded prejudice and delusion. Much of prejudice, of actual delusion indeed, has entered into the preference for young and the discrimination against middle-aged workers. Like other institutions, business follows in part silly outworn custom, superstition and sheer error. But it also proceeds, as we all know, quite largely along the lines of hard cold fact, reason, necessity and experience. It will not do merely to rail and denounce, to write letters of protest to the papers, and exaggerate the defects of the young man or the advantages of the middle-aged.

No one has ever contended, not even the most ardent champion of the young-man organization in business, that success has ever been or is ever likely to be to any large extent the property of the young. Leadership in all lines has always been and is now in the main confined to the middle-aged and elderly. So true is this, so much is it accepted as a matter of course, that strikingly successful young men—by which I mean those from the late twenties up to somewhere in the

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Do We Eat?

SALT OF THE EARTH

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BEFORE you start this story you really ought to be warned about some of the characters in it, if only because they are sometimes so confoundedly human. On the stage, for instance, and in the good old-fashioned novels, the villain is always a rascal—deep, dark and designing—and the heroine is inevitably one hundred per cent perfect lady; whereas in life itself you will occasionally find a villain who has heroic moments, or a heroine who goes through life with two large teeth showing in front and a tendency to nag the iceman for the slop he makes on the kitchen floor.

Not, I hasten to add, that my heroine made any dental display or pawed the earth whenever things didn't exactly suit her. As you will presently see, my heroine was calm and cool, and altogether beautiful. But, truth to tell, she often thought she wasn't very bright—a thought that always made her wistful. Also, she wrote a horrible hand with a stub pen, sometimes spelled it "recieve," was fond of luxury, brightened her eyes at the smell of fried onions, and liked to lie in bed in the morning until she was simply ashamed to lie there any longer—when, of course, she got up, though with a wrench, as if the bed were playing tug of war with her; as I think it often did.

Much of this you will understand when I tell you that her childhood had been a wretched affair; but at the same time that her dresses had lengthened her fairy godmother had come forward, smiling inscrutably, and had given her two great gifts. The first was her face, the second was her figure. And at the moment when my story opens she was riding in a sumptuous motor car in Central Park.

Above her were the sky and the leaves of a perfect day in June. Ahead of her Destiny waited, swathed and masked in the immemorial manner. And by her side, sitting there as large as life and twice as natural, rode the villain of my story—the one of whom I have warned you above.

II

WHEN I began to tell you of this I had it in mind to be mysterious at first about my heroine's business. On second thoughts I am going to tell you more about her now than I had meant to tell you altogether, so that you may better understand her feelings when, while riding with the villain, she presently met the Shadow and the Shade.

She was known to the public as Gloria Swann; and if you will shut your eyes and repeat the name aloud you will guess at once that she was on the stage. As a matter of fact, she was on the New Gotham Roof in New York. As a further matter of fact, she was in the chorus.

You may have visited the New Gotham Roof in the month of which I am speaking. If you did you will recognize Gloria as the girl who skipped the rope in Childhood in the Wildwood; and when the County Fair was sung—by a comedian who sported chin whiskers, felt boots and a whittling knife—Gloria was the girl who came out with a circle of tin cups fastened round her waist. She handed you three balls and danced back a few steps. If you astonished yourself by throwing a ball into a cup she gave you a cane with a pennant on it—"New Gotham Roof"—and, though her smile was invariably an impersonal affair, you will probably remember that moment as long as you live.

But, no matter how much you may have astonished yourself at throwing the ball in the cup, you would have been infinitely more surprised if you could have read Gloria's thoughts as she came dancing out night after night with the fifteen other girls—or if you could have heard her talking with Teddy Safford on their way home.

Teddy was the press agent of Moonlight Moments, which was the name of the show on the roof. Also, he wrote the lyrics, and was hard at work on the songs for a complete musical show to be entitled Old Man Moon—a sort of a grown-up Moonlight Moments. It was Teddy who had invented our heroine's *nom de théâtre*—Gloria Swann. And perhaps I cannot better illustrate the simplicity of her mind than by telling you that she wore the name for nearly two months before she perceived it had a double meaning.

"I got a new song," announced Master Ted one night—or, rather, one morning—as they started for the Subway; "one for Old Man Moon to sing to the Princess."

"Let's hear it, Teddy—will you?" asked Gloria.

It was evident that they had been at this before, because almost immediately she bent her head to listen and simultaneously he cleared his throat to sing:

"My lady fair Alicia—
ah—I hope I see you well!
[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]
Your absence is a shadow that I never can dispel!
[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]

In the Dressing Rooms the Girls Were Never Through Talking of Friends, Once in the Chorus, Who Had Married Millionaires

In fact, I swear, my lady fair, when you were far away
I wandered round the palace ground and sighed in deep dismay.
But now that you are back again, I feel so blithe and gay!
[Indeed? Oh, yes, indeed!]

"Indeed?
Indeed!
Indeed?
Indeed!
Indeed?
Indeed!
Indeed?
Oh, yes, indeed!"

Gloria had been long enough in the show business to appreciate the flashes of business which would accompany that priceless gem of a chorus.

"I don't see how you think of them," she said; which was, of course, the very nicest compliment she could pay him. "You seem to think up new ideas 'most every day."

"Shucks!" said Teddy. "You could think 'em up, too, if you'd only put your mind to it."

"I don't know," she sighed. "I'm not very bright."

"You're bright enough," he told her. "And even if you weren't, Venus doesn't have to crab Minerva's act." Which was more or less Greek to Gloria, and more or less discouraging for that very reason.

"I'm going to be quiet going home," she said as they took their seats in the Subway, "and try my best to think of a new idea for the show."

But she couldn't; and when Teddy left her at the door of her kitchenette apartment house she gave him such a wistful look in the moonlight that he had to think very hard indeed of the bright little woman and the two babies who were waiting for him in the next block.

"Why so sad?" he asked.

"I don't know," she helplessly replied. "I think it's because I'm not very bright."

"You're bright enough," he shortly told her. "And even if you weren't, you've got looks that any clever woman would give her fingers and toes for." Hearing her sigh again, he continued: "I tell you now, Glo, you want to forget all about this highbrow stuff, and marry some rich old geezer who's darned near crazy about you. Who was that old bird last night who couldn't keep his eyes off you? You could land him easy—just like that!—and have a good time all the rest of your life."

Now, Gloria didn't tell Teddy what I'm going to tell you—she wasn't that sort of girl; but she had first noticed the elderly gentleman in question while she was skipping the rope in Childhood in the Wildwood.

"How he stares at my knees!" she had thought to herself; and when she reached home that night she had taken some very strong soap and some very cold water and had scrubbed her knees until she nearly scrubbed the skin off. "Anyhow," she had thought when she couldn't stand the friction any longer, "they don't feel quite so dirty."

It may also help you to understand her when I tell you that for weeks after her talk with Teddy she tried to think of something clever, something original, something new. But somehow her mind didn't seem to run that way at all. She couldn't even think of a sprightly saying, like the other girls, who thought nothing of remarking to each other: "I think you're a tank; you have a caterpillar tread."—"Do you keep your nerve in a garage?"—"Back up! Back up! Foch is coming!"

One morning, for instance, she lay in bed for the longest time trying to paraphrase: "You'd better sneeze; your brain's dusty." But the farthest she could go was: "You'd better cough ——"

And another time, seeing a sparrow on a clothesline while she was dressing, she thoughtfully went for pen and ink, and started:

A little bird sat on a tree
Singing "Tweetle-tweetle-tweetle ——"

But that was as far as the muse would take her, and there were almost tears in her eyes when she realized that she couldn't do anything more along poetical lines; that, so far as she was concerned, the little bird had got to sit there forever singing "Tweetle-tweetle-tweetle ——" Which may make you smile; but, oh, it was anything but a smiling matter for Gloria. As pants the hart for the cooling stream, so did she yearn for cleverness. As the ancient beauty sighs for youth, she longed for inspiration.

And then one night—or, rather, one morning—while she was walking to the Subway with Teddy Safford, the great thought suddenly came to her.

"Did you see that party to-night with the stout old dame?" Teddy asked her. "The one with the red face and the bangs?"

"Uh-huh!" said Gloria, which she sometimes said for "Yes."

"Well, three of the oldest families in New York had their li'l' old feet under that table."

"Why do they call 'em old families, Teddy?" asked Gloria, after thinking it over for half a dozen steps.

"Because they go a long way back."

"But don't we all go back just as far as each other when you come right down to it?"

"Yep; I guess we do," said Teddy in a cheerful voice, "when you come right down to it."

Gloria walked on a few steps more, little knowing how near she was to her great thought. "Teddy," she said, flattering him outrageously, "you know everything. How long is it since our first ancestors were put on the earth?"

"Pretty hard to tell, child; pretty hard to tell," said he. "But, from bones and hatchets and things that they keep on finding way down in the gravel and the rocks, they claim it's somewhere round a hundred thousand years, anyway—that is, in round numbers, of course."

"And how many generations would it take to live a hundred thousand years?"

"Oh, somewhere round four thousand, I guess," said Teddy, still sticking to round numbers.

They were walking along Broadway at the moment, and Gloria looked up the vista of lamps and trembled on the verge of her great idea.

"Four thousand generations back of me; and I was the only child!" she breathed. "My ancestors must have gone all the way back without a break—mustn't they, Teddy?"

"They certainly did—or, one thing sure: you wouldn't have been dancing on the roof to-night."

And still Gloria looked up the vista of lamps that led to dark roads and darker trails in the distance.

"It's like a long road that isn't finished yet—isn't it?" she said. "Four thousand miles long, and I'm the last mile ——"

That was the first half of her great thought.

"It's like a lamp that hasn't gone out yet—isn't it?" she went on. "It's been kept in by four thousand generations, one after the other; and now it's handed down to me. . . . Wouldn't it be awful if I dropped it—or let it go smoky—or let it go out ——"

Teddy stared at her, probably as never before a Minstrel Boy had gazed at Pierrette.

"It makes me feel solemn just to think about it," said Gloria, her eyes still far away; "as though I was a trustee, or something like that—you know what I mean."

They walked on then for half a block in silence.

"Say, Gloria!" Teddy said at last.

"Yes?"

"Do me a favor—will you?"

"What is it?"

"Never tell me again that you're not very bright."

"But, Teddy, you know right well that I'm nowhere near so bright as the other girls."

"Maybe not; and maybe the pipe organ isn't so bright as the ukulele—but believe me, child, there's some big difference in the music."

It gradually began to dawn on Gloria then that she had really mothered a great thought; and oh, how she glowed when the realization came to her! And when she reached home that night, how she loved it and gloated over it, and cuddled it as mothers have loved and cuddled and gloated over their children from time immemorial. But I think her greatest pleasure came the next day when she found that it acted as a sort of touchstone on life.

While shopping in the afternoon she saw a drunken man—a really horrible example.

"Four thousand miles before it came to him," thought Gloria; "and he's letting his last mile end in a swamp!"

And at night, when the girls were dressing for the opening chorus, she heard one of them telling about a dinner party she had attended that evening. She was a proud little person and she was probably laying it on thick; but, by the time she had finished describing the concomitants of the fish course, Gloria would have liked to take her over her knee and spank her.

"Four thousand generations have kept the light burning for her," she thought; "and now she's letting the wick go sooty, like that!"

She had always slightly stood out from the fifteen others when on the stage; it may have been the trace of wistfulness in her smile, or it may have been because her fairy godmother had gone the absolute limit when preparing those two great gifts aforesaid. Whatever it was, that night Gloria danced with exaltation; danced like a wave of the sea, and queened it over the fifteen other girls with such unconscious supremity that when she was dressed for the street the manager went to her with the air of one who brings important tidings.

"Judge Malvin's in the office," he said. "He wants an introduction to you."

"Judge Malvin?" asked Gloria, frowning a little, though it may have been only from concentration of mind. "Who's he?"

"Well, for one thing, my dear," said the manager with a smile that was quite paternal, "he's a bachelor. For another thing, he's rich. And for another thing yet—if that isn't enough—there's a whole raft of people who think he's just about the cleverest man in New York."

I believe you know Gloria well enough by now to understand that it was the third count of the indictment which interested her most.

"Oh, yes," she said, suddenly remembering—"Judge Malvin; of course I've heard of him. What does he want?"

"He wants to know you."

"What for?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

Gloria thought that over too.

"Do I look all right?" she asked.

The manager, searching his soul for a compliment, achieved the very ecstasy of human expression.

"You look like a million dollars!" said he. "Come on!"

III

THERE is danger in trying to describe a clever man. If the historian makes too good a job of it you are apt to curl the lip and echo Betsey Prig's immortal doubt: "I don't believe there's no such person!" Whereas if the historian avails himself of the art of repression you are still most likely to be unconvinced, and will say to each other: "Toh! Nothing very clever about that!"

Though Her Smile Was Invariably an Impersonal Affair, You Will Probably Remember That Moment as Long as You Live

Therefore, before I tell you of the cleverness of Judge Malvin I am going to ask you to put yourself in a sympathetic frame of mind. He really was a very clever person.

Perhaps the best way to describe him would be to tell you, first, what he looked like. He looked lazy and gray; thin, long, and a little past middle age—something like a yawning lion, though a lion is more tawny than gray. He had sleepy eyes, which could grow wide-awake in a moment; he had two smiles—one a boy's and the other a cynic's; he had two voices—one like honey and the other like acid; and his ability lay in this: he had the gift of being able to read people at sight, as though they were sheets of music and he a Paderewski.

However, he could generally play them without the least effort; not merely the simple little pieces in the keys of C and G—such as so many performers can play—but also the really intricate scores, pieces of humanity that might have been composed by a divine Chopin or Lizst and subtly set forth in half a dozen flats—or sharps.

For instance, he hadn't said five words to Gloria when he knew that she was as straight as she was lovely; and she hadn't said five words to him when he knew that she was as ingenuous as that old rime which so nobly begins: "A—Apple pie." If any further proof of his cleverness were needed, he hadn't known Gloria five minutes when he was taking her home in his car, with Teddy Safford as chaperon; and before the week was over they were quite old friends.

He began to dream lazy gray dreams; and Gloria began to dream too; though her dreams were of a different color. I haven't time to tell you his dreams—I want to tell you Gloria's; but the longer he knew her the more he missed her when she wasn't with him, and those who know may draw their own conclusions from that.

"If he does ask me," mused Gloria one morning, "and if I think I like him well enough, I wonder if he'll want me to go on dancing while we're engaged."

As you can see, she wasn't in any particular state of flurry about it. In the dressing rooms the girls were never through talking of friends, once in the chorus, who had married millionaires—to say nothing of those who had married titles and were grandly known to the world at large as Ladies with capital L's. And, however much she might deplore her lack of brightness, Gloria knew some things as well as the next one. No matter how clever a man may be, there are glances he can't keep out of his eyes—inflections he can't keep out of his voice; and trust any woman born of Eve to miss such things as those!

"Teddy was right," thought Gloria, musing on; "I'll have a good time all the rest of my life. Silk stockings, silk lingerie and silk dresses—oh, everything of silk! And green peas and strawberries in the middle of winter if I feel like it. Won't that be nice? And travel? No end to it! I've always thought I'd like to go to Japan and see the cherry trees when they're all in bloom—and have a ride on a camel—and in one of those boats in Rome.

"And won't it be a treat to lie in bed just as long as I like every morning and have somebody bring my breakfast on a tray, with my letters on one side and a vase of flowers on the other; and somebody else to cook the meals, with pork chops once in a while—I don't care what anybody says!—and fried onions!"

She closed her eyes and smiled on the vision.

"It's funny," she thought, "how I've always admired clever people! But I wonder if he'll really and truly like me when he finds that I'm not very bright myself." Which reminded her, somehow, of her one great thought.

Perhaps it came to her mind through some subconscious act of self-defense, turning up in her memory as though to ask: "How can you say you're not very bright when you thought of me?"

"Yes," she thought; "it's coming true—just as it did to those four thousand who came before me. Yes," she thought; "the lamp was handed down to me without going out for a hundred thousand years, and now it'll be my turn to hand it on down to my children."

She was very thoughtful then for a time, and rather solemn too—as though that feeling of trusteeship which she had tried to explain to Teddy had taken possession of her.

"Oh, well," she said, suddenly jumping out; "I must try to do my best. I can't do any more." And, one thought following another, heels over head as they generally do, she added: "I wonder whether he'll phone me this morning."

He did. He also called and took her to lunch. They went to a famous restaurant; and as they ate they talked—that is to say, the judge talked and Gloria listened.

"I can remember," he began in his lazy voice, "when there were only private houses on this part of the Avenue—yes, come to think of it, I remember the folks who lived in this very block. Now, on the corner where we're sitting ——"

I dare not tell you what he said; it was one of those clever recitals that have to be handled like dynamite or they sometimes go off under perfectly innocent families. And when he had finished with the folks who used to live on the corner he took the house that used to be next door—and so on along the block. It was really a masterpiece of wit and satire, told by a master story-teller; but the better he told it, the more uneasy Gloria felt. Even Paderewski sometimes drops a note, and Brahms made two distinct mistakes in his Sapphic Ode.

The judge's mistake, you see, was caused by this: he didn't know Gloria's great thought. If she had been merely a clever girl she would have hung breathless on every lazy phrase he uttered; and if she had been simply a non-clever girl she would have admired him just as much, if only for the brilliancy of the names he mentioned and the richness of his rhetoric.

But Gloria had an ear for deep notes, and heartstrings that secretly longed to be stirred by majestic chords. She had as much use for satire as she had for sarcasm, and as much use for sarcasm as she had for poison gas.

"I'm afraid I don't like him," she found herself thinking. "He doesn't believe in anything." And back of that, I think, was the unshaped thought: "Suppose he ever started not to believe in me?"

Even then she was fair enough to give him a fighting chance.

"Now listen!" she said at last. "There must have been some good in all these people—wasn't there?"

"My dear," he said in his lazy voice, "I never had an opportunity to go over them with a microscope; so I really cannot tell you."

She was eating a Nesselrode pudding at the time; and if you had seen her—serene, tranquil and altogether beautiful—you would never have guessed that she was trying to picture what his children would be like—those children to whom she expected to pass on the sacred light which has never been extinguished since man first had the breath of life put in him.

"They'd be wise little things," she thought, "who'd laugh at their mother behind her back, and know more when they are ten years old than I'll know all my life. I know the kind."

"You do look beautiful, Gloria!" the judge suddenly broke in—one of those inflections in his voice.

"Do I?" she asked, looking at him very earnestly indeed.

"I think I must have been waiting to know you all my life," he said. "Let's go on a nice long ride now. Shall we?"

So there you are! And now, at last, you can see how it was that Gloria was riding—at the moment when my story opens—in a sumptuous motor car in Central Park.

Above her were the sky and the leaves of a perfect day in June. Ahead of her Destiny waited, swathed and masked in the immemorial manner. And by her side, sitting there as large as life and twice as natural, rode Judge Malvin, the one—you remember—of whom I have warned you above.

IV

THEY bowled along between the trees—the most beautiful girl and the cleverest man in the park that day. Gloria was quiet. Still, for that matter, she generally was quiet, always wistfully believing that she had no gift for conversation, but this time—if you can follow a vague distinction—she seemed to be silent in a different way. Instead of being a receptive silence, it was a thoughtful silence. If you had been there, for instance, you might have imagined that back of it was a growing purpose, a growing wish.

At least, the judge imagined so; but, not having the right clew, he fancied the wrong thing. He looked at her—wistful as I have said; beautiful; yes, and a little sorrowful too—and suddenly his heart seemed to say to his head: "You take a rest for a while; I'm going to run this thing."

"Happy, Gloria?" he asked, his voice shaking, for all his cleverness.

"I think it's beautiful under these trees," she replied in an absent-minded way, and then, raising her voice a trifle, she added: "Of course you know my real name isn't Gloria Swann. That's a name Teddy Safford made up for me—just for the stage, you know. My real name's Mary Crowell."

"My dear child," he gently laughed, "of course I know your real name's Mary Crowell. I can even tell you when you were born." Which didn't please Gloria any too well, though I doubt that she could have told you why.

Indeed, her thoughts on many things were impressionistic, as the thoughts of many are. She didn't reflect according to the rules of grammar, many of her musings having neither subject nor predicate.

When the judge told her, for instance, that he knew the date and place of her birth an uneasy feeling began rippling round in her mind, as though her mind were a pond that was generally calm and something had been thrown into it from the bank; but the only word she thought of was the one word "snooping"; and she didn't really half mean that.

They bowled along between the trees, and occasionally they caught sight of an apartment house in the distance, rearing its noble cornice over the view. "How would you like to live somewhere over there?" he asked her.

"Oh, I don't know ——" She hesitated.

"That's one of the reasons I like you."

"What is?"

"For the things you don't know."

Now there was something else that didn't exactly please her. The compliment passed over her head. She took his words literally.

"He thinks I don't know much," she thought; and her mind grew troubled again, because, however many times we may say to others, "You know I'm not very bright in some things," we seldom like to feel that they agree with us.

They bowled along between the trees, the tires making a queer tearing sound as the treads engaged and disengaged the oiled surface of the road.

"Gloria!" said the judge in such a low voice that she could hardly hear him.

"Yes?"

He held out his hand in mute and humble invitation, suddenly finding himself reduced—for all his cleverness—to the speechlessness of a schoolboy in love.

On the front seat the chauffeur had been following the conversation as well as he could. Hearing nothing but silence now, he strained his ears with such intensity that his attention to the road grew abstracted.

A curve wound out of sight ahead and, turning it at majestic speed, he found himself on the point of running into a wheel chair, which was being started across the road by a hurrying darky, who was evidently making speed to catch up with two dusky handmaids who were deploying on the other side of the driveway.

There was one dreadful moment of brake-setting, honking, shouting, swerving and overhanging disaster—a moment in which Gloria shut her eyes and steeled her nerves for the impact.

A few lengths farther on the car stopped, and when she looked round she saw the chair on the other side of the road, unharmed but nearly overturned against a maple. Evidently the attendant had given it such a prodigious push that it had rushed, uncontrolled, against the tree.

The judge jumped out of the car and after a moment's hesitation Gloria followed him. It was an invalided soldier who was in the chair, and from his attitude it didn't take Gloria long to guess that his back was weak.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened," she said after the judge had helped to right the chair. "I hope it didn't hurt you."

For the Next Half Hour She Continued to Read, and Watched Him Now and Then as She Read—That Aforesaid Nebulous Notion Gradually Taking Shape in Her Mind

He raised his eyes to her face—eyes that were strangely blank and incurious.

"Not at all, thank you," he said.

"You're sure you're all right?" she asked.

Still staring up at her he brushed his hand across the lower part of his forehead—a sad and yet, you might have guessed, a familiar gesture, as though he were trying to sweep away a shadow that had settled there.

Gloria's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"He's blind!" said her lips to the judge.

V

THEY bowled along between the trees again—Gloria and the judge—slowly at first as they left the soldier behind them, but with gradually increasing speed. They were both silent for a time, though I think you can guess where their thoughts were.

"That's the worst of war," said the judge at last.

Gloria gave him a troubled look, which had yearning in it as well. Under different conditions it would have been the look of a penitent striving for expression and saying "Pray for me!" Coming from Gloria then it was the look of a noble woman striving for expression and saying "Speak for me."

"It takes the salt of the earth," said the judge; "like that ——"

He made a sweeping gesture, as though filling his hand, scattering its contents, and then showing the empty palm. Gloria still kept her pleading eyes upon him.

"It's like a beast with a fine appetite," he continued, answering her thought. "It must have the best—the finest—the bravest—the salt of the earth; and then ——"

Again he made that scattering gesture with his hand and showed it empty.

"Then why do men fight?" she asked.

"Because there are worse things than not fighting. So long as there're right and wrong in the world—and so long as there are men who will fight for the wrong—why naturally you'll find others who'll fight for the right."

"But all this fighting in the world to-day—it seems so foolish—so wicked ——"

"Do you think so? Do you think it was wicked that the early settlers in this country fought for liberty?"

"N-no; I don't."

"Well, in just the same way nearly every forward step mankind has ever taken had to be fought for—those who believed in the right fighting against those who profited by the wrong." Unconsciously he essayed an oratorical flight: "It is said that the pathway to hell is paved with good intentions. It might better be said that the pathway of human progress is paved with the lives of the salt of the earth."

"Salt of the earth!" That was the expression which struck deepest into Gloria's mind—that and the scattering gesture, the empty hand.

"Four thousand miles; and they were the last mile," she thought. "Well—the road wasn't built for nothing."

Her next thought was one of those that aren't expressed in words. She seemed to see the lamps being handed down, generation by generation; some burning with a poor light, others with a clear and eager radiance—but never, never going out. And then, thousands by thousands—yes, millions by millions—the brightest of these flames were suddenly extinguished, the lamps broken, the earth darkened.

She didn't see this as clearly as I have tried to express it, and if you had asked her to put her thoughts into words she would have made a helpless gesture; but dimly, vaguely, obscurely, that was the picture in her mind. She seemed to see it a little more clearly when she half unconsciously repeated the judge's pantomime—the filling hand, the scattering, the empty palm.

Another thought, more vague, more uncertain, gradually began to take form in her mind as they rolled along by the side of the playground.

"Do you like children?" she asked, her eyes intent upon the playing throng.

"I like other people's children," he answered in his laziest voice, not noticing the sudden tremor of her lips; "and I like them at a distance; in fact, the greater the distance the greater my admiration."

Almost before he had finished speaking Gloria knew what she was going to do. She leaned over to the chauffeur.

"Stop at the Parkway, please," she said.

(Continued on Page 65)

When the Boys Get Back From France

Raw Land Covered With Sagebrush and Juniper Trees. Improved Land at the Foot of the Butte

By Emerson Hough

OF COURSE you remember old Major Brown? He wore a large black hat, with a yellow cord round it, and carried a sword—a very large curved sword, with tassels on the hilt. Used to take the sword to prayer meetings with him, and always rested his hands on the hilt and looked stern. Of course you remember him!

And you remember the music in the street of our town? Fife and drum, with all the children following along. Squealy but fetchy. Up-and-down sort of air, with a choppy finish. And all the new soldier boys, in their funny little caps, with a patent-leather top slanting down in front to a patent-leather visor; and their long heavy guns—you remember them? They looked sheepish marching out of town behind Major Brown, because —— Why remind a fellow of the girl he left behind him? Rather ragged marching. Women in the doorways, or behind the window blinds, crying. Of course you remember that!

But, as you also know, there came another day when the town turned out, and there wasn't a hat left on a head or a voice left natural. Colonel Brown came up the street to the public square at the head of a column of grave-faced men—not sheepish boys, but men. What men! What splendid, sober, firm-stepping men! And how straight their eyes looked! Something on their faces too.

And Colonel Brown didn't seem to know he was carrying a sword any more. And the men marched with a long swing, not feeling the heavy knapsacks or the muskets or the round canteens. And they kept step behind a rattling battery of snare drums, with a bass drum and a dozen fifes that knew their business well.

The Home-Coming

AND then all the town took off its hat and went mad and hoarse, while the cadence of the music lilted up and down on ahead of the short—the shortened little column of unsmiling young men, who now so soon were grown and old.

It was another air the fifes and drums shrilled and rapped out now, with an exultation in it and an exaltation to it—about the most heart-compelling, world-compelling aria ever composed by any great master in all the days of the world; the gladdest, sweetest, manliest, happiest, most triumphant tune you ever heard in all your life. Of course you remember that! It wasn't even Hail, Columbia! or the Star-Spangled Banner that they played; and it wasn't the old whimsical air about the girl he left behind him. Here was the girl herself, and this was home!

No; when they marched up to the courthouse steps the fifes and drums played something else: When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again—Hurrah! Hurrah! That was the air. And we did hurrah in our town! The women, many in black, came out from behind the window curtains. And the world began all over again when Johnny came marching home. Ah, such a day!

That was at the end of the Civil War. My people lived then west of the Mississippi, in the heart of states that today hold hardly an acre of uncultivated land. At the close of the war, and twenty years after, hundreds and thousands of miles of rich black prairie loam lay waiting to be set busy. The tall prairie grasses waved untouched over all the center and the upper half of Iowa, for instance, long, long after the war. The infrequent wheat stacks then marked, far off on the horizon, the adventure of some man opening up a home. We headed toward them across unfenced country, using the main-traveled roads along the ridges. And beyond Iowa lay Minnesota and Kansas and Nebraska, and God knew what of other country, which, of course, never could be settled. The rafts did not yet come down the Mississippi River from the then fresh and uncut forests of Wisconsin. Minnesota was not dreamed of as a lumber country. Back in Illinois and Indiana public land, or very cheap patented land, could still be had. Ohio was not so very much crowded. The South wasn't considered for an instant as a place for a Northern man.

The North then draped Spanish moss as a decoration round the chain of the drop lamp, or kept on the parlor table a bunch of raw cotton brought home in the pocket of some furloughed soldier.

Parceling Out an Empire

OF THE vast West no one knew or cared; the high and dry plains could never have had a second thought of any farming man in those days. The swamp lands of Illinois and Indiana were good for ducks; no one dreamed of them for any other purpose.

Father simply set off a quarter section for son to have when he came back from the war. Texas, Oklahoma, the Dakotas, Montana—they did not exist as homes for Johnny when he stood his rifle in the corner beside the whatnot and asked for a piece of pie.

Land? Why, the world was full of land! Land was just what we did have then. We wanted to do something for Johnny, who had done so much for us. This wish took the form in the North—while the broken South was sadly turning to its overrun fields of sedge and sassafras—of taking Johnny by the hand and pointing to the West, which ended then not so far from the Mississippi River, and saying to him: "Son, help yourself!"

We were rich. We had an empire to divide. We divided that empire among Americans—and others. We have had one wise land law—and only one—the old Homestead Act, under which a man could get one hundred and sixty acres of the best land on earth simply by going and living on it. Soldiers' scrip—soon to be juggled by land sharks—made even that law simpler and quicker in action. If we had not lost half a

A Part of Salt River Valley, in Arizona, Once Barren and Worthless, Now Intensively Productive Under the Roosevelt Reclamation System of the United States Government

million young men the Northwest to-day would be in the possession of American-born owners. But the public men of that day were hysterically eager to give away all the rich empire of the West. I can vividly recall the long lines of white-topped wagons going West through our town in Central Iowa after the war—a hundred in a day; sometimes in long, continuous caravans. What a grand, what a splendid day that was, when Johnny had his chance!

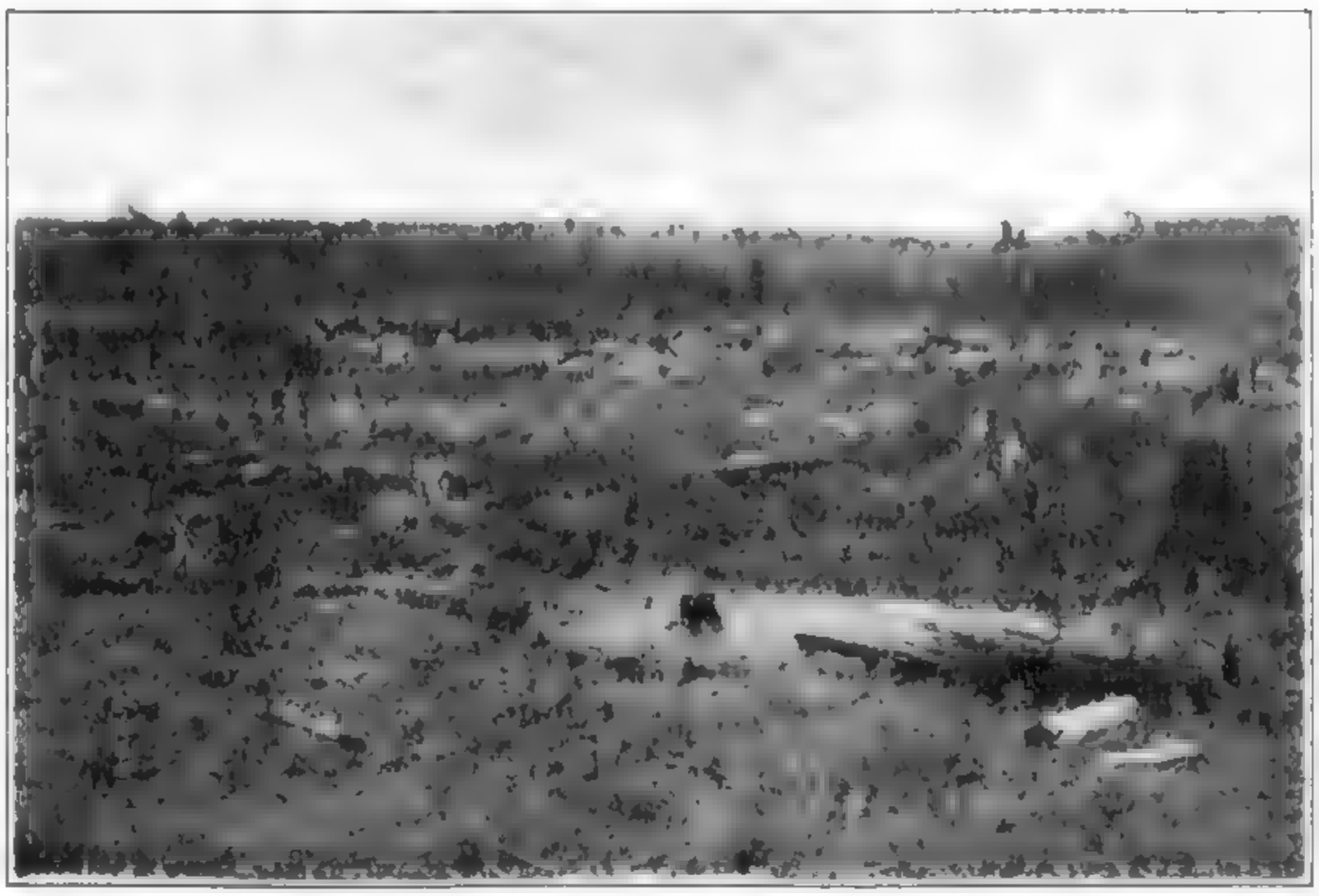
One picture of those days I recall especially—one of the most persistent of all my boyhood days. How strong and keen it is, even to-day! I still can see the wind blowing the hazel-brush leaves sidewise. I remember the high white clouds in the sky. I can see the rolling sweep of the grasslands on beyond, as far as eye could reach. And just yonder, the flapping skirts of his pale blue army overcoat—you remember how all the world wore that overcoat for years and years after the war—blown back by the raw prairie wind of spring, there stood a man; a young man just back from the war.

He was kind to the awestruck, silent boy who sat on a brush pile, watching him slowly clear up a little patch of hazel at the edge of his new farm. He would stop and joke once in a while, and then swing his ax easily. Occasionally he cut out a fence post from some small tree and dragged it out; and sometimes he split out some cordwood. We knew no wire fence in those days. He was bearded, though young, muscular, gaunt and strong. Sometimes he whistled or hummed a tune. He wasn't in a hurry. He wasn't anxious or scared at all.

Preparing for the Future

THE world—rich and bountiful and easy—was before him now. He had one old gray horse, tied near by; and I recall how he took me up behind, both of us riding bareback, when we went home late that day. How blue the sky! How fresh the air! How wonderful the sea of grass beyond the little copse! And there he was, Johnny-come-home, the center of the picture, just starting out in life.

That is a picture of 1868. Fifty years have passed since then. The world of that day is no more forever. Colonel Brown's sword long since is rust; and his soul is with the saints, we trust. His son's son is in the war to-day. We must grasp and hold intelligently that old picture—all those old pictures—if we are to understand a certain other picture of this later day and this different world in which lives and marches the grandson of Colonel Brown.



Sheep on Logged-Off Land

It is Washington again, and the men from the transports, fresh from the bloody fields of France, are marching down our national avenue in our own capital; our first soldiers to return from over the Atlantic in any war. It is not fife and drum to which they swing. Their crashing brasses tell us the old music is gone. But this is such lofty music as the world has never—but once—known before. Three hundred pieces, rocking the White House trees with the sweep of sound, are playing the same air the fife-and-drum men did on the village square more than fifty years ago:

When Johnny comes marching home again—Hurrah! Hurrah! God! How the women will come out from behind the curtains—some in black! And how the country once more will smile when Johnny comes marching home! It will be months yet, and we may be in the Sixth Liberty Loan—the Tenth, if need be. But he'll come home again.

Look at Johnny on the avenue. How young, but how grave and serious! How deep his eyes have grown! And what shadow is this on his face? That strange expression which no man has who stayed at home because he was too old or too fat or too thin or had too many babies or had a leaky valve—maybe a leaky valve in his sand pump—or because he thought he could "do more good where he was"; maybe talking; maybe writing; maybe grafting.

What chance against Johnny have we who did not go? He does not see us—or much need to—as he marches, four and a half million strong, six million strong, fresh back from doing again for a world what once his grandfather did for a country. It was all for the cause of Freedom, the cause of the plain people, that these sad-eyed young men have fought. But for them we should have no country, and Liberty would be a byword over all the ravaged lands of the war-worn world. What are we going to do for them?

All we have or are going to have for ourselves we shall owe to these four millions, five millions—six to ten millions if need be—young men who carried our flag into Europe. What can we do to pay that debt? We have got to pay it somehow.

For a long time after the war we shall have to feed our Allies abroad. The peace debt must be paid. Somebody will have to farm. How about Johnny-come-home-again?

That is the biggest and most perplexing question before our Government to-day, and no man is any too big to handle it. We have been fortunate in having at the head of the Department of the Interior so broad-minded and farsighted a man as Secretary Franklin K. Lane, whose happy trait is that of using foresight and not hindsight. His plan of classifying, preparing and reclaiming all our remnants of the public domain for the use of our returning armies is real and creative statesmanship.

Observe that Secretary Lane wisely says that the time to do this is right now. There will be industrial confusion enough at the close of this war. The time to get ready for that wave of hardy, eager, active, restless, excited young men is before the incoming wave has swamped us, and not afterward.

Soldiers Restless in Peace

NOT all the returning soldiers will want to farm. The natural laws of life and society, the appeal of France itself as a home—a thousand minor personal factors—will come into all that. Some soldiers will go back to the mines and mills and shops; some to the villages; many to the cities; some to this trade, some to that; but there is no one calling which is going to attract our home-coming men so much as farming. They will want land.

At the close of the Civil War it was found that the returned soldier, after his active outdoor life, was restless of restraint. An abnormal percentage moved out and took up land. Already, over in France, young men are beginning to figure on what they are going to do when they come home. I have before me a number of letters addressed to the Department of the Interior by soldiers who have seen

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Bumping Lake, Constructed by the United States Reclamation Service and One Source of the Water Supply of the Yakima Valley, Washington

THE CITY OF COMRADES

"I See 'em Round, Goin' to Work as Reg'lar as Reg'lar, and No More Spunk in 'em Than in a Goldfish When Ye Shakes Yer Finger at Their Bowl"

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

III

THE city was beginning to wake. Mysterious carts and wagons rumbled along the neighboring avenues. From a parallel street came the buzz and clang of a lonely early-morning electric car. Running footsteps would have startled one if they had not been followed by the clinking of peaceful milk bottles in back yards. Clanking off into the distance one heard the tread of solitary pedestrians bent on errands that stirred the curiosity. Here and there the lurid flames of torches lit up companies of gnomelike men digging in the roadways.

Going toward Greeley's Slip I skirted the park, though it made the walk longer. Under the dark trees men were lying on benches and on the grass, but for reasons I couldn't yet analyze I refused to thrust myself among them. A few hours earlier I would have done this without thinking, as without fear; but something had happened to me that now made any such course impossible.

My immediate need was to get back to poor old Lovey and lie down by his side. That again was beyond my power to analyze.

I suppose it was something like a homing instinct, and Lovey was all there was to welcome me.

"Is that you, sonny?" he asked sleepily as I stooped to creep into the cubby-hole which a chance arrangement of planks made in a pile of lumber.

"Yes, Lovey."

"Glad ye've come."

When I had stretched myself out I felt him snuggle a little nearer me.

"You don't mind, sonny, do you?"

"No, Lovey. It's all right. Go to sleep again."

For myself I could do nothing but lie and watch the coming of the dawn. I could see it beating itself into the darkness long before there was anything to which one could give the name of light. It was like a succession of great cosmic throbs, after each of which the veil was a little more translucent.

In my nostrils was the sweet penetrating smell of lumber, subtly laden with the memories of the days when I was a boy. The Canadian differs from the American largely, I think, in the closeness of his forest-and-farm associations. Not that the American hasn't the farm and the forest, too, but he has moved farther away from them. The mill, the factory and the office have supplanted them—in imagination when not in fact, and in fact when not in imagination. If the woods call him he has to go to them—for a week, or two, or three at a time; but he comes back inevitably to a life in which the woods play little part. The Canadian never leaves that life. The primeval still enters into his cities and his thoughts. Some day it may be different; but as yet he is the son of rivers, lakes and forests. There is always in him a strain of the *voyageur*. The true Canadian never ceases to smell balsam or to hear the lapping of water on wild shores.

It was balsam that I smelled now. The lapping of water soothed me as the river, too, began to wake. It woke with a faint noise of paddle wheels, followed by a bellow like the call of some sea monster to its mate. Right below me and close to the slip I heard the measured dip of oars. Hoarse calls of men, from deck to deck or from deck to dock, had a weird, watchful sound, as though the darkness were peopled with Flying Dutchmen. Lights glided up and down the river—which itself remained unseen—mostly gold lights, but now and then a colored one. Chains of lights fringed the New Jersey shore, where far-away, sleepless factories threw up dim red flares. A rising southeast wind not only hid the stars under banks of clouds, but went whistling eerily round the corners of the lumber piles. The scent of pine, and all the pungent, nameless odors of the riverside, began to be infused with the smell—if it is a smell—of coming rain.

I can best describe myself as in a kind of trance in which past and present were merged into one, and in which there seemed to be no period when two wonderful, burning eyes had not been watching me in pity and amazement. As long as I lived I knew they would watch me still. In their light I got my life's significance. In their light I saw myself as a boy again, with a boy's vision of the future. The smell of lumber carried me back to our old summer home on the banks of the Ottawa, where I had had my dreams of what I should do when I was big. All boys being patriotic they were dreams not merely of myself but of my country. It worried me that it was not sufficiently on the great world map, that apart from its lakes and prairies and cataracts it had no wonders to show mankind. As we were a traveling family I was accustomed to wonders in other countries, and easily annoyed when one set of cousins in New York and another in England took it for granted that we lived in an Ultima Thule of snow. I meant to show them the contrary.

From the beginning my ardors and indignations translated themselves into stone. I had seen St. Peter's in one country, St. Paul's in another, and Chartres and châteaux in a third. I had seen New York transforming itself under my very eyes—the change began when I was in my teens—into a town of prodigious towers which in themselves were symbolical. Then I would go home to a red-gray city, marvelously placed between river and mountain, where any departure from its original French austerity was likely to be in the direction of the exuberant, the unchastened, the fantastic. All new buildings in Canada, as in most of the States, lacked "school."

"School" was, more or less in secret, the preoccupation of my youth—"school" with some such variation from traditional classic lines as would create or simulate the indigenous. I had not yet learnt what New York was to teach me later—that necessity was the mother of art, and that pure new styles were formed not by anyone's ingenuity or by the caprice of changing taste but because human needs demanded them. Rejecting the *art nouveau*, which later made its permanent home in Germany, I combined all the lines in which great buildings had ever been designed, from the Doric to the Georgian, in the hope of evolving a type which the world would recognize as distinctively Canadian, and to which I should give my name. In imagination I built castles, cathedrals and theaters, homes, hotels and offices. They were in the style to be known as Melburyesque, and would draw students from all parts of the architectural earth to Montreal.

It was not an unworthy dream, and even if I could never have worked it out I might have made of it something of which not wholly to be ashamed. But as early as before I went to the Beaux Arts the curse of Canada—the curse, more or less, of all northern peoples—began to be laid upon me. In Paris I had some respite from it, but almost as soon as I had hung out my shingle at home I was suffering again from its cravings. I will not say that I put up no

fight, but I put up no fight commensurate with the evil I had to face. The result was what I have told you, and for which I now had to suffer in my soul the most scorching form of recompense.

The point I found it difficult to decide was as to whether or not I ever wanted to see Regina Barry again—or whether I had it in me to go back and show myself to her in the state from which I had fallen more than three years before. In the end it was that possibility alone which enabled me to endure the real coming of the dawn.

For it came—this new day which out of darkness might be bringing me a new life.

As I lay with my face turned toward the west I got none of its first glories. Even on a cloudy morning, with a spattering of rain, I knew there must be splendors in the east, if no more than gray and lusterless splendors. Light to a gray world is as magical as hope to a gray heart; and as I watched the lamps on the New Jersey heights grow wan, while the river unbared its bosom to the day, that thing came to me which makes disgrace and shame and humiliation and every other ingredient of remorse a remedy rather than a poison.

I myself was hardly aware of the fact till Lovey and I had crept out of our cubby-hole, because all round us men were going to work. Sleepers in the open generally rise with daylight, but we had kept longer than usual to our refuge because we didn't want to fare forth into the rain. As sooner or later it would come to a choice between going out and being kicked out we decided to move of our own accord.

I must leave to your imagination the curious sensation of the down and out in having nothing to do but to get up, shake themselves and walk away. On waking after each of these homeless nights it had seemed to me that the necessity for undressing to go to bed and dressing when one got up in the morning was the primary distinction between being a man and being a mere animal. Not to have to undress just to dress again reduced one to the level of the horse or the cow. Stray dogs got up and went off to their vague leisure just as Lovey and I were doing. Not to wash, not to go to breakfast, not to have a duty when washing and breakfasting were done knocked out from under one all the props that civilization had built up, and deprived one of the right to call oneself a man.

I think it was this last consideration that had most weight with me as Lovey and I stood gazing at the multifarious activities of the scene. There were men in sight busy with all kinds of occupations. They were like ants; they were like bees. They came and went and pulled and hauled and hammered and climbed and dug, and every man's eyes seemed bent on his task as if it were the only one in the world.

"It means two or three dollars a day to 'em if they ain't," Lovey grunted, when I had pointed this fact out to him. "Don't suppose they'd work if they didn't 'ave to, do ye?"

"I dare say they wouldn't. But my point is that they do work. It's Emerson who says that every man is as lazy as he dares to be, isn't it?"

"Oh, anybody could say that "

"And in spite of the fact that they'd rather be lazy they're all doing something. Look at them. Look at them in every direction to which your eyes can turn—droves of them, swarms of them, armies of them—everyone bent on something into which he is putting a piece of himself!"

"Well, they've got 'omes or boardin' 'ouses. It's easy enough to git a job when ye can give an address. But when ye carn't ——"

We were to test that within a minute or two. Fifteen or twenty brownies were digging in a ditch. Of all the forms of work in sight it seemed that which demanded the least in the way of special training.

Approaching a fiercely mustachioed man of clearly defined nationality I said: "Say, boss, could you give my buddy and me a job?"

Rolling toward me a pair of eyes that would have done credit to a bandit in an opera he emitted sounds which I can best transcribe as "Where d'live?"

"That's the trouble," I answered truthfully. "We don't live anywhere and we should like to."

He looked us over.

"Beat it," he commanded, nodding toward the central quarters of the city

"But, boss," I pleaded, "my buddy and I haven't got a quarter between us "

He pointed with his thumb over his left shoulder.

"Getta out."

"We haven't got a nickel," I insisted; "we haven't got a cent."

"Cristoforo, ca' da cop."

As Cristoforo sprang from the ditch to look for a policeman Lovey and I shuffled off again into the rain.

We stood for a minute at the edge of one of the long, sordid avenues where a sordid life was surging up and down. Men, women and children of all races and nearly all ranks were hurrying to and fro, each bent on an errand. It was the fact that life provided an errand for each of them that suddenly struck me as the most wonderful thing in creation. There was no one so young or so old, no one so ignorant or so alien, that he was not going from point to point with a special purpose in view. Among the thousands and the tens of thousands who would in the course of the morning pass the spot on which we stood there would probably not be one who hadn't dressed, washed and breakfasted as a return for his daily contribution to the common good.

Never before and hardly ever since did I have such a sense of life's infinite and useful complexity. There was no height to which it didn't go up; there was no depth to which it didn't go down. No one was left out but the absolute wastrel like myself, who couldn't be taken in.

Though it was not a cold day the steadiness of the drizzle chilled me. The dampness of the pavements got through the worn soles of my boots, and I suppose it did the same with Lovey's. The lack of food made the old man white, and that of drink set him to trembling. The fact that he hadn't shaved for the past day or two gave his sodden face a grisly look that was truly appalling. Though the pale blue eyes were extinct, as if the spirit in them had been quenched, they were turned toward me with the piteous appeal I had sometimes seen in those of a blind dog.

It was for me to take the lead, and yet I couldn't wholly see in what direction to take it. While I was pondering Lovey made a variety of suggestions.

"There doesn't seem to be nothink for it, sonny, but to go and repent for a day or two. I 'ate to do it; kind o' deceivin' like, it is; but they'll let us dry ourselves and give us a feed if we 'ave a sense of sin "

I wondered if he had in mind anything better than what I had myself.

"Where?"

He took the negative side first.

"We couldn't go to the Saviour, because I've put it over on 'em twice this year already. And the 'Omeless Men won't do nothink for ye onless you make it up in menial work."

"I won't try either of them," I said briefly.

"Don't blame you, sonny; not a bit. Kind o' makes a hypercrite of a man, it does. I 'ate to be a hypercrite, only when I carn't 'elp it."

He went on to enumerate other agencies for the raising of the fallen, of most of which he had tested the hospitality during the past few years. I rejected them as he named them, one by one. To this rejection Lovey subscribed with the unreasoning dislike all outcast men feel for the hand stretched down to them from higher up. Nothing but starvation would have forced him to any of these thresholds: and for me even starvation would not work the miracle

Close Up to Each Other They Pressed, Like Lovebirds on the Perch of a Cage or Newly Captured Animals Too Terrified Even to Snap

"What's the matter with the Down and Out?" I sprang on him suddenly. He groaned.

"Oh, sonny! It's just—just what I was afeared of."

I turned and looked down into his poor, bleared, suffering old face. "Why?"

"Because—because—oncet ye try that they'll—they'll never let ye go."

"But suppose you don't want them to let you go?"

He backed away from me. If the dead eyes could waken to expression they did it then.

"Oh, sonny!" He shook as if palsied. "Ye don't know 'em, my boy. I've summered and wintered 'em—by lookin' on. I've had pals of my own ——"

"And what are they doing now, those pals of your own?"

"God knows; I don't. Yes, I do; some of 'em. I see 'em round, goin' to work as reg'lar as reg'lar, and no more spunk in 'em than in a goldfish when ye shakes yer finger at their bowl."

Afraid of exciting suspicion by standing still we began drifting with the crowd.

"Is there much that you can call spunk in you and me?"

Again he lifted those piteous, drunken eyes.

"We're fellas together, ain't we? We're buddies. I 'ear ye say so yerself when you was speakin' to that Eyetalian."

I have to confess that with his inflection something warm crept into my cold heart. You have to be as I was to know what the merest crumbs of trust and affection mean. A dog as stray and homeless as myself might have been more to me; but since I had no dog . . .

"Yes, Lovey," I answered. "We're buddies, all right. But for that very reason don't you think we ought to try to help each other up?"

He stopped, to turn to me with hands crossed on his breast in a spirit of petition.

"But, sonny, you don't mean—you can't mean—on—on the wagon?"

"I mean on anything that'll get us out of this hell of a hole."

"Oh, well, if it's only that, I've—I've been in tighter places than this before—and—and look at me now. There's ways. Ye don't have to jump at nothink onnat'rel. If ye'd only 'ave listened to me yesterday—but it ain't too late even now. What about to-night? Just two old ladies—no violence—nothink that'd let you in for nothink dishonorable."

"No, Lovey."

We drifted on again. He spoke in a tone of bitter reproach:

"Ye'd rather go to the Down and Out! It'll be the down, all right, sonny; but there'll be no out to it. Ye'll be a prisoner. They'll keep at ye and at ye till yer soul won't be yer own. Now all these other places ye can put it over on 'em. They're mostly ladies and parsons and greenhorns that never 'ad no experience. A little repentance and they'll fall for it every time. Besides"—he turned to me with another form of appeal—"ye're a Christian, ain't ye? A little repentance now and then'll do ye good. It's like something laid by for a rainy day. I've tried it, so I know. Ye're young, sonny. Ye don't understand. And when it'll tide ye over a time like this—they'll git ye a job, very likely—and ye can backslide by and by when it's safe. Why, it's all as easy as easy."

"It isn't as easy as easy, Lovey, because you say you don't like it yourself."

"I like it better than the Down and Out, where they won't let ye backslide no more. Why, I was in at Stinson's one day and there was a chap there—Rollins was his name, a plumber—just enj'yin' of himself like—nothink wrong—and come to find out he'd been one of their men. Well, what do ye think, sonny? A fellow named Pyncheon blew in—awful 'ard drinker for a young 'and, he used to be—and he sat down beside Rollins and pled with 'im and plod with 'im, and—well, ye don't see Rollins round Stinson's no more. I tell ye, sonny, ye can't put nothing over on 'em. They knows all the tricks and all the trade. Give me kind-'earted ladies; give me ministers of the gospel; give me the stool o' repentance two or three times a month; but don't give me fellas that because they've knocked off the booze theirselves wants everyone else to knock it off, too, and don't let it be a free country."

We came to the corner to which I had been directing our seemingly aimless steps. It was a corner where the big red and green jars that had once been the symbols for medicines within now stood as a sign for soda water and ice cream.

"Let's go in here."

Lovey hung back.

"What's the use of that? That ain't no saloon."

"Come on and let us try."

Pushing open the screen door I made him pass in before me. We found ourselves in front of a white counter fitted up like a kind of bar. As a bar of any sort was better than none, Lovey's face took on a leaden shade of brightness.

In the way of a guardian all we could see at first was a white-coated back bent behind the counter. When it straightened up it was topped by a friendly, boyish face.

Lovey leaped back, pulling me by the arm.

"That's that very young Pyncheon I was a-tellin' you of," he whispered tragically; "'im what got Rollins, the plumber, out of Stinson's. Let's 'ook it, sonny! 'E won't do us no good."

But the boyish face had already begun to beam.

"Hel-lo, old sport! Haven't seen you in a pair of blue moons. Put it there!"

The welcome was the more disconcerting because in the mirror behind Pyncheon I could see myself in contrast to his clean, young, manly figure. I have said I was shabby without being hideously so, but that was before I had slept a fourth night on the bare boards of a lumber yard, to be drenched with rain in the morning. It was also before I had gone a fourth morning without shaving, and with nothing more thorough in the way of a wash than I could steal in a station lavatory. The want of food, the want of drink, to say nothing of the unspeakable anguish within, had stamped me moreover with something woebegone and spectral which, now that I saw it reflected in the daylight, shook me to the soul.

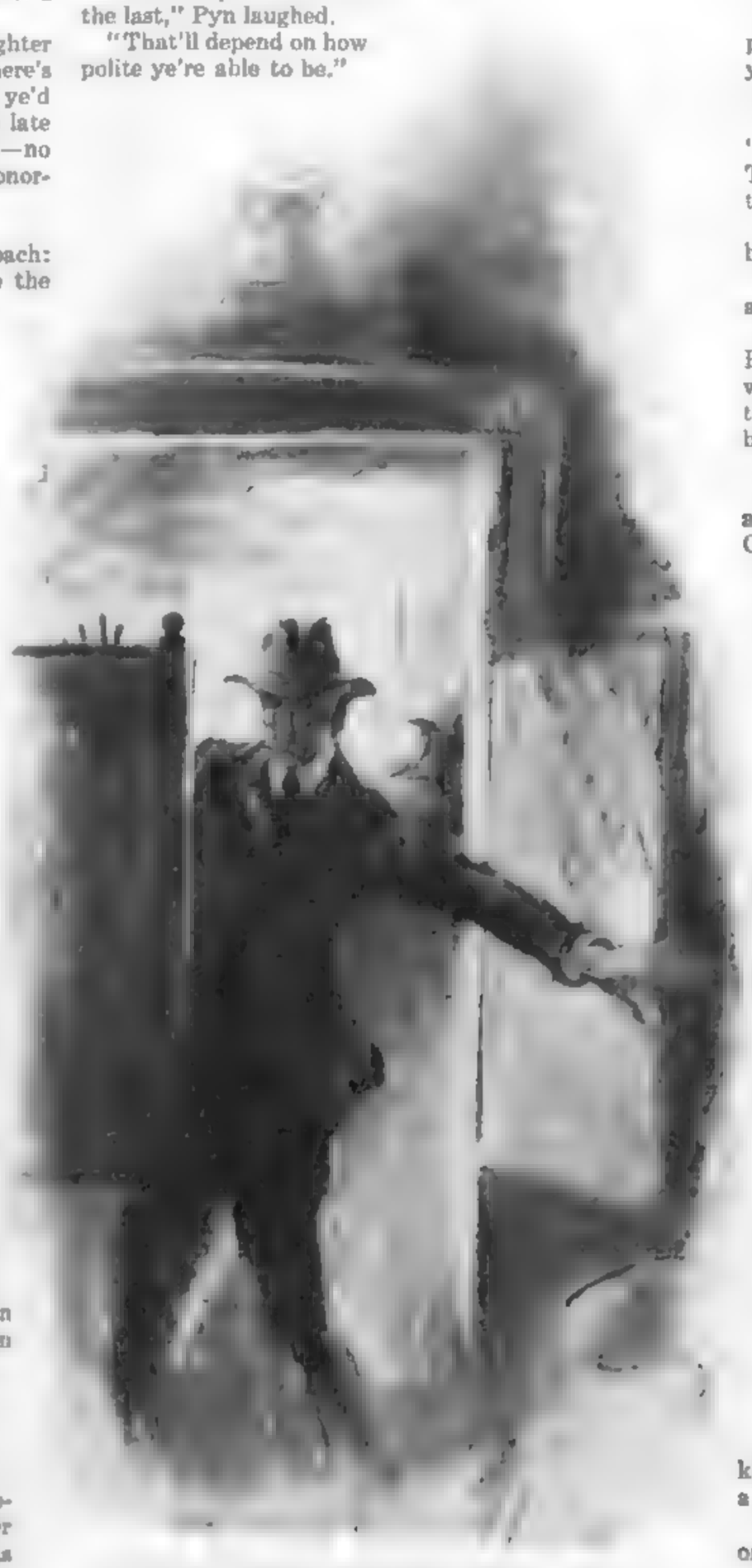
I never was so timid, apologetic or shamefaced in my life as when I grasped the friendly hand stretched out to me across the counter. I had no smile to return to Pyncheon's. I had no courtesies to exchange. Not till that minute had I realized that I was outside the system of fellowship and manhood, and that even a handshake was a condescension. "Pyn," I faltered hoarsely, "I want you to take me to the Down and Out. Will you?"

"Sure I will!" He glanced at Lovey. "And I'll take old Lovikins too."

"Don't you be so fresh with your names, young man!" Lovey said. "'Tain't the first time I've seen you ——"

"And I hope it won't be the last," Pyn laughed.

"That'll depend on how polite ye're able to be."



Folly Having Made of Him a Hard Drinker, Remorse Made of Him a Harder One

"Oh, you can count me in on politeness, old sport, so long as you come to the Down and Out."

"I'll go to the Down and Out when I see fit. I ain't goin' to be dragged there by the 'air of the 'ead, as I see you drag poor Rollins, the plumber, a month or two ago."

"Quit your kiddin', Lovey. How am I going to drag you by the 'air of the 'ead when you're as bald as a door knob? Say, you fellows," he went on, pulling one of the levers before him, "I'm going to start you off right now with a glass of this hot chocolate. The treat's on me. By the time you've swallowed it Milligan will be here, and I can get off long enough to take you over to Vandiver Street." He dashed in a blob of whipped cream. "Here, old son, this is for you; and there's more where it came from."

"I didn't come in 'ere for nothink of the kind," Lovey protested. "I didn't know we was comin' in 'ere at all. You take it, sonny."

"Go ahead, Lovikins," Mr. Pyncheon insisted. "'E's to 'ave a bigger one," he mimicked. "Awful good for the 'air of the 'ead. 'Ll make it sprout like an apple tree—I beg your pardon, happle tree—in May."

Before Pyncheon had finished, the primitive in poor Lovey had overcome both pride and reluctance, and the glass of chocolate was pretty well drained. The sight of his sheer animal avidity warned me not to betray myself. While Pyncheon explained to the newly arrived Milligan and made his preparations for conducting us, I carried my chocolate to the less important part of the shop, given up to the sale of toothbrushes and patent medicines, to consume it at ease and with dignity.

Pyncheon having changed his white jacket for a coat in the buttonhole of which I noticed a little silver star, and a straw hat with a faint silver line in the hatband, we were ready to depart.

"I'll go with ye, sonny," Lovey explained; "but I ain't a-goin' to stay. No Down and Out for mine."

"You wouldn't leave me, Lovey?" I begged as I replaced the empty glass on the counter. "I'm looking to you to help me to keep straight."

He edged up to me, laying a shaking hand on my arm.

"Oh, if it's that —— But," he added more cheerfully, "we don't have to stay no longer than we don't want to. There's no law by which they can keep us agin our will, there ain't."

"No, Lovey. If we want to go we'll go—but we're buddies, aren't we? And we'll stick by each other."

"Say, you fellows! Quick march! I've only got half an hour to get there and back."

Out in the street Lovey and I hung behind our guide. He was too brisk and smart and clean for us to keep step with. Alone we could, as we phrased it, get by. With him the contrast called attention to the fact that we were broken and homeless men.

"You go ahead, Pyn ——" I began.

"Aw, cut that out!" he returned scornfully. "Wasn't I a worse looker than you, two and a half years ago? Old Colonel Straight picked me up from a bench in Madison Square—the very bench from which he'd been picked up himself—and dragged me down to Vandiver Street like a nurse'll drag a boy that kicks like blazes every step of the way."

As we were now walking three abreast, with Pyn in the middle, I asked the question that was most on my mind:

"Was it hard, Pyn—cutting the booze out?"

"Sure it was hard! What do you think? You're not on the way to a picnic. For the first two weeks I fought like hell. If the other guys hadn't 'sat on my head—well, you and old Lovey wouldn't have had no glass of hot chocolate this morning."

"I suppose the first two weeks are the worst."

"And the best. If you're really out to put the job through you find yourself toughening to it every day."

"And you mean by being out to put the job through?"

"Wanting to get the durned thing under you so as you can stand on it and stamp it down. Booze'll make two kinds of repenters, and I guess you guys stand for both. Old Lovey here"—he pinched my companion's arm—"he'll forsake his bad habits just long enough to get well fed up, a clean shirt on his back, and his nerves a bit quieted down. But he'll always be looking forward to the day when he'll be tempted again, and thinking of the good time he'll have when he falls."

"If you'll mind yer own business, young Pyn ——" Lovey began irritably.

"Then there's another kind," this experienced reformer went on imperturbably, "what'll have a reason for cutting the blasted thing out, like he'd cut out a cancer or anything else that'll kill him. I've always known you was that kind, Slim, and I told you so nearly a year ago."

"I seen ye," Lovey put in. "Was speakin' about it only yesterday. Knew you was after no good. I warned ye, didn't I, Slim?"

(Continued on Page 73)

More Precious Than Rubies

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

XI

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Myrtle Extended Her Arms Gracefully and a Trifle Slowly, With a Gesture Full of Longing and Despair

MISS VALENTINE came on deck a little later than usual. Caldecott had already taken his constitutional and was in his deck chair reading his beloved Montaigne in lieu of the morning paper. The sea was a silver-misted blue and the sky was a glowing turquoise. The breeze was distinctly warmer.

Caldecott saw her coming, hastily rose from his seat and extended his hands for her rugs.

"Good morning!" she said.

"Good morning!"

He tucked her in with a care that seemed overelaborate and then resumed his seat.

She turned her head and looked at him. He stared back inquiringly.

"I am not going to tell you how beautiful the morning is," she said.

"In its place what are you going to say to cheer me up? Last day!"

"Oh, Mr. Caldecott!" she exclaimed and sat up straight. "I dreamed of rubies last night."

"You did?"

"Yes. What is it a sign of?"

"Of great joy and good fortune."

"Is it?"

"It not only is but I can tell you this: It never, never, never fails! Being greatly interested in rubies—that was before I met you, you know ——"

He paused.

She said impatiently: "Never mind that! Tell me about rubies."

"I've made it a point to verify ruby dreams."

He pulled from his pocket a little Russia-leather memorandum book, opened it and turned over page after page until he found the one he wanted.

"I have in New York sixty-one affidavits from men and women in various conditions of life, affidavits secured by me from people who dreamed of rubies and shortly afterward experienced great luck. And though I have looked everywhere and asked thousands of people I have never been able to find a person who did not have something nice happen after dreaming of rubies. I wonder what is going to happen to you, and I wonder if I ——"

He stopped abruptly.

"Finish!" she smiled.

"I wondered," he said very quietly, "if I was going to have anything to do with your good luck."

She looked a trifle uncomfortable and would not meet his gaze, for she was certain that he was staring at her unblinkingly.

"I am sure," he went on, "that you have my good wishes. I congratulate you in advance."

"Oh, please don't!" she said quickly.

"You needn't be afraid of hoodooing your luck. It can't fail with rubies. Just what did you dream?"

"Why I—I dreamed that—someone was putting a ring on my finger ——"

"Which finger?" he interrupted quickly.

"Why, my third finger. It had a beautiful ruby that glowed, but I—I was disappointed."

"Was it an engagement ring?"

"Yes. That is, I felt that if I accepted the ring I should have to marry the man who was putting it on."

"Where was the man from?"

"From? Why do you ask?"

"The details are very important," he said gravely.

"From Stamford, Connecticut."

"And why were you disappointed?"

He did not take his eyes off her face.

"Because you—because ——"

She paused.

"I what?" he asked quietly. "Tell me please! I what?"

"Why, I—I felt the ruby was not so beautiful as you had led me to believe and I wanted to say 'This isn't one of Mr. Caldecott's rubies!' and I didn't want to wear it."

"You didn't want to marry the man?"

"No, I didn't; not for that ruby."

"Well, you won't."

She laughed. "I know I won't."

"And would you marry any man for a ruby?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Why not?"

"It's so silly."

"You haven't seen the ruby."

"There is no ruby that would make me marry a man I didn't love."

"Two rubies, then?"

"No; not two either."

"Three?"

"Nor three thousand!"

Caldecott frowned quickly and looked away. Fully five minutes passed before he turned to her again and speaking very quietly said: "Miss Valentine, I have known you ten thousand years, but you have known me exactly one week to-day. I should like to ask you a question. May I?"

"Yes," she said, and smiled.

"I don't want you to tell me what you think of me, but tell me whether you have honored me by thinking about me to the extent of forming an opinion. I mean the kind of man I appear to you to be."

"Why, we always form opinions of people we meet."

"We classify them carelessly," he corrected. "You might say yes or no."

"You mean, what kind of man do I think you are?"

"No. I mean: Are you conscious of having received a definite impression of me as the result of the pleasant hours we have spent together?"

"Why—why—yes!"

"Don't be uneasy. I am not going to ask you what that impression is. I shouldn't dare. I prefer to dream on. But I should very much like to—Miss Valentine, I—well, let me put it this way: When you give your word never to tell anybody in the world a certain thing do you keep your promise?"

"Oh!" she said and sat up straight. She looked as if she was going to speak, but evidently changed her mind.

Presently she said in a low voice: "Is it something that I ought to know?"

"It is something that I should like you to see in order to test an answer you gave me a little while ago."

She thought, quite visibly, but in the end shook her head in despair. Then: "Must I promise?"

"You must," he returned almost solemnly.

"Oh, I must think. I feel it is something important, but I'm in the dark. I'll—I'll be back directly."

She rose and went away quickly. She entered her stateroom, closed the door and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which she put between the leaves of a pocket Bible, and then put the Bible in her traveling bag, which she locked. Then she returned to her deck chair.

Caldecott had not stirred, but when he saw her coming he rose to his feet and held out his hands as though she had been absent a month. They sat down. She waited for him to speak.

"What would you marry a man for?" he asked her.

"For love!" And she looked him straight in the face.

He held out his hand and she took it.

"And not for the finest rubies in the world?"

"No!"

"But you haven't seen them."

"I don't have to," she said.

He smiled. She frowned.

"You don't think so?" she asked quickly.

"You haven't seen the rubies," he persisted.

"I'd like to see the rubies that would make me marry a man I didn't care for!"

"I mean, if you didn't dislike him."

She tried to draw away her hand, but he held it. She shook her head. "It wouldn't be enough for me not to dislike him. I should have to love him."

"Good rubies are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"How many?" she asked, so curiously that he smiled.

She flushed and said angrily: "You needn't answer! I don't care!"

"Would you like to see some rubies that some men would murder for, and most women would—er—marry for?"

"Yes, I would!" she said defiantly.

"Miss Valentine, will you give me your word that you will never tell any living human being that I have in my possession what I am about to show you?"

"Is—is it a letter?"

"No."

"I promise."

"Say this please: 'I give you my word never to tell anybody that Mr. Caldecott has in his possession what he is going to show me!'"

He looked at her so seriously that she drew in a deep breath; then she repeated: "Mr. Caldecott, I give you my word that I will never tell anybody anything about what you are going to show me."

"You have given me your word," he said solemnly, "and you will not break it."

"I will not break it!" she repeated.

"Very well; I'll risk it. You are the first and only person in the world that I have ever trusted. You won't go back on your word?"

"I have already told you that I wouldn't," she said so coldly that he apologized.

"Pardon me. I am new at this business of trusting people. I believe you implicitly. I'll be back directly."

He walked away quickly while she remained in her steamer chair, her eyes bright with excitement, a half smile on her lips. She seemed to be saying to herself: "I am sure he will! I am sure he will!"

Caldecott walked into the purser's office and asked the polite young man there to give him the package for which he had a receipt. The purser did so, kept the receipt and bowed gratefully, while Caldecott returned to Miss Valentine. He sat down beside her.

"Please raise your rug; I don't want anybody else to see what I am going to show you."

She did. He gave her a little Russia-leather box, six inches by four by three.

"Isn't it heavy!" she said.

"There is an iron casket inside. Open the leather case and you'll see it."

She did, and found the famous miniature iron coffret of Godfrey of Bouillon.

"That dates from the eleventh century," he told her.

"Does it?"

"Yes. Now, please! Careful! Open it. Here is the key."

He took a little key out of a locket at one end of his watch chain—a tiny iron key.

She opened the coffret and saw three little velvet bags.

"One at a time," whispered Caldecott. "Please don't drop it."

She opened the little bag and saw the first of the De Meryonvilliers rubies.

"Oh!" she gasped.

He smiled and said triumphantly: "That's not the finest."

She put it back with fingers that trembled and took out the next one. Indescribably beautiful, superb, a very emperor of gems!

"The Akbar ruby. We know its history for a thousand years. Some of it was written on sheets of gold. That stone has flashed redly across the history of India. Seven wars have been waged for its possession. Men by the score have died guarding it—died by steel and by wood, by rope and by poison. Its market value is anything you can get. It is cheap at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Oh!" she whispered. Her face was pale and her eyes were very bright. Her fingers trembled slightly.

"The other one is the smallest of the three, but its color is extremely beautiful. In some ways it is more wonderful than the Akbar. In fact, it is used by the experts as the standard of perfection of color. Not only is it a very beautiful color, but very rare indeed."

She opened the little bag.

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"An abyss of vaporized blood! Nobody knows where it came from or from whom it was obtained. The fifth Duke, in the time of Louis XIII, got it. He never told how or when. There is a family legend that is not shouted from the housetops that the duke stole it from a guest who disappeared. It is the famous prophetic ruby of the De Meryonvilliers family. It foretold the French Revolution and the War of 1870. The present duke tells me France is certainly going to have its greatest war very shortly, because the ruby is glowing with the fires of invasion and the smoking blood of slain thousands. I hope not. But that is how I was able to secure it. The duke said it was no time for any Frenchman to hoard jewels."

The girl was not listening; she was looking.

Caldecott smiled.

"I told you!" he said.

She drew in a deep breath and retorted: "But you didn't tell me how beautiful they were!"

"I thought I did."

She shook her head and slowly closed the little iron box; then the leather case; then she gave it back to Caldecott.

"Do you wonder that some women could marry a man for those?"

"No. But I——" She paused.

"Would you, dear girl?" he asked eagerly.

"No, not unless I loved; and I—I don't think I love——"

"Not now, but perhaps——"

"Mr. Caldecott, tell me something: Aren't you afraid of losing those rubies?"

"If I lost them it would be my fault. I'm not afraid of that."

"But if robbers——"

"No. Every Apache in Paris knows that I never carry money and always carry an automatic, and I am rather good at wrestling and jujutsu. They know me. No professional thief would steal them, for he knows he could not sell them—they are too well known. They would simply be a source of extreme danger to him. The amateur thief never uses violence. So there is nobody to be afraid of."

"But sudden death——"

"I am not lucky enough, Miss Valentine, to be afraid of sudden death. I have no heirs—only the museum to leave my things to. A man dreads sudden death because of those he loves, and I—don't dread it." He looked at her and hesitated. Then with an obvious effort he finished: "I have your promise not to speak about these rubies?"

"Mr. Caldecott, I swear to you I shall not breathe a word of it."

"I don't want anyone to know I have them. Ignorance means safety to me."

"But you'll have to declare them, won't you?"

"Nobody will see what I declare."

"There must be a terrific duty to pay on these."

"That," said Caldecott slowly, "is the least of my troubles. I am thinking that after to-morrow heaven alone knows when I shall see you again."

"You may not want to see me again," she smiled.

Then seeing the look on his face she dropped her eyes and looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"The Akbar Ruby. We Know Its History for a Thousand Years. Some of It Was Written on Sheets of Gold"

"I shall want to see you again and again and again," he declared positively.

"I wish you would put away those rubies. You make me uncomfortable having them round."

"They are not worth worrying over," he said. "I'm more concerned with——"

"Please put them away," she entreated.

"To hear is to obey." He smiled and rose. He went to his stateroom, and five minutes later he joined her.

"That's what you meant when you said your business was to buy and sell light."

"Yes. It's not a bad occupation."

"No lawful occupation is bad."

"Please, dear girl, don't generalize, I beg of you. No woman can. Certainly there are bad lawful occupations."

"For instance?"

"The pawnbroker's. He coins the needs of man. And the divers traitors who betray for money those who trust them, who capitalize the goodness of the bad or the weakness of an erring fellow mortal. They deal in coined blood. Oh, there are no end of bad lawful occupations——"

"I don't think you ought to say women can't generalize," she interjected.

"I'll never do it again," he promised meekly. "Did I ever tell you what your eyes reminded me of?"

"No; and I don't wish to hear."

"You make a mistake. I am a gem expert and I tell you——"

"It isn't that I am not vain or that I dislike compliments, but, Mr. Caldecott, I don't like to hear from you what I wouldn't mind hearing from some other man."

She drew in a deep breath and looked at him in inexplicable distress.

"God bless you, dear little girl. I can't tell you how glad I am I met you"

"Don't say that. You don't know whether you will be sorry——"

"No matter what you do to me," he interrupted, "no matter how unhappy you may make me—I shall never cease to be grateful for the happiness you've given me this trip. No joy lasts forever. If it did nobody would wish to die. Instead of which, most of us do."

"Don't say that, either."

"Oh, I am not going to commit suicide. What I meant is that in knowing you I have learned one of the many ways in which a man may be very happy. I shan't say any more—not just now. There! The gong! Now if you're ready, oysters dear, we can begin to feed."

He helped her to her feet and together they went down to the dining room.

He left her after luncheon and did not see her again until from the porthole of his cabin he had sighted the pilot boat with a very powerful telescope. He then went on deck and found her reading his Montaigne.

"I am glad to see you have improved your acquaintance with my best friend," he told her pleasantly.

"I think he was so selfish that everybody thinks him wise."

"That will do as an epigram, but as a matter of fact what you think selfishness is merely accurate self-knowledge."

One of the passengers who was hurrying aft stopped before her chair and said: "Miss Valentine, the pilot is coming!"

"Is he?" And she started up eagerly. Turning she saw that Caldecott had made no motion, but was leaning back in his chair, looking too lazily comfortable to move.

"Aren't you coming?" she asked.

"Do you think he'll bring you a whiff of terra firma?"

"I always feel when the pilot comes aboard exactly as I do when I see our flag at some American consulate abroad—not so much that I am at home as that I have a home, a great big chunk of land full of brothers and sisters all anxious to see my face again. Don't you?"

He shook his head and said: "To me my country is like the sky—always there for me to think of, but also the common possession of millions whom I shall never know and never see and therefore never have occasion to love or to miss. So you might as well sit quietly."

"Have you any money on the pool?"

"No. I'm a gentleman."

"You mean it's gambling?"

"No. I mean the reverse."

"I don't understand."

"Well, some of us chaps don't think it is sporty to bet on a sure thing."

"But you could not know the number of the pilot boat. Any one of them was liable to pick us up."

"No. Number Seventeen will pick us up."

"How do you know?"

"How do you know the stewardess will call you every morning to tell you your bath is ready?"

"Why, I arranged with her for my bath at seven-thirty."

"Well, I arranged for my pilot," and he smiled. She looked at him as if she would read on his face some assurance that he was merely teasing her, and couldn't quite do it. It filled her eyes with doubt, tinged with annoyance. Presently she said determinedly: "I think you are jesting."

"Of course I was," he assured her with a contrition that seemed overhasty, as if designed to offset an indiscretion.

"I don't know whether to believe you or not."

"That's the price I pay for being an ass," he lamented.

"I'll just take a look."

She walked away and joined the crowd that was looking at the pilot boat. A bell jangled somewhere below, and the big liner's engine ceased to throb. The cessation created a silence that thrilled the ship's company uncannily.

"Do they know the number yet?" she asked one of the passengers.

"Doctor Wyman says it is Number Seventeen."

"That's right; I see it very plainly now," confirmed a tall fat man from Detroit.

Miss Valentine frowned; then she compressed her lips. She was not looking at the pilot boat, from which a rowboat carrying the pilot had put off. She was staring at the number Seven on one of La Meuse's lifeboats.

Five hundred pairs of eyes followed the journey of the little rowboat with absorbing interest. The sailors put the ladder over the side and presently the pilot clambered up and was on deck shaking hands with the official reception committee consisting of the first officer. A bell rang and the engines got back on the job of shaking the steamer.

Miss Valentine's eyes followed the pilot with idle curiosity as he walked forward toward the bridge. Before he reached it she saw Caldecott stop him, say something in a low voice—his lips were moving very rapidly—whereat the pilot shook his head quickly. Then Caldecott said something more and presently she saw the owner of the three wonderful rubies, on which the duty must be enormous, shake hands with the pilot very cordially and saw him smile and draw very close, and she distinctly saw him give something to the pilot, which the pilot hastily put in his pocket. As the pilot went on to the bridge she saw Caldecott walk slowly back to his steamer chair. He sat down and began to read his beloved Montaigne. Presently she found her own chair.

Caldecott was so interested in his reading that he did not hear her. So she said to him: "Mr. Caldecott, it was Number Seventeen."

"I beg your pardon?" he said politely.

"I said it was Number Seventeen."

"Oh, you mean the pilot boat?"

"Yes."

"I never looked to see," he told her. He avoided her eyes.

"Did you know him?"

"Who?"

"The pilot."

"Never saw him before," he said cheerfully.

"You never did?"

"No!" he said, and laughed.

"Why do you laugh, then?"

"At the recollection of his face!" Caldecott laughed again—a forced laugh that went very well with the mechanical grin. "Did you happen to see the expression on it?"

"No!" she said. "I didn't know pilots were allowed to talk to anybody but the officers of the steamers."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I just thought so."

"The pilots are all members of the association, and not only is their ability beyond all question, but their character is above suspicion."

"I suppose so; but even if they were not, I don't quite see how they could graft if they wished to."

"You don't?" And Caldecott smiled. "There are opportunities to graft everywhere, in every business. Take that pilot. Suppose a criminal organization existed that had representatives on all the big liners—French, English, German, Dutch and Italian. And suppose it succeeded in enrolling among its members a dozen of the pilots. Don't you suppose that there would be opportunities for big graft?"

"Do you mean smuggling?"

"No, no!" Caldecott answered, impatient. "Smuggling is too easy and simple to need an organization. One man can smuggle all he needs to smuggle. Of course, if you make a regular business of it you can get a steady income. For instance, in San Francisco, the boats from China used to bring over hermetically sealed tins of opium with an air space in each to make them float. Each one had a strong silk line attached to it with a heavy sinker at the end. The tins were carefully dropped by the smuggler—one of the crew—in the bay at a certain place, where the water was known to be a certain depth."

"Why?"

"The silk line that served as an anchor chain to each opium tin was three feet shorter than the known depth—to allow for an uneven sea floor—and a man in a fishing boat would go out at night and fish for the cans that were just three feet below the surface. This meant a trade as regular as the regular arrival of the steamers. The opium buyers could count on so many pounds of the finest grade every so many days. Well, there are many other ways of carrying on what you might call a regular, steady, income-producing smuggling trade."

"You couldn't do it in New York."

"Why not? You could drop the tins at quarantine."

"They would see you."

"The more the better. It would be even safer to drop the tins in the North River."

"And you'd never find them again. The current is too strong."

"You could locate the spot so exactly on the river that it would be easier than in the lower bay. You could easily ascertain your distance from the Manhattan shore, and as for location, say you took sights—the top of the Woolworth Building or of the Metropolitan Tower and whatever other well-known building happened to be in line with your first point. To a man with a practiced eye it would be no job at all to fix the spot within ten feet, and all the harbor police in the world couldn't keep him from gathering his crop. But I wasn't thinking of smuggling. You said you didn't see how pilots could graft. And I said anybody could graft anywhere so long as men persist in making money mean ten thousand things that money was never meant to mean."

"You don't have a very high opinion of your fellow beings."

"Do you esteem health?"

"Yes!" she answered and looked at him wonderingly.

"Do you know why?"

"Because without health life is not worth living."

"Oh, no," he said; "you esteem health because there are so many diseases. You like people because there are so many crooks. I don't hate life because there is tuberculosis or cancer. I rather like life notwithstanding the ills we all fear."

"There is some sophistry in what you say, but I can't spot it," she said in such a tone that he laughed and told her: "You win!"

"I think you are horrid," she said quite warmly.

He beamed on her. "You make me very happy. Do you know that to-night is our last night together?"

"Yes."

He was silent. Presently he said very seriously: "Miss Valentine?"

"Yes, Mr. Caldecott?"

"I wish you wouldn't be so infernally formal!" he said peevishly.

"I didn't think I was."

He groaned. Then he sighed.

"I suppose no woman is perfect. Not even you. Suppose you call me Cecil."

She asked him with mock tenderness: "Wouldn't you rather I said Cecil dear?"

"Edna!" he cried, starting. "I know you meant it as a joke, but—please don't do it again unless you mean it in all seriousness. I—I—Miss Valentine, do you think if this trip lasted a long time we might become such friends that—that ——"

"We are good friends, aren't we?"

"Would you mind telling me whether or not you are engaged to be married?"

"I don't think that is a proper question to ask me."

"I fail to see any impropriety in the question; and I certainly should like to hear you answer it."

"I still don't think you ought to ask me such a thing. But—I am not engaged."

"Are you wedded to some art?"

"Art?"

"Yes, so you could not marry the best man in the world, and so on, without being untrue to yourself, and so on?" He asked it very earnestly.

"We've been such good friends," she said regretfully. "Must you spoil it?"

"My dear girl, if I vision to myself my life as I should like it to be, and such a dream does you no harm, why should you begrudge it me? Do you remember that line: '*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet*'? I should like to see you as I am sure you will be to-morrow when you reach the full flower of your wonderful womanhood. You are going to be so much more than pretty and interesting and attractive. I must see you as often as you'll allow me. I—I —— You must! That's all!"

He had spoken perfervidly, but the last words he uttered were said with such determination that she gasped and stared wide-eyed at him.

He saw her look and said contritely: "Forgive me, please. I—I suppose I am an ass. But you are going to let me see you, aren't you?"

She hesitated so long that he said: "Well, Miss Valentine, if you don't I—I shall not annoy you by forcing myself on you. I shall live as I have lived ever since I was a child—the loneliest person in the world. Try to think kindly of me, won't you?"

He rose and walked away quickly.

"Mr. Caldecott!" she called after him.

"Yes?"

"I—I ——"

"Yes?"

"I'll see you if I possibly can," she said.

"Thank you!" said he very gravely, and walked away.

He did not see her again until they met at dinner. Over the coffee he asked her when her birthday was, and she answered the ninth of July.

"How curious!" he exclaimed. "You know the old saying was

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in July are born,
Thus they shall be exempt and free
From all Love's doubts and jealousy.

"That means that whoever loves you loves you absolutely. And the ruby's number is nine."

"I thought July's birthstone was ——"

"That's the modern version. The old was the ruby. You know, the ruby's day is Tuesday."

"I was born on a Tuesday!"

"Its hour is five o'clock."

"And I have heard mother say I was born at five o'clock!" she said in the eager voice that all women use to speak of coincidences.

"And you dreamed of rubies the other day?"

"And then you showed me those wonderful ——"

(Continued on Page 30)

"While I am in This Present Mood of Gratitude I Wish to Assure You That I Have Only the Kindliest of Feelings Toward You"

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If Your Copy is Late

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Demobilizing

IN TIME millions of Americans will be released from military service and return to civil life. That will be a time when war's enormous demands upon industry are diminishing or have ceased. A good many people are disturbed over that prospect. Various expedients have been suggested—some of them admirable, such as reclaiming more land for agriculture by irrigation, drainage, and so on.

What any man who works for a living wants first of all is a job. Unemployment is his most ruthless enemy. Given any sort of rational government, the difference between good times and bad times—between 1895 and 1918—counts vastly more in the well-being and happiness of the mass of the people who work for a living than any difference whatsoever in political arrangements; a hard fact, little as Socialists like it.

The best thing for returning soldiers is good times—business and industry in a vigorous, uplooking state. The worst thing for them is industry in a slack, downlooking state. And business does not conform to mere amiable theories. If it is hampered and discouraged by foolish legislative experiments and burdened with excessive taxes it will contract and look down. Plenty of people who express solicitude for the returning soldier are quite ready to fill his shoes full of pebbles—having a theory that pebbles assist locomotion.

Good times will help take care of the returning soldier.

A Victory Harvest

SEVERAL things put the world on short rations: Withdrawal of labor from the farms; interruption of transport by sea and land; overrunning of Belgium, Northern France, Rumania, Western Russia and Asia Minor; general demoralization incident to war in Russia, the Balkans, and elsewhere.

In none of these respects can normal conditions be restored for a long time after fighting ends. Next to the United States, Russia was the great producer of surplus foodstuffs. She signed her peace treaties almost a year ago and in regard to food is worse off than ever. We may hope there will not be another Russian case; but to restore normal conditions of food production must take much time. Just to reconstruct normal reserves of foodstuffs would take the surplus from a bumper world crop.

Peace may leave some industries in a doubtful state of mind as to the future; but there is no doubt the world will need all the foodstuffs it can possibly produce next year.

The Department of Agriculture is now planning a drive for a Victory Harvest in the United States in 1919. For four years we have had the stimulation of very high prices. In 1918 the chief grains brought double the price of 1914; but the outturn in 1914 was smaller than that of 1918 by only ten per cent. Production in 1915 was greater than in 1918. Which simply shows that, taking weather conditions of one year with another, an important increase in the production of foodstuffs must come very slowly. In view of the world situation there is little enough danger of overdoing it.

It needs a drive—the kind of effort we make to put over a Liberty Loan. The drive must be directed largely to real farmers on real farms. The improvised and amateur things, such as war gardens on back lots, are useful; but to increase real farm production is the big thing. The situation—and these prices—warrants the best intensive effort every farmer can make. He can abundantly afford to study his farm's possibilities carefully, to go out of his way for expert advice, to invest in fertilizers, to cultivate thoroughly. Next to peace, the world needs few things more than a Victory Harvest in 1919.

A Hungry World

IN SEPTEMBER the Belgian Relief Commission calculated that, until after the harvest of 1919, it must feed ten million people in Belgium and Northeastern France. They will require, in twelve months, forty-two million bushels of breadstuffs and over three hundred million pounds of meat; the children alone must have seventy-three million pounds of condensed milk and cocoa and forty million pounds of sugar.

A month later Washington published a report by the French food controller. The wheat crop there averaged about three hundred and twenty-five million bushels before the war. It was a hundred and eighty million bushels this year. The potato crop dropped from twelve million tons to seven and a half millions. Besides her own army and civil population, there are probably six million foreigners in France—mainly, of course, British and American troops. To feed these foreign troops, the Interallied War Council calls upon America for seventeen and a half million tons of foodstuffs in the next twelve months—a fifty per cent increase over last year's great requisition. Nominal ending of the war, by the signing of an armistice, will leave these troops still in France; their withdrawal will be a slow process.

By all accounts millions of Russians will starve this winter unless they are fed from abroad—which mostly means America. Other millions in Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor are at the edge of famine.

For a year, at best, there will be a world war to the knife between Food and Famine. The reserves that win the war—if it is won—must be drawn very largely from America. Europe must reap next year's harvest, say, in September, 1919, before there can be any material change in the situation.

Never has there been a plainer need to save food. Signing an armistice relieves us of no responsibility in that respect, but rather increases our liabilities, for it brings hungering populations within reach of us. With the Baltic open Petrograd is practically next door.

The food war goes right on.

The Mad Under Dog

GERMANY is beaten, bare of materials, bare of all credit, pretty bare even of food, with hundreds of thousands of dead, the taste of humiliation and reprobation in her mouth, dependent all round upon such terms as her enemies may grant. Truly, a hard case! For more than a hundred years no other big nation has been so decisively the under dog.

Take only the German testimony, excluding all other. By that testimony itself there was a time—in July, 1914—when the fate of the world lay in the hands of the German Government. It was Austria's ruthless ultimatum to Serbia that started this war, an ultimatum which implicitly involved Germany. Accept the statement of the German Government that it did not want war; still, by its own testimony, it sat by while its partner flipped the coin that would bring war if it fell tails up.

The German Government knew that beyond question. It raised no cautionary finger. Say it did not want war. That can mean nothing else than that it expected to bluff Russia again, as Germany and Austria had bluffed her a few years before over Bosnia and Herzegovina—the Kaiser boasting of it afterward. On its own testimony it took a gambler's chance of war. All the ensuing death and woe the world over run back to that.

The German Government committed a crime for which reparation in any scheme of existence within human experience is out of the question. In Attila's time they attempted a crude sort of reparation by slaughtering the population of a conquered territory.

But reparation is utterly out of the question. Germany's hard plight must be viewed intelligently. Before sympathizing with an under dog, it is right to know whether it is a mad dog.

Progress

NEAR Heidelberg, in 1907, a human jawbone was discovered. From geological and other evidence scientists surmise that it belonged to the earliest traceable inhabitant of Europe. The gentleman is supposed to have passed away in the first interglacial stage, say, something over four hundred thousand years ago. The Etruscan rhinoceros was one of his companions. His implements consisted of chance sticks, branches broken from trees, and chips or flakes of flint stone, which he picked up and used in the natural state.

Fifty years before, near Düsseldorf, ancient human remains were found. Scientists relate them to the Neanderthal race—named from the little valley there. Since then various other remnants of this race have been unearthed. It evidently flourished considerably in Europe during lower paleolithic times, say, only fifty thousand years ago.

In the four hundred thousand years or so that had elapsed since the Heidelberg person expired man had made a great advance—to wit, he had found out that by striking one piece of flint with another he could give the first piece a rude shape that made it more serviceable to him.

In thirty thousand years or so he had learned to make symmetrical, quite nicely finished, spearheads, cutting implements, and so on, out of flint. Soon, comparatively speaking—that is, in five thousand years or thereabouts—he could make fine fishhooks, needles and arrowheads out of reindeer bone. Also, he was beginning to adorn the walls of his caves with incised drawings and polychrome paintings of the animals about him, such as the woolly mammoth, reindeer, cave bear and wild horse.

And then, eight or ten thousand years ago, he made his grand discovery: By mixing copper and tin, found in the pure state, he produced the hard yet workable metal, bronze, from which he made his weapons and implements. From that on to wireless telegraphy and the airplane was comparatively only a step.

In short, the pace of progress in the mechanical arts tends constantly to grow faster. Nothing the imagination can picture in that sphere is difficult for man now as compared with the enormous difficulty of shaping the first rude implement of flint stone.

When Education Fails

WE ARE delighted to learn, through letters reaching us from Colorado to Maine, that the number of public schools which take cognizance of the world war is decidedly greater than a first view indicated; and in many places an earnest effort is being made to use the war broadly as a point of departure for the instruction of children. There are those who—using this very war as an example—see a revolution in the scheme of instructing children in public schools already well under way. More power to it!

You can verify this by your own observation: The man who is bored with his job is a man who is not succeeding at his job. He may be getting by in a fashion—not an outright failure. But he is not really succeeding. We have never known a man to succeed at anything that did not really interest him. The book that bores you is the first book you forget. Emerson observed that when Nature wishes to accomplish anything she overloads the tendency. A certain salt of interest, zest, eagerness, is necessary to get human faculties efficiently into play.

Schools that do not interest pupils are not successful schools. They are getting pupils' faculties into play at fifty or sixty, or some other figure much below a hundred. Pupils are bursting with interest—interest that runs naturally to the living world round them. Schools must find the points of contact. To say that pupils are indifferent to their studies is to say the studies are wrong.

Of course many individual teachers, in many cases, have realized that they were working with a wrong tool, in the selection of which they had practically nothing to say. And many teachers testify that the effort is not really successful by confessing that teaching bores them. Also, it is mostly from teachers themselves that the later improvements in public instruction have come.

It is not with the teachers that sensible critics have a quarrel. But in so many cases instruction does stick to the wrong study, and blames the pupils for the resulting failure, that one becomes irritated and sometimes, no doubt, makes a more sweeping implication than the facts warrant.

HENRY JONES, L. B., W. S. S.

By Richard Bentinck

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A YOUNG fellow came galloping through the coach the moment the five-eighteen local express for Brookwood pulled out of the station. Starting at the rear, he lurched through the aisle, shoving circulars right and left into the seats, the laps, the hands of the home-bound commuters, who were just settling to the perusal of their evening papers.

At the head of the aisle, perspiring and tousle-headed, he whirled round to face the rather startled recipients of his circulars. Then he burst into a harangue. His address was more enthusiastic than eloquent, delivered with a slight foreign accent and moist splutterings, as if his mouth were full of things too hot to swallow. He was selling Liberty Bonds. He felt that everybody should buy them. He was doing his part by selling them this way. He stated at length that he had bought himself as many as he could pay for.

So had everyone in the coach, it appeared, for no one responded with a subscription when the lad came trotting down the aisle to gather up his circulars. But on the way to the car ahead one passenger cut short his scribbling on the margin of his newspaper to stop the salesman. Had followed soft speech, business of filling out a blank, and renewed exhortations by the lad that the other passengers should do like this one. Two hundred dollars! He waved the blank; then moved out, smiling.

The others, stolidly immersed in their headlines, had let the youth pass on to the next car. The lone buyer had shrunk into his corner as if sensitive about having been the exception.

Then the Brookwood bunch, seated close behind him, had begun to stir.

"Who's Croesus?" queried Henry Jones, craning his neck.

"That little Dago builder who put up Tod Sackett's garage," whispered Tom McRae across the aisle.

"How did he do it?" sighed Bob Claflin, who sat beside Henry Jones.

"Ask Tod," gibed Frank Luger. "See what you could have done, Sackett, if you had not put up that eyesore!"

"I'm saving garage hire," sighed Tod.

"Yes, you are! Your builder is the fellow that's planting the dough you thought you were saving!" chuckled McRae derisively.

"Just the same, he's planted it with Uncle Sam," Claflin lowered his voice. "I happen to know he took a nice slice during the home drive last week too! And now again! You can't beat that, I guess."

A storm of protests greeted his words.

"Who wants to buy from a stranger on the train?" growled Luger. "Give where you live," spluttered Sackett.

"I call it bad business to hound a fellow, even on the train," McRae grumbled.

Only Henry Jones kept silent. He would have liked to buy, but he had not seen his way clear to spare the money. And, somehow, that bothered him. Why the devil couldn't he spare it? Bobby Claflin laughed.

"You fellows make me tired! You're kidding yourselves. You didn't buy from that gink for the same reason I didn't. I've got to scratch—and scratch hard—to swing what little I took last week. I couldn't carry another dollar's worth. But this Dago can. There's something wrong with us, fellows."

"Something wrong, hey! With us, is it?" Henry Jones was nettled.

That something was wrong had been the burden of his own silent cogitations. But when that wrong was laid at his own door he became at once convinced of his own blamelessness.

"Let me tell you, Bob Claflin"—he had to put it strongly, he felt—"if we lived in scrap-lumber shanties, put up on some seedy lot, and fed on spaghetti and garlic, we might have cash to spare too. But who keeps the town of Brookwood alive? We fellows, who pay taxes on the best residential property. Who keep the village stores going? We fellows, who feel we owe it to our families and our own self-respect to maintain a decent standard of living. Might as well knuckle down to the Hun at the first setback as lower that standard the minute it becomes hard to keep up. It's just another way of striking your flag at the first experience of frightfulness."

"That fellow's two hundred helps to keep Old Glory waving," was Claflin's pensive comment. Then, as if illumined by a sudden inspiration, he added: "And that's a damsight bigger thing than any of our own individual little rags!"

"What that fellow plants in bonds we pay in taxes on our incomes and on all the spendings our blessedly decent American ways let us in for. If they are not good ways, then why are we fighting for them at all? I ask you." Henry Jones turned squarely upon his seatmate.

"That's all right," Bobby interposed meekly; "but fighting costs money."

"So does war work cost money, and entertaining soldiers, and the Red Cross, and every breath of life you draw. I'd have a lot more bonds if it weren't for these drains and"—Henry broke off sharply, as if to mark a different tack—"and for the crazy way prices are boosted. What's back of that, anyhow? And why?" he added, darkly accusing.

"You can search me!" was Claflin's gloomy finale.

"That's where the wrong lies—wherever it is—and not with us," Henry Jones triumphantly whitewashed himself and his fellows.

The brakes were grinding for the Brookwood stop. The bunch piled out to the chorus of "You're right, Jones!"—"You win!"—"You've said something, Henry!" And they scattered on their homeward ways.

Despite their exclamations, it would be hardly fair to conclude that they subscribed to Jones' views. Their shouts had been the thoughtless applause good-natured spectators will give the winner of any fair fight, whether of fists or of words.

Scarcely one of them but puffed his very good after-dinner cigar a bit guiltily that night; and wondered how his wife might take to making spaghetti-and-garlic experiments on their digestions with a view to buying more Liberty Bonds. But they let it go at that.

Nor could it be said that Henry Jones himself subscribed to the impromptu expression of his very unsettled views on the matter; not yet. He felt uneasy in his mind, as if he were about to step into a dangerous course. Why this should be and where it would end were mysteries beyond his vision.

"Oh, I'll Make Henry Come in Here, No Matter What He Subscribes to Downtown. He Is So Generous!"

It is only one step from carping on the way a thing is done to criticizing the thing itself. Now Henry Jones would not dream of criticizing America's fighting the great war; but he was on the verge of carping on the wartime running of his country. Something was wrong somewhere!

Of this Henry Jones was sure. He wanted to do his part—no doubt about that; his great big part; his best! For he was in the fight with his whole heart, and his heart was the biggest part of him. But what he accomplished looked mighty puny to him.

Though he followed carefully every prescription and exhortation to save, his efforts somehow did not count up much. He could not make that part of his big. It made him sore.

Henry Jones turned into his grounds. The large corner plot, well planted, set off most picturesquely the attractive house he and Eunice had built on it during their honeymoon. Four years of enthusiastic cultivation had made their garden a beauty spot. Neighbors admired it. The Joneses were vastly proud of it.

Henry lingered to approve the effect of some cleverly grouped shrubs. They had been recently and expensively acquired. He squirmed a little when he figured how expensively. But—"It's your garden really that shows where you stand in the community," he mused; and the thought reassured him.

He opened his front door and entered. In the spacious front hall a bright log fire crackled a welcome. The chill of early spring made heat still necessary; but, as the house boasted several fireplaces, they had stopped running the heating plant. They saved coal for the war industries that way, and open fires were so lovely, besides; which two pleasing thoughts quite offset the fact that, wood being high, they saved no money by the substitution. Their fond belief in their coal saving would have been rudely shocked, too, had they considered the labor of cutting and the fuel consumed in hauling those logs.

Of course the Joneses did not consider those items. Anyone who analyzed the ultimate wastefulness of their well-intended effort to save they would have put down for a hairsplitting, niggardly, calamity-howling kill-joy; which is the time-honored way of many Joneses.

A cheery hail from the inner regions solaced Henry's straining ear. He had missed his wife's customary greetings on the threshold. Normally he would have blushed at his own sentimentality. Now he felt almost resentful. Eunice's absence at the portal was the result of another war measure of theirs—the sacrifice of their ornamental second maid on the altar of patriotic thrift.

"Just another minute, Hal," confided Mrs. Jones after the delayed greetings had materialized. "Cook is all fussed up and I've got to help pacify her."

Henry groaned. Eunice was looking very much fussed up herself. "It's a blamed outrage!" Henry's wife should be unfussed, felt Henry.

"I simply had to run away from the Red Cross meeting," Eunice explained when that other minute had passed. "Cook's awfully cranky since Ellen has gone." Ellen was the immolated handmaiden. "She wants so much help. I've hardly any time left for my war work. And as to saving ——"

"Did she strike for another raise? Of all the nerve!" Henry had a way of jumping at conclusions.

"Hush!" Eunice cast an anxious kitchenward glance, for Henry's voice was loud and cooks were sensitive these days. "Didn't I just raise her because, with Ellen gone, she'd have more work to do?"

"At that, it's a saving, isn't it?" said Henry, doing sums in his head.

"Well, you see, there's a laundress every week now, and a charwoman besides; and, the way these people are profiteering, there's no saving at all. And cook hates to get their meals for them. I'm thinking seriously of pitching in, myself."

"I'll not stand for you washing and scrubbing!" came Henry's determined veto. Should people be made to believe he could not support his wife adequately and in keeping with their station? Housekeeping diplomacy being beyond Henry's ken, he manfully offered his drastic remedy: "If cook fusses you fire her!"

Eunice refrained from pointing out the impracticability of such masculine ultimatums.

"Let's have a look at the garden before dark," she diverted him. "The man was here to plow up the tennis court."

Another sacrifice this was to be. Henry was a tennis enthusiast. His court had been excellent, but the severe winter had ravaged it. And all Brookwood was war-garden mad. With noble enthusiasm the Joneses had decided to let the luscious turnip sprout where the balls had bounced of yore.

"But he did not touch it," Henry grumbled, almost joyful in his heart, though, when they were nearing the frost-churned expanse.

"I did not let him," Eunice explained, aglow with businesslike perspicacity. "The plowing and all the other labor, and the topsoil and—er—fertilizer"—manure was such an unpleasant thought in connection with one's spinach-to-be—"and everything else, will cost as much as repairing it to play on!"

"I thought you were set on having a war garden!" Henry squelched his joy at the prospect of tennis at home.

"But you are so fond of tennis!" said Eunice, squelching her joy at the prospect of radishes earlier than any neighbor's.

"We must deny ourselves."

Henry really meant it. It was a sacrifice. But no war garden, when everybody was having one, would be worse; would look worse, anyhow.

"Of course you need not give up tennis altogether. There's the Country Club," Eunice suggested helpfully. "And Mrs. Harwood told me that last year her court grew all the vegetables they needed all summer. And she canned ever so many things besides."

"It will save money in the end," said Henry dubiously; he had been thinking of the incidentals accruing with tennis at the Country Club.

"And literally everybody is going to have a war garden this year." Mrs. Jones put forth the argument invincible. "We should really be conspicuous without one."

"Of course this is the only available place." Henry's eyes came back to rest on the court after a hasty survey of his grounds. Trees and shrubs, dotting the lawns in dignified aloofness or sightly gregariousness, left no unbroken spaces large enough for horticultural purposes. "Well, I'll phone the plowman to get busy early to-morrow morning."

"It won't be necessary, dear." His wife snuggled close—not wholly because the evening air was chilly. "I thought perhaps you'd decide this way, after all," she confided; "you are so splendidly patriotic!"

And as they entered their house she tried to ease the pangs of sacrifice by dwelling on the gastronomic joys one may gather from his own lush garden plot.

"Just think! We'll have tomatoes and lettuce and Lima beans! And you know corn is never more delicious than when you put it right from the vine into the pot. No money can buy it that way."

"The bush, dear; the bush!" Henry corrected his wife's nature faking. "Who ever heard of corn growing on a vine?"

Cook's fussing had been vindicated by a very excellent dinner. Its wheatlessness was mitigated by a delectable substitute, which necessitated potato flour and countless eggs. Beef being proscribed, a near-by poultry farmer had advantageously contributed several hatchings of succulent squabs. Any housewife may compute the savelessness of such wheatlessness and meatlessness; but the Joneses glowed with righteous well-being before the living-room fire.

The telephone bell jarred, rang suddenly. Eunice answered.

"It's Mrs. Harwood," she informed her husband, showing marvelous voice control in her sudden modulation from a stern Hello! to dulcet greetings.

This was interesting. Mrs. Harwood was the recognized bell ewe of the Brookwood social flock.

Feet apart on the hearthrug, his back toasting, Henry seesawed from heel to toe, his grin broadening apace with the rising enthusiasm of his wife's cryptically bisected dialogue. Suddenly his face fell. He whirled on his heel and began to relieve his cruel forebodings with retaliatory jabs at the logs.

"Of course we'll subscribe," he had heard Eunice bubble into the transmitter.

"The devil we will! Will we?" Henry had thought, reminiscent of his bank balance, the plowman, house and garden expenditures, and obscure frugal Latins who could ostentatiously patronize Uncle Sam on railroad trains.

"Oh, I'll make Henry come in here, no matter what he subscribes to downtown," Eunice had continued. "He is so generous! And this is such a splendid work, isn't it?"

His wife's eulogy was Henry's sentence. He could not go back on Eunice's expectations of him.

"Stung!" was his post-mortem song when Eunice hung up.

"Why, Henry!" chided Mrs. Jones.

He smiled bravely at her.

"Fire away, dear!"

"Why, it's just lovely of Mrs. Harwood!" she fired. "We are to organize a big drive for her Allied Comforters' Committee. They want pencils for every man in the trenches and out, so they can write home. They need ever so much money and everybody must be called on. Of course we that do the asking must set the shining example. It is to start in about a month or so."

A payment deferred is a joy to the payer; which explains the lure of the dollar-down-and-a-dollar-a-month selling schemes. Henry was rallying from the blow. The tidings that this pencil orgy was at least a month off put a decidedly better face on the matter—and on Henry. His grin came back, like sunlight after a shower—a little pale and watery.

"We couldn't miss setting the example," he assured his wife.

"You know, we just couldn't leave Mrs. Harwood in the lurch. She is on the committee of everything I am working in," Eunice explained.

Caution prompted Henry's next remark. He was a little ashamed of it, and he—the lamb to be shorn—strove to temper the chill of it to his ewe: "Er—about—that is —— Have you any idea how big we'll set that example?" he ventured casually—oh, very casually!

"I've no idea, really. But don't you think fifty would buy a whole regiment of pencils?" Mrs. Jones answered. "Or do you feel that it's too much?"

"Pencils will win the war! Here's where pencils cease to be mere pencils and become mightier than the bayonet. And then the example!"

"Now you must not be sarcastic. It's horrid of you! You know how interested I am in this war work," reproved Eunice; "I can't go back on Mrs. Harwood."

"Don't think of it, my dear. Put me down for a hundred!"

"No; I think fifty dollars must be our limit. We are still paying on those bonds we bought; though that seems like burying money which might shine in a splendid cause like this. But we owe it to our country, I guess."

No answer came from Henry.

"Besides," continued Eunice, "the car should be put in commission; and that will take money. I'll need it to make my calls."

Still no reply from Henry. Eunice detected worry frowns.

"Really, I'll not mind doing without the charwoman anyhow. And that will save my share of the fifty very easily pretty soon." Eunice tried to ease his worry. "Now you must not object, Henry," she admonished when he showed signs of prancing in rebuttal. "I can keep the laundress a little longer for the rough cleaning, and I can surely help in the house if it saves."

"Fifty it shall be, and the car will be ready for you," Henry yielded graciously. "*A la guerre comme à la guerre*," he quoted in his best French, consoling himself with the thought that to war belong the pinching and makeshifts of war, and figuring that time would show loopholes in the close-drawing net of obligations and unforeseen demands.

"You're so dependable, dear!" cooed Eunice, and cuddled beside him. "Isn't it splendid to do our parts together?"

Henry appreciated appreciation, especially his wife's. The rest of the evening passed very pleasantly. They fairly seethed with patriotism while they decided on savings here and sacrifices there, relishing the foretaste of the prominent part they should be able to take in all the decorous war activities of their suburban circle.

Henry almost forgot the incident of the train. That little obscure jerry-builder might very easily salt away a wad of Liberty Bonds. Henry's position compelled him to meet many demands that fellow would never even consider. But who would compare their respective positions? Certainly not Henry.

It never occurred to Henry Jones, at that stage, that his spendings were largely self-ornamental. Of course they were in a good cause, but they went to provide the frills rather than the stern substantialities. By thriftily lumping all his good-fellow fritterings he might have handed Uncle Sam a nice round sum, to be spent, with millions of other nice round sums, for the grim all-inclusive need; and spent by the one and only power responsible and able to fill that need. But in that way all sense would be lost of having individually achieved something he could point to and say: "I did that!"

That sense was ever so much more gratifying; just as the ornamental window in your church, with the plate underneath proclaiming your munificence, is much more gratifying than being a mere giver to the building fund.

This does not mean that Henry Jones was simply vain or snobbish. His was the human nature of the individual who has become so saturated with liberty and the untrammeled pursuit of his happiness that he no longer knows how to submerge his individualistic ego in the one great common cause.

He might never have doubted his conduct, and continued blithely in his pleasant American lavishness of spending what he made, only modifying the ways of his spending according to the prevailing fashion, which was spending on war work. He would have saved and even sacrificed

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He Was Selling Liberty Bonds. Doing His Part. He Stated at Length That He Had Bought Himself as Many as He Could Pay For

"At study, at work or at fun
I go like a Yank at a Hun
On *Campbell's Soup* diet, I never stay quiet
But keep every job on the run."

Sergeant Robert Spengler of Springfield, Mass., and comrades of Company K, 104th U. S. Infantry, famous as the first American regiment to be decorated for bravery by any foreign government. This photograph was taken directly back of the lines in France.

On a fighting basis

Look at these boys of yours. Yes yours and ours—all-America's boys. Don't they look like healthy, sturdy, high-grade Americans fit to meet all comers? Don't they look well fed? They are. They belong to the best-fed army in the world.

"Only the best for our heroes!" is America's motto. There is nothing better for them than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

And there are mighty few things they like better. You'd guess that from the picture.

And it is just as good, just as invigorating and helpful for all active Americans at home.

It combines the natural tonic and appetizing qualities of the fresh ripe tomato with other choice materials both nourishing and tempting.

It is especially valuable to strengthen digestion and aid the body processes which create energy and maintain a vigorous condition. Served as a Cream of Tomato it is even more inviting and nutritious.

It comes to you perfectly cooked, seasoned, hermetically sealed. It is condensed by the scientific Campbell method so that all the freshness and flavor of nature are retained. There is no waste about it, no cooking cost for you, no labor. And the contents of every can gives you two cans of rich soup—a sustaining, body-building food.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or more. This is the handy and economical way.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

haphazardly to keep up his end of this new, attractively gratifying form of lavishness. And he might have been very happy.

But a big wave was sweeping over the country, obliterating the accustomed standards, overwhelming all self-built, little individual prides with the great national pride in doing the splendid job of world salvage. And Henry felt his own foundations of conduct totter.

It was only natural that he should, on first impulse, brace and try to uphold these latter and distrust the great force which shook them. Nevertheless, he was thrilled with this new, this greater pride.

How to serve that new, grim, greater pride was Henry's problem. It would require pushing the pleasant, old, familiar homy pride in his own doings into second place. Unthinkable procedure! His country's doings, proud as he was of them, seemed to him just a bit less important than his own. Such was his lifelong habit of thinking. It had never failed to content him utterly; but now it disturbed him.

What was to become of his business, and consequently of Eunice and himself, if he could no longer single-mindedly push it because the country's business needed his pushing? His country had always been such a beautifully vague, abstract idea. Now it had suddenly become an exacting, meddlesome parent; butting into his business too. How could he live if his business went wrong? And all these war-time expenses and high prices!

He excited himself; but not without reason. Before the months of leeway until Eunice's pencil orgy was past, he had spent, many times over, the savings they had so enthusiastically planned to lay by.

Putting the car in commission had cost a pile of cash. The Joneses could have been very comfortable with one of those serviceable but all too promiscuously serving automobiles, the slight purchase price of which would have left a comfortable margin in their bank account. But everybody could cumber the road with that kind. The Joneses had fallen for the showy delight of a very "snooty" roadster, the purchase of which had left no margin. And to restore its pristine snootiness this spring had deeply dented Henry's purse.

Eunice had felt very contrite when Henry admitted the extent of the dent. That evening a boy scout called on them. He came as a gleaner to gather up stray wisps that might have been left ungarnered in the well-mown Liberty Bond fields. Henry fidgeted. A memory of the jerry-builder pricked him to take at least one more bond from the lad. But Eunice settled the matter for him.

Almost snappishly she told the boy there was nothing more to be gleaned here. Henry showed surprise.

"I just would not let you buy a bond from that youngster," she explained. "It's Mrs. Campbell's boy. You know how catty she was to me about the Red Cross last Christmas."

"But that's no reason why he should not get my subscription," Henry had grinned uncomfortably. In his heart he was rather relieved, for an added outgo was to be viewed with alarm; though Eunice need not know that—bless her!

"It certainly is," Eunice had retorted.

She was very glad to have remembered her grievance against the Campbell clan just in time. Poor Henry was not going to load himself down any more than she could help. This was one way she had been able to help.

Mrs. Jones, too, had been feeling the pressure of circumstances. She, too, had not as yet adjusted herself to the new values. She still held highest her pride in Henry, the good provider; the husband who had showered his substance on her ever since their marriage.

She was proud of his ability to be lavish rather than greedy for the luxuries he gave her. She cherished the pride he took in lavishing things on her, though without them she would have been quite as happy. But she would have considered herself unappreciative and niggardly if she had tried to curb his open-handed manner.

Nevertheless, the way money was flying alarmed her. They had mighty little to show for it. She had come to the conclusion that bonds, such as this boy scout had tried to sell them, would be a safe anchor to windward, and patriotic as well.

All the other war work seemed just a little too social and pleasant to be really helping in a big way. The money it took seemed so futilely spent. However, she owed it to Henry to maintain their position. People would think he was a stick-in-the-mud if she withdrew from these spectacular activities.

She would not dare speak her misgivings to Henry; he was so proud of giving her everything that could keep and did keep her prominently represented in their social set. It had not dawned on her yet that Henry had misgivings of his own.

Both were feverishly avoiding discussion of the matter that both had nearest at heart. They would have dispensed quite cheerfully with many of their wonted lavishnesses, but each continued to indulge them for the other's sake. Henry felt he owed them to his wife. He did not intend that she should have less comfort and ease than she had been used to before marrying him; the more so because she professed to enjoy them. She professed enjoyment because she felt it was due him to show appreciation of his thoughtful efforts to please and pamper her.

During their entire married life each had been the other's first thought and foremost consideration. Their loyalty to each other, which was a matter of course, natural and unquestioned, shaped their conduct.

Now war was changing things. Their country's need was pressing. Loyalty to country placed itself before any other thought, was foremost to be considered, necessitated subordination of that other loyalty.

Both felt the pressure of it without understanding how to adjust their relation under the stress of this unfamiliar urge, which warped their pleasant lines of conduct; which became a subtle enemy, disturbing their peace of mind. Neither spoke of it for fear of avowing doubts that would disappoint and hurt and shame the other.

The unspoken thought rose between them like a wall. To batter it down Henry became more indulgent, spending where it served their habit of spending pleasantly and self-ornamentally, rather than where it soberly served the country's need. And Eunice became more appreciatingly receptive.

They sort of muffled their doubts that way. The fiercer they grew at odds with themselves, the more deliberately they pretended to be of one mind; which is dangerous, because it prevents adjustment of minds that have become biased.

It did seem a little absurd to let petty personal reasons dictate where and where not to help win the war. It was like refusing to pay taxes because they didn't like the face of the tax collector. Henry uneasily suspected that most of their war work had been in the nature of a fad, impressively adopted by their social set to disguise the innate habit of show under the pleasing cloak of patriotic fervor.

The fervor was sincere enough, but it was expressed according to individual preferences. It was like spontaneous combustion of precious gasoline that instead should be soberly fed into the Government's cylinders to drive the great engine of war.

But Henry Jones had silently acquiesced when his wife dismissed the boy scout. If he had a glimmering of her real motive he refrained from inquiring. It was best to let sleeping dogs lie.

In much the same way did Eunice accept and abet Henry's next exploit in pleasant patriotism. Early one morning a wire came from a Jersey camp. Mrs. Jones' brother Dick had just arrived there from the training quarters in his home state, which bordered the Pacific. Forthwith the Joneses motored out to greet their martial relative.

They went to greet one. They left greeted by nearly a whole company, which they had adopted in bulk. Pals all, fellow volunteers, the Western stalwarts were as lonely and forlorn as cats in a strange garret. They knew not a soul back East.

Henry's heartstrings were touched. Here was a chance to do something. These drooping spirits must be cheered. It seemed inconsiderate of Uncle Sam not to let these fine crusaders be braced back into the enthusiasm that would make them invincible; that needed nothing but a rousing send-off to restore it.

Dick was Eunice's brother. What more natural than to give him that send-off? And his pals, too, of course—the whole bunch. What more heart-warming than to be Lord and Lady Bountiful to these hungry, fidgety, lonely heroes-to-be? Since permissions did not seem to be forthcoming, Eunice and he would carry the feast to them instead of taking them to the feast. If they were not allowed to see New York the best of New York should be brought to them.

When they returned home the Joneses spent most of the night, with their miraculously ungrumbling cook, in preparing the feast. The boys' enthusiasm about their chow had been most perfunctory. A tale of a clandestine orgy on the train with the proceeds of a midnight raid on the company kitchen had hinted at unsatisfied appetites. Baskets and boxes of substantial and not too perishable delicacies were packed to be taken to the boys the next day.

Before they departed on their trip the telephone rang. An excited Dick gurgled his bliss over the wire. Twenty-four hours' leave had been granted.

Henry and Eunice motored to New York in their food-laden roadster. There Henry stopped at his bank. Then he hired the hugest passenger car available and made it follow his speed-law-defying race to reach the soldiery of his adoption.

The boys hastily unloaded Henry's auxiliary commissariat. They piled in, draped over and clung on Henry's two inviting vehicles. And their seeing New York began.

There is no need to dwell on the magnificent details of Henry's and Eunice's personally conducted tour. A bunch of Hunstrafers will laud these two good patriots in particular and civilian hospitality in general. And in their hours of trial the memory of their sailing eve will warm away all chill forebodings and grisly prospects. The world is good, and good shall be their fight for the world.

And who shall dare condemn the lavish Joneses for playing their—no doubt pleasing—part of Lord and Lady Bountiful to the exclusion of sterner and less ornamental duties? They sacrificed to do this. Somehow, their spirits shall ever hover over this particular little group of the A. E. F., and with its blood shed on the distant field will be more than a drop of their own hearts' bleeding.

Henry did sacrifice. The aftermath of his spontaneous burst of fervor set in right soon; and it pinched. He sold the few Liberty Bonds he had paid up in full. Then came a gigantic Red Cross drive. It was again Mrs. Harwood who drove. She could not be denied. Henry cut out tennis at the Country Club.

It was a long time before Henry knew that Eunice had dispensed with her laundress as well as with the charwoman. That riled him beyond endurance. A long-pent-up irritation broke its bonds.

"What is the matter, anyway, that we have nothing to show for our saving?" he growled when Eunice's tears had silenced his angry reproach that his wife should have become a household drudge.

"Things are so high!" she had wailed. "Everything we save seems to be spent elsewhere."

She explained that to save wheat flour, for instance, she had to buy, with the strictly needed quantity of that staff of life, equal quantities of other cereals. These were also high-priced, and they stood molding on her shelves, because neither she nor the cook knew how to make them into palatable foods. The cook simply refused to bother with them.

Henry pondered moodily. What imbecile procedure on the part of the Government was this? Ever since the farewell to the soldiers Henry had nurtured a grudge against his Government. It seemed to blunder in every detail that concerned the life of the man at home. And how could the army at the Front be maintained if the man at home was harassed and pinched, and made to suffer this way?

Now they were almost compelling people to buy War Savings Stamps. How the devil could he buy them? Save your quarters! That was all very well; but all the ways of saving those dollar-a-year fantastics promulgated led to nothing that he could see. Take buying those unusable quantities of cereal with your flour: How utterly, scandalously wasteful! Why not let people buy war stamps with the money thrown away on these extra things?

"It is just graft!" Henry shouted to Bobby Claflin on the train one day. "Some dollar-a-year desk lizard is providing an outlet for all the trash they can't sell at high prices abroad."

Bobby Claflin edged away. Henry Jones was becoming dangerous in his utterances. Nevertheless, he, too, felt the unreasonable pressure of conditions. So did the other men of the Brookwood commuters bunch. The homeward trip each day became a forum for the airing of opinions that generally were only vaguely formulated grievances.

"You're Not to Say a Thing, Henry. I've Fired the Cook, and I am Doing the Work Hereafter!"

(Continued on Page 26)

mild Robt. Burns 3 national sizes

Robt. Burns
BOUQUET
(Actual Size)

The newest member of the Robt. Burns family. A convenient size for the average smoker. All-Havana filler coaxed by skilful curing methods to a palatable mildness. A good one to try.

11c

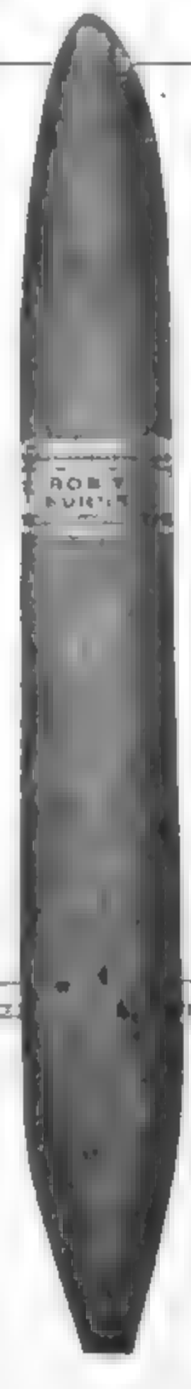
Also in boxes of 50

Robt. Burns
INVINCIBLE
(Actual Size)

The Invincible is the shape on which Robt. Burns has so largely built his fine reputation. In sales, the Invincible is today the leading member of the Robt. Burns line.

13c
2 for 25c

Also in boxes of 50



Robt. Burns
LONGFELLOW
(Actual Size)

This highly successful shape meets the demand for a size slightly longer than the Invincible. The Longfellow is now given a special band and packed in Boite Nature boxes. NOTE: The former foil wrapping on this size has been discontinued at the request of the War Industries Board.

15c

Also in boxes of 50

ROBERT BURNS now costs more to make—due to the new war tax on cigars—plus the advancing cost of materials, labor, overhead, etc.

But modern smokers will cheerfully pay a trifle more for this mild cigar whose balanced Havana fragrance won them to moderation in smoking.

* * * * *

From present indications, this bids fair to be a "Robert Burns" Christmas in many of our best families. Especially will boxes of mild Robert Burns, in the attractive shapes and sizes pictured on this page, find their way to men serving Uncle Sam on land and sea.

Robert Burns cigars are sold nationally. Most good cigar stores sell them. No doubt there is a "Burns" store in your neighborhood.

Have you tried one lately?

LITTLE BOBBIE—*Remember Little Bobbie, a small cigar but very high in quality—7c.*

DEALERS: *If your distributor does not carry Robert Burns, write us.*

The Secretary of Labor says: "The way to win the war is for every one of us to work a little harder at our present jobs. This applies to all of us, whether rich or poor; men or women."

GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc.
119 W. 40th Street, New York City

GILBERT TOYS
TOYS THAT ARE GENUINE

Play With a Punch In It!

I am just boy enough myself to know that boys want toys that are genuine. And Gilbert Toys *are* genuine. In playing with them, boys build things, make things, and do things just like grown-ups. It's play that has the thrill of real life in it.

To make Erector I studied the steel work of actual buildings and designed every part exactly like the genuine. Gilbert Chemistry Outfits are scientifically correct. Gilbert Electrical Sets are real miniature laboratories of electricity.

So it is with *all* Gilbert Toys. They give your boy the right kind of play the kind he really wants.

Alfred Gilbert

ERECTOR

CHEMISTRY OUTFITS

ELECTRICAL SETS

TOY MOTORS

NURSE'S OUTFITS FOR GIRLS

MACHINE GUNS

There is a Gilbert Toy to please every boy. The ones illustrated above are just a few of the many Gilbert favorites. The new Gilbert Catalog shows them all— Erector, Electrical Sets, Chemistry Outfits, Telegraph Sets, Telephone Outfits, Magic Sets, Puzzles, Nurses Outfit, Submarine, Machine Gun and lots of others. Write now for free copy.

Gilbert Toys are sold by dealers everywhere

The A. C. Gilbert Co.
119 Blatchley Avenue,
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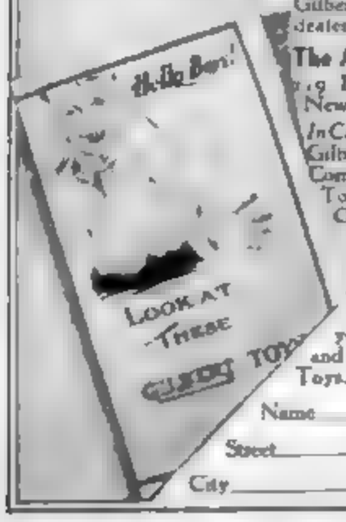

The A. C. Gilbert Company, 119 Blatchley Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Please send me, free, your Catalog illustrating and describing all Gilbert Toys.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 24)

Of these Henry Jones had many. Disappointment is a fertile breeder of grievances. Henry was disappointed and baffled. The things he had stood for, the standards by which he had ordered his life, were fast becoming mirages, exasperating him with their unattainable desirability. Home was no longer a pleasant place where dreams came true. It was a house of unrest in which he woke to unpleasant realities.

His wife's drudging was an unpardonable shortcoming of his own, he felt. He was constantly strapped for cash, and he knew how Eunice hated to stand off the butcher and the baker. The savings they attempted did not save.

At his insistence Eunice had employed a steam laundry after the washerwoman had been dispensed with. It ruined her linen, and linen had become priceless. The laundress had been reinstated; but she celebrated her triumphant return with a demand for an increased wage. Distinctly this saving had resulted disastrously.

Their war garden, installed at considerable cost, at first had tried to choke itself on weeds, which were not distinguishable from sprouting crops to the eyes of such innocent beholders as Eunice and Henry. An Egyptian pest of variegated insects attacked whatever survived their indiscriminate weeding. What was poison for one species seemed to be nectar for another kind of bug. They thrived—not the vegetables.

Their corn was the Joneses' pride, however. It grew man-size. They had learned that it was neither bush nor vine, but stalk. They had a forest of stalks, in the shade of which their well-meaning tomatoes languished pitifully.

Their consciences struggled between saving the tomatoes and slashing down the corn, or saving the latter at the cost of the former. The corn won. It was really more decorative. Tassels reared proudly. Silk oozed from succulent husks.

Alas, when picking time came, and the water was boiling in the cook's care, and Henry and Eunice ceremoniously began the harvest rites, all dressed for dinner, it proved that silk and tassels could be gay deceivers!

Ears they picked a-plenty from the man-size stalks; but not a cob showed the swelling rows of kernels one expects to find beneath the husk, as surely as keys under a piano lid. At best, a single kernel here and there would grin at them like the sardonic solitary tooth in an infant's gums. Their last hope vanished. The war garden had not saved.

And so it was everywhere. Their woes would have been domestic rather than dramatic had not Henry brooded over the unrighteousness of circumstances versus his own righteousness. Something was wrong. What, where, who was wrong?

The discussions on the Brookwood express were freighted with Henry's grieved conjectures. News of the approaching fourth loan had just been published. Sentiments were guardedly expressed, but it was obvious that enthusiasm was lacking. Many of the Brookwood bunch looked anxious.

"Did you get your coal in, Jones?" asked Frank Luger.

"I did not," Henry answered. His mind leaped the apparent gap between coal and the new loan. "And I don't see how I can buy bonds and coal too!" he concluded.

A few months ago Henry would never have admitted being hard up in this way. But he had changed. The rankling inside him, which had set him to uttering grievances, was stirring anew. Here was an opening to start a tirade.

"They want cash for coal—the dealers do," Luger muttered gloomily.

"See here," Henry started: "the Government gives you credit if you buy bonds, doesn't it? Why couldn't you buy coal on tick too? I always used to. Seems to me coal is more necessary to me than bonds."

He settled himself to his oration, lashing himself to indignant eloquence. Did not the Government control transportation, and labor too, pretty nearly? Then why could it not sell coal the way it sold bonds? Why were prices so high? Take flour now: Wheat at a dollar a bushel used to be a record price. Look at it now!

"But we're feeding the Allies with it!" interpolated Sackett.

"Rats!" inelegantly exclaimed Henry. "That's no reason to boost the price. Suppose I produce a billion bushels. At one dollar I considered myself well paid, when I used to sell about all of it for home consumption. Now I sell one half—let us say—abroad and the other half at home.

"The home folks have to substitute other cereals for the half I sell abroad. They can't get more wheat than that allotted one-half. Why should they pay a higher price, then? Am I not getting all my wheat sold anyway? It looks like graft to me!"

The argument seemed plausible to these men, all of whom felt the pinch of prices, of taxes, of never-before-experienced scarcities that seemed the more unwarranted because a decidedly inspired press never ceased to explain them with meretricious volubility. On the subject of taxes Henry Jones was even more bitterly outspoken.

A year before his marriage he had set up in business for himself. Though he had made a good living the new venture had not shown great profits. It would take time to make big earnings. It had just begun to show them when the new taxes, excess-profit tax and all, became effective.

Henry's prior earnings had been low. And, just when they began to reach a pleasant normal level, the greater part of them had to be paid out in tax, based on the abnormally low earnings of the starting years. It was an exceptional case, perhaps; but Henry saw his hard years of preparation go for naught.

"And then they expect to sell me bonds!" he snarled disgustedly. "Hell!"

The Brookwood bunch expressed no loud approval of Henry's verdict, but neither did a man rise to punch Henry's disgruntled face. Back in the car a stoutish mysterious commuter from up the line blinked his cunning pig eyes and smirked. Henry was doing his work for him and seemed to be doing it well.

Of course the fellows thought Henry was rather foolish to shoot off his mouth that way in public; but in their hearts they felt there was something in what he said. Their own experiences jibed with his, and the war was very far away. They took it in, fortifying their spirits with his arguments against the time when they would have to say the difficult "No!" to the next war-loan salesman.

Saying "No" is such a difficult thing. Any salesman is aware of that; and he plays on this astounding weakness of humanity, this aversion to uttering a point-blank "No," in shaping his selling talk and getting your name on the dotted line.

And when saying "No" makes you feel like an outcast, like a reprehensible pacifist, or a damnable sneaking boche sympathizer, as it does when you say "No" to buying a Liberty Bond, it becomes doubly hard.

Unless a miracle happened Henry Jones would have to say that "No." He knew it. And his conscience called him a duty-dodging welsher, a pacifism-stained mongrel of surreptitious boche leanings—he, Henry Jones, who was proud of being a good American and being recognized as one by his fellow men!

But what could he do? Business was bad. The new taxation laws took the wind out of his sails. His men were quitting him to take jobs at fabulous wages in the essential industries. No one seemed to consider Henry Jones' industry as essential to keep up the Joneses. Was this the land of the free—the El Dorado for unimpaired individual success? Not much, any more! thought Henry.

Clearly he must either welsh or give up the very existence in which his heart and soul were rooted. It might be a superficial form of existence, where show meant more than comfort; but that was a purely academic viewpoint and beyond the grasp of Henry. After all, making the show was what the Henry Joneses had been accustomed to call comfort all their lives. Who can deny the irrefutable argument of personal taste?

Besides, superficial or not, Eunice's being was rooted in that same sort of existence, he believed. He could not inflict greater inconvenience and hardship and self-denial upon her. He would not; for it meant lowering the standard of which he was proud. To say "No" was difficult; but the other thing looked worse.

So Henry steeled himself for the saying of that difficult "No." He steeled himself with every conceivable argument that proved why he could not buy. You can always find a stick with which to hit a cat. It's just as easy to find a reason for failing in a duty.

Henry found many reasons and voiced them to the bunch on the train. He was eloquent and the bunch did not dispute him. Henry nearly convinced himself that the high lords at Washington were to blame; that he was righteous but maltreated; and almost that war was all wrong anyway. He almost thought as much. Yet all the time he had a sneaking hope that a miracle might happen.

So did Eunice hope for a miracle. It took no great amount of the intuition of her sex to divine that Henry was worried—and not about mere money either. He often repeated his train arguments at home—duly expurgated.

She guessed he was struggling between a new duty and an old habit—the old habit of lavishness; of having her and their home and their life "just so." Her mind was not much clearer on the question of show versus comfort. Taking solid comfort in show had been her deep-rooted American habit too.

But she was keen enough to perceive that keeping up that kind of comfort made them very uncomfortable these days. When she timidly suggested household economies, like letting the cook go, Henry stormed.

"Do you think I can't afford to let you keep servants?" he roared.

That was not the point at all, Eunice thought; but she said nothing. A roaring Henry made things still more uncomfortable. Their trouble really was not of the purse, but of the mind. It was a question of appraising new values and adjusting their conduct accordingly; of setting up new standards and discarding the old. And Eunice realized that it would take a miracle to do this without dangerous friction in Henry's present state.

It all happened on one fateful, pregnant day in August. At breakfast a wire came from Eunice's mother out West. Dick had been wounded. Henry missed his usual commuter's special. At the station, awaiting a later train, he read in his newspaper that under the new draft law he would be among those first called.

A million thoughts flashed through his brain: Eunice! His home! Providing for her! An end to his business! But underneath it all glowed a warming prideful hope. He was to be called. He would respond. It was his war, by God; and that settled it! Eunice's brother was wounded. He'd get the fellow who did that, and then some.

And Eunice would stand the gaff of his going. She'd brave the hardships. She would manage somehow, if it had to be in a furnished room. He knew she would. He had known it all along. She would not go back West. She would stay where she could be nearest to the port of his return.

He had known her mettle all along. And suddenly it dawned on him what a fool he had been to pretend Eunice needed pampering; to keep up all the old-time pompous standards, while duty and death went hand in hand, smiling, wrapping poverty with glory, leveling all selfish individual prides of being to build the great single common pride of patriotic achievement.

An exalted Henry climbed aboard the train. He shared a seat with Bostwick, the coal dealer. Eunice would need coal anyway. He'd better order right now. Henry came down to earth and business.

"Terms are C. O. D., you know, don't you?" observed Bostwick when Henry had arrived at the ordering point.

"No; I did not. You've always carried my account," Henry countered cautiously.

"Can't this year," was Bostwick's rejoinder in his best impersonal manner; he was president of the local bank and prided himself on being strictly business.

"Well, take it or leave it!" Henry snapped. The banker's manner grated on his exalted mood. "You know how I stand in Brookwood."

"No; I do not, Jones," Bostwick came back significantly. "You've sold me every Liberty Bond you ever bought. I don't see your name on the War Savings Stamp lists. What's the matter?"

"You know my house, don't you? That's free and clear." Henry felt he had the best of the argument. "You ought to know how I live; and I pay my bills. That shows where I stand, doesn't it?"

"Not any more, Jones, Esquire." Bostwick spoke quietly. "Not with me, anyhow. You've kept up appearances the way you used to; but that's all. It has taken every cent you made. Or else why did you sell those bonds? And it will take more pretty soon. Hold on, now." The banker calmed Henry.

"You'd better know the rest: I figure it's not his appearances that show me

(Concluded on Page 28)

Trucks form the backbone of the supply system over-seas.

They are virtually as important on this side of the Atlantic—both in army and industrial transport. That is why it pays to be particular about tires.

Tire trouble robs a vehicle of its effectiveness—changes a live asset into a costly liability.

Good tires are the ones that will travel farthest with least trouble and at lowest cost-per-mile.

We invite comparison with United States Tires on these most vital points.

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United States Tires are Good Tires

For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'—'Nobby Cord' and solid tires for trucks. Also tires for motorcycles, bicycles and airplanes.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

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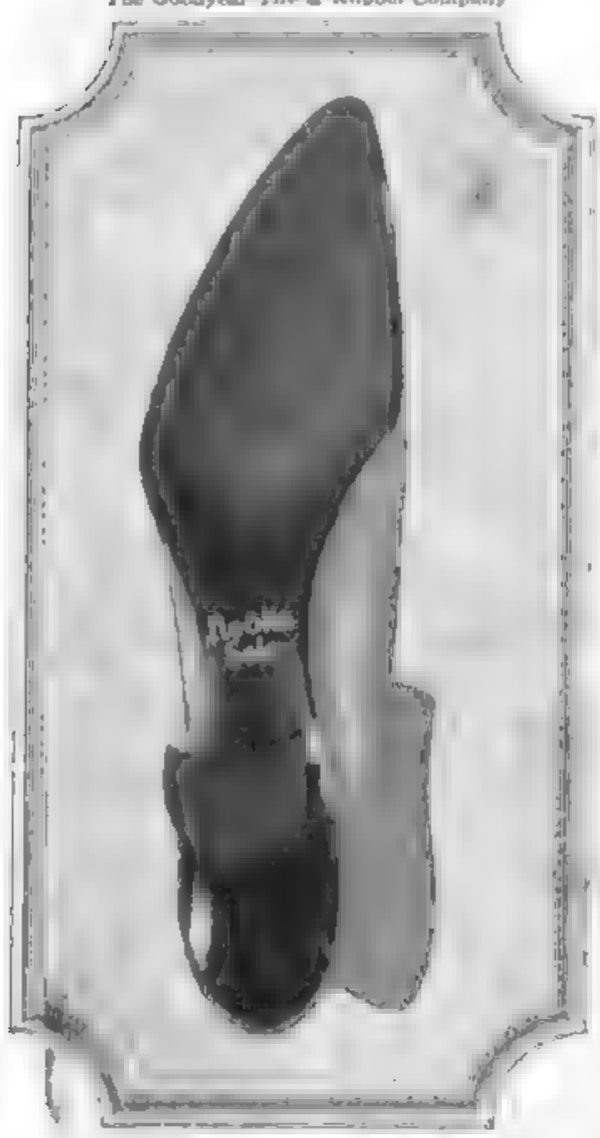

You Gain Serviceability

You gain serviceability, and do not sacrifice style, when you buy shoes with waterproof Neōlin Soles. These shoes wear extra well, so are a real economy.

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neolin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 26)

where a man stands these days. It's what he soaks in bonds, and the like of that. It's what he does for his country. If you'd been skimping to pay on bond or stamp subscriptions you could get all the coal you wanted from me on tick. Now it's cash. Wake up, man! Put that L. B., W. S. S. behind your name. It's a proud title!"

It was a chastened and pensive Henry who spoke when the train pulled into New York:

"Let the order stand, Bostwick, on your terms." Then he added: "And I guess you are right. But if you had told me so yesterday I'd have cursed you for a fool. Good morning!"

And, without explaining, Henry rushed from the train and to his office.

He was preparing to catch an early train home. Eunice would need cheering, he figured; and he had much to tell her. But a visitor was announced.

Entered a stoutish man. He delivered the amenities with a strong Middle-Western accent and a too ingratiating manner. He spoke of Henry's troubles in keeping his workmen and deftly led Henry to expand on this sore topic.

The man's voice fell to a whisper. He knew of many employers who were having the same difficulties. He named several and intimated that he had their confidence. The new draft regulations would increase the difficulties.

Henry guessed they might. What of it?

It was all politics. The politicians were throwing a sop to labor in the form of high wages, which none but war profiteers could pay. And all the war profiteers were gathered in those dollar-a-year jobs at Washington, playing politics.

Labor was restless; did not want war. There were strikes everywhere. Those workers who were not silenced by high wages, or had no employment in the essential industries—the man snorted contemptuously—would be silenced through the draft. And gradually every form of business would be absorbed by the politician profiteers.

"Are you going to stand for that?" The man pointed a dramatic finger, freshly manicured.

Henry smelled a rat.

"Suppose I did not. What could I do about it?" Henry inquired, a little too smoothly.

"Protest!" the visitor hissed, rolling his r's. "Ah, Mr. Jones, I have heard you speak on these matters."

"Where?" snapped Henry.

"No matter. Here, there, everywhere. You speak well. You convince. You have the right idea. I have talked to many men who think like you." He repeated the names he had already mentioned. "You can do much!"

"How? Just speak plainly, can't you?" encouraged Henry Jones.

"There will be a draft. The hands you need in your business will be torn from you to fire rifles. Those hands are not essential to the profiteers. Only the profiteers want this war to continue. Not your men, surely. Not you. Protest!"

"Look here, Mister Man"—Henry spoke with velvet suavity—"I don't know your name. I don't want to. I don't have to. I know you!" His voice rose shrill with suppressed tears of rage. "But I'm going to mark you, since you've come to me with your dirty Prussian protest propaganda" He rolled the r's the way the man had done. "I'm going to mark you till every mother's son will know you for the whelp of hell you are! Come to me, would you?"

With one bound Henry cleared his desk. His clenched fist landed full between the stranger's startled, piggy eyes. Another fist gripped his collar, whirled him to the door, through the hall, to the head of a stairway, down which Henry's lusty boot propelled him with great force and accuracy.

Militant Henry somehow regained his office. There he fell into his chair, his head upon his desk—and burst out sobbing; dry, racking sobs of shame and torment. This man had sought him out; had heard him speak. Henry knew where. Each phrase he had uttered to the bunch on the Brookwood train burned through his brain. The fool he had been! The blundering, senseless fool!

A spy, a sneaking clot of the scum of perdition, had taken him for a ready tool. Was he so bad as that? And these fellows that he had talked to, that he had poisoned with his bitter, misguided drivel! Protest! He would protest against any lie such as he had uttered, such as he had lived. He had continued the cheap snobbishness of showing how well off he was in his pretentious house, his expensive garden, his wife's clothes and servants, and his snooty car.

He had thrown away money, saved or unsaved, wherever it pleased him best to display his dabbling in patriotism, to his friends; where it showed most. He had spent, spent—saved, perhaps, but spent—instead of curbing his imbecile lavishness and trusting his Government to do the spending of his lendings.

He had talked like a seditious fiend, but he could not gratify his desire to splurge patriotically and domestically at the same time. He had let his home, his wife, his self, his little timeworn individual pride come first, and railed like a drunken monger; blaming the Government because he was too ignoble to blame himself.

It was a silent and very determined Henry who strode through his garden after a silent homeward journey. He'd get this thing straight with himself before he'd venture to talk to the bunch again. He had firmly decided one thing: Show must stop! If neighbors wondered, neighbors could go hang!

He'd waste no more time and money on pleasantly spectacular amateur experiments for winning the war. Expert handling was required for the billions spent in this highly organized business of war. It was his war; and it was his business to put the money he spent on it where it would receive that expert handling—in his Uncle Sam's treasury.

He could trust it there better than in his own puny fists. Every cent he saved he was going to lend to help make up those billions and quit spending it, on his own hook, haphazardly.

He would break it gently to Eunice. He would temper the blow of his decision to her. It would be hardest on her, he thought. She took such pride in having things just so! But what did such things matter now?

He entered his house. Not a sound greeted him; nothing but a most appetizing odor. Cook had jumbled together so many messy things of late that Henry wondered whether she, too, had taken a change of heart and regained her erstwhile culinary deftness. Eunice must be keeping late hours, tatting wristlets for frostbitten Kalmucks.

He smiled a little grimly.

A door slammed. Henry turned. Before him stood his wife, aproned, capped, flushed and fussed as Henry had never dreamed of allowing his wife to be fussed.

"You're not to say a thing, Henry," she forestalled him. "I've fired the cook, and I am doing the work hereafter! And here"—she pulled something out of her pocket—"is what I bought with the first savings on my first dinner."

With sinking heart Henry examined the object. Had she immediately bought again? Then he recognized a War Savings Stamp book, with two quarter stamps. He gulped; whether for shame or for joy, he gulped, speechless.

"And cook's wages," Eunice asserted defiantly, "go into Liberty Bonds. I am through piffling. And I want you to know I'll be a darned sight prouder of them than of anything I've ever done or bought, or let you give me."

When Henry had taken her in his arms, and started to tell his own, new, similar resolutions, she cut him short.

"Really, Henry," she said, "even the garden has begun to work right. There are three ripe tomatoes on the—the plants! Go; run and pick them."

Put more zip into your legs!

Get away from leg-weariness before the day's work is done! Finish fresh! You can't afford these days to have "garter nerves"! And, that's what "garter bind" will hand you as it has handed thousands of men who unconsciously suffer from leg nerves.

PUT it right up to Ivory Garters to give your legs a chance! Ivorys gird your legs so gently you wouldn't know you had garters on only your socks are so perfectly held up!

Ivory Garters have their own clever, scientific "hang" that makes "bind" out of the question! And, they're as light as a silk sock! No metal about Ivory Garters to rust or start irritations—*and no pads!* Yet, Ivorys are strong for service. And, the most comfortable, easy to slip-off-or-on garter you ever treated your legs to!

By all means, get a pair of Ivorys and know just what we have proved garter comfort can really be like. Ivory Garters are simply a revelation! And, you'll agree we're sure right!

Colors to meet your favor. All stores where men's wear is sold. Fifty cents a pair, and up. Ivory Garters are a corking Christmas gift!

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New Orleans, U. S. A.

Pure Milk

EAGLE BRAND
The standard infant food when Nature's nourishment fails. Pure, uniform, easily digested. Also delicious in coffee.

EVAPORATED
Economical for cooking. In compact form—always ready. Just pure, rich milk—some moisture removed—nothing added.

MALTED
Pure milk and nutritious grains, partially predigested. A delicious drink, nourishing lunch—the ideal food-drink for invalids.

A COMPLETE MILK SERVICE
—for every purpose

MILK is the one complete, balanced food—combining as it does all the elements of perfect nutrition. Every day more people are appreciating its value in the family diet and realizing the wide range of uses for the various forms. But fluid milk is a perishable food—easily contaminated unless carefully handled.

Borden Service takes the milk problem completely off your hands—looks after the health of the cows—protects the purity of the milk right through—guarantees its quality—converts it into non-perishable forms for your convenience and economy.

Nor does Borden Service furnish you merely with one milk product of restricted use. Borden Service is complete. It comprises pure milk products for *all* uses—for infant feeding—for table use in coffee and cocoa—for cooking, baking, whipping—for ice-creams, custards, salad-dressings—for travelers, invalids and convalescents.

For 62 years the Borden Institution has specialized in pure milk products—developing them—perfecting them—until today its Pure Milk Service is complete in variety, national in scope, and of year-round reliability.

Borden's

SAVE AND SERVE
BUY
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
W·S·S·

The Nation's Milk

To fathers of boys

You have only to look back to your own boy-days to realize the temptations that confront your boy right now! The one very greatest thing you can do to head him right, to prepare his mind for clear, constructive thinking and to take up that ever-dangerous "slack" time is to furnish the right kind of reading.

Your boy will have the treat of his life in The American Boy magazine. Give him a year's subscription for a Christmas gift! It will delight him every month, keep his mind busy, give him a liberal education in world affairs and in various things every boy should know. It will promote a keen, lasting desire for reading and develop his mind in the right direction. It instantly wins his friendliest interest!

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"

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Written and edited by men who know boys—not only what they should read, but what *they will read!* That's why 500,000 boys read The American Boy! Clean, wholesome stories that carry a moral, but do not preach, that stir a boy to think; that instruct but do not ostensibly teach; that show resourcefulness, moral courage, heroism—but are entirely free from crime in the whisky-wash! Try any one of The American Boy stories on yourself!

The American Boy will tell your boy the achievements of other boys, post him on new inventions and reveal to him the wonders of nature. Departments instruct in electricity, manual training, science, photography, hunting, trapping, fishing, woodcraft, zoology, bird study. Illustrated with hundreds of photographs and drawings.

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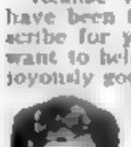

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MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Say, Miss Valentine!" he interrupted. "I am going to ask a great favor of you. I'm going to give you a box of bonbons. Will you promise me faithfully that you will not eat any of them—not a single one!—till—till we can eat them together in New York?"

She laughed. "I understand!" she said. "That is so I must see you. But suppose I have to go on to Stamford?"

"We'll meet at Grand Central Station and share the bonbons."

"What kind are they?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, American, of course. Our own candies are the best. You must not eat a single one alone, you know!"

She laughed excitedly. Her eyes were bright.

"Well, Mr. Caldecott, I never refuse bonbons."

He shook her hand warmly and said "Thank you!" with a cordial smile. "I'll give you the box before we dock."

After that she noticed that he grew taciturn, pensive. She did not see him again that evening after she left the dining room.

XII

THEY anchored in the lower bay during the night, and early the next morning Miss Valentine awoke to find herself in quarantine. She dressed quickly and went on deck to inhale the misty odors of New York Harbor.

After breakfast, when all the passengers were summoned before the customs officials, she waited until Caldecott appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," she said with an excited laugh. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were flushed. He gazed admiringly on her.

"Good morning. Have you seen yourself yet?"

"Seen myself?"

"A very fine sight indeed! By the way, you haven't given me your address," he reminded her.

"And you haven't given me yours."

"It's in the telephone book. I tell you this so you won't have the excuse to say you lost mine. Where is yours?"

"Well, you see, I—I don't know whether my aunt has gone to the country yet—she goes early—and I can't tell what my plans will be."

She seemed so embarrassed that Caldecott said: "Dear Miss Valentine, don't tell me now. Only promise me that I'll hear from you."

"I promise you that!" she answered quickly.

She was fumbling with a small leather-bound book that she had in her hand.

"Is that your diary?" asked Caldecott smiling.

"No. It's a New Testament."

"Let me see it, please. I'll show you my favorite verse."

"Oh, no!" And she put the book behind her. "A man who swears by Montaigne doesn't need this. It's your turn now."

She meant that it was Mr. Caldecott's turn to make his declaration.

He gave his blank to the officer—Mr. McWayne.

"Good morning, Mr. Caldecott," said the official pleasantly.

"Good morning, sir. I haven't the pleasure of knowing you or your name, but I have a very high regard for your superior, the collector of the port." And he grinned reminiscently.

"And he has for you!" said McWayne grimly. "This is all you have to declare?"

"All."

"I needn't tell you"—with a not very delicate emphasis—"that there is a penalty of five thousand dollars' fine or two years' imprisonment or both for false entry or undervaluation ——"

"I believe the law gives to the informer such compensation as the Secretary of the Treasury may award, not exceeding fifty per cent of the net proceeds resulting from the seizure. If the smuggler should be caught in the act by the uniformed forces of the collector the smuggled goods are seized and sold, and one-half goes to the Government, one-fourth to the informer, and one-fourth is divided among the collector, the naval officer and the surveyor of the port. Thus, if after I had declared that I had brought nothing dutiable you happened to find a hundred two-carat stones in my possession you would have the time of your life—you and my dear friend, the collector, and the other wonderful smuggler catchers. My! My! It must be almost painful to be so clever!" And Caldecott beamed admiringly on McWayne, whose face turned a dull brick red.

"Well, we think ——" The officer checked himself abruptly and said: "That's all."

"I think so too."

And Caldecott did. He rose and walked away quickly.

Miss Valentine, who followed him, handed in her declaration and left the table. She walked toward the door leading out on to the main deck, and as she reached the threshold she dropped her Bible. A customs man who happened to be standing near by picked it up and took from between the leaves a small piece of paper, which he quickly hid. He then returned the book to Miss Valentine, who smiled pleasantly and nodded her thanks cordially and said a few words, to which the man made no other reply than to tip his cap to her politely.

Caldecott, himself unseen, had witnessed the dropping of the Bible and had seen the customs officer take out the paper. He frowned. Then he grinned. Then he frowned again.

The boat had left quarantine by now and was nearing the Battery. Miss Valentine stood gazing toward Manhattan, her eyes fixed raptly on the Woolworth Building—that beautiful monument to the great American bargain hunter.

Caldecott approached her.

"Miss Valentine!" he said.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, it's you. Isn't New York's sky line beautiful?"

"I don't know. I'll have to hear your answer to a question before I can tell whether anything in the world is beautiful. You will please answer with a yes or no."

"The questions we have to answer with a yes or no are the hardest. Perhaps you had better not ask it."

"Oh, I must!"

"Even if I tell you I won't answer it?"

"Miss Valentine, there comes a time in a man's life when he is seized with a passionate craving to learn just how big an ass he really is."

He looked at her so seriously that not knowing what to say she bowed her head noncommittally.

"You have seen a good bit of me during this trip—a trip I shall never forget—and I am sure you will answer this question, particularly when I tell you that I am not going to make you a proposal of marriage this morning. Will you hear my question?"

"Yes."

"Are you a Treasury agent?"

"Treasury agent?" she repeated, slightly emphasizing the word "agent."

"Yes. Are you interested in detecting smugglers?"

"Why, what a curious question to ask me!"

"Yes, I know. When I showed you the rubies you promised that you would not tell a soul a word about them."

"I always keep my promises!" she said haughtily.

"I know you do. But before you promised you could have written a few words. For example: 'He is going to show me something and I shall swear never to say a word about it. If you get this paper it means he has the rubies with him and that I have seen them.' You see, you would not be breaking your word and you would be earning your salary—and your share of the seizure."

"Mr. Caldecott," she said, her color quite high, "you talk like a novelist."

"I thank you. It is quite a compliment. If that paper was placed in a pocket Bible and the Bible dropped and picked up by a customs man, and the little paper, as previously agreed, taken by him and passed on to his chief, what chance would the smuggler have of knowing it?"

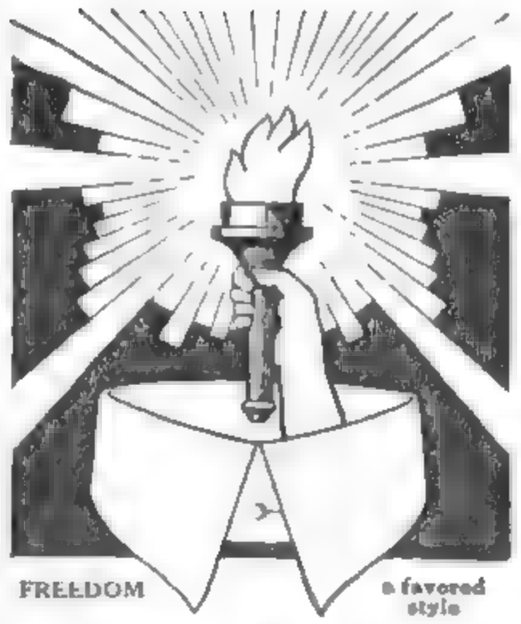
"Do you mean to accuse me ——" she began icily.

"No, no! I don't mean to accuse anybody of anything. I have simply asked you if you were working for Uncle Sam."

He looked at her steadily. She did not answer.

Then he said very quietly: "It seems strange that you don't speak. Of course, I

(Continued on Page 33)



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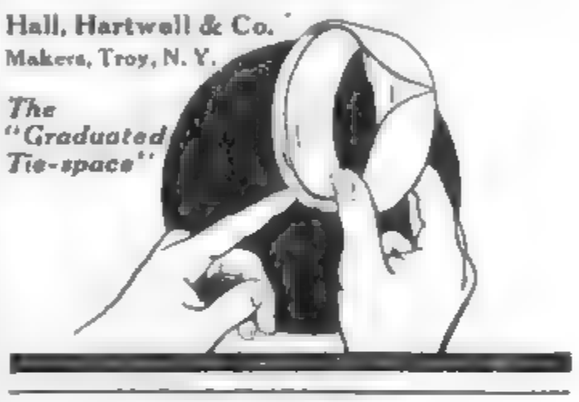

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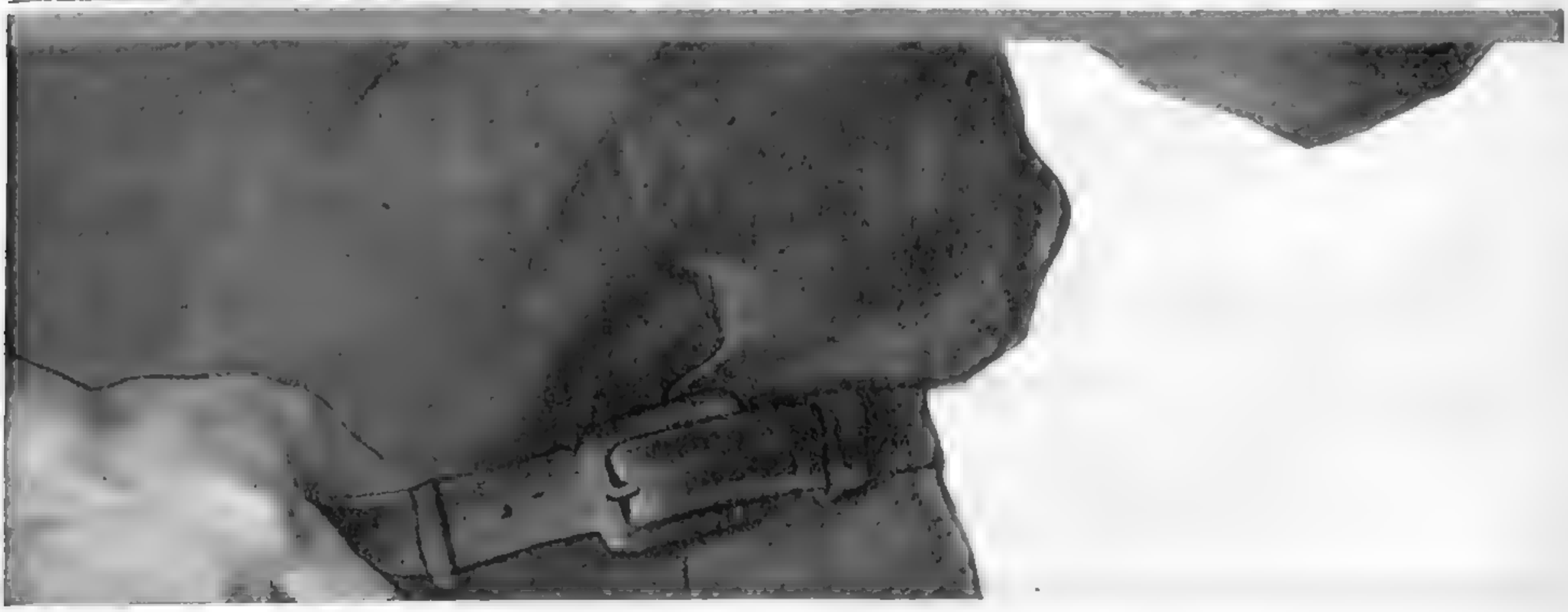

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(Continued from Page 30)

realize that when you think of what some people would call the blood money ——"

She shook her head quickly, then said coldly: "I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Caldecott."

"Are you, or are you not?"

"I told you I didn't know what you were talking about."

"Are you or are you not?" And as she did not answer he added, "You might as well confess ——"

"Confess?" She turned to him a face pale with anger. "You persist in insulting me ——"

"I beg your pardon. You are the only person I ever trusted in my life. The pleasure it gave me to give you what I had denied everybody else intoxicated me, and I—I was indiscreet. You are a Treasury agent, are you not?"

"Mr. Caldecott, I guess it would be better if you didn't speak to me again."

"Very well. But I assure you I am not angry. If you like to make a living by winning people's confidence in order to betray them, by being a paid informer, a sort of female Judas Iscariot ——"

"I am not! I—I —— Even if I were a Treasury agent and I did catch smugglers in the act, is it not—wouldn't it be simply catching crooks, cheats, fraudulent people posing as honest experts and the Lord knows what?"

"My dear, each one to his taste. I never smuggle. If I did I am sure I should have been caught. I am so simple. I must say, however, that the only intelligent thing I have known Wheeler to do is to employ a girl as clever as you to do his dirty work."

"I don't do dirty work," she said angrily. "And I believe you are what they all say ——"

"Oh! Miss Valentine, I thank you for having fully answered my question. While I am in this present mood of gratitude I wish to assure you that I have only the kindliest of feelings toward you. Good old King Francis said that a man was an ass to trust a woman. I myself think it the greatest and therefore the most expensive of luxuries."

He bowed low, after the Continental fashion, and left her.

Presently she saw him coming back again. He had a small package in his hand. Looking neither to the right nor left he walked aft and scanned New York's sky line.

Miss Valentine saw him hold out his right arm at full length. His fist was clenched and his thumb rigidly pointed upward. He closed an eye as though he were sighting. Then she saw him suddenly fling the package into the stream. It was heavy, for it sank instantly. Miss Valentine, who had followed him, heard him mutter: "About three hundred yards! Woolworth and Trinity!"

"What have you done?" she irrepressibly exclaimed. He turned like a flash. Then he said calmly: "The candy we shall not eat together."

Into her blue eyes came a great flash of understanding.

"Oh, that's how you intended to ——"

She checked herself abruptly.

"All men are Indian givers. Have I your permission to depart, Miss—er—Valentine? I believe that is the name by which you wish to be known."

She glared at him.

"Please don't," he said gently. "It only angers you. I would not have paid the fine nor gone to jail. Really I wouldn't."

He bowed with exquisite politeness and walked away, shaking his head regretfully.

McWayne met him.

"Would you mind my accompanying you, Mr. Caldecott? The collector sent his best regards to you."

"Will he be at the dock?"

"He will."

"I shall be delighted," said Caldecott cordially. "He flatters himself so much on being businesslike that it is a pleasure to make him waste valuable time. Let us sit down here and talk quietly and pleasantly as foes did in the old days. But I fear chivalry is dead. I fear so! Don't you, Mr.—er—what is your name?"

"McWayne."

"John or William?"

"Charles."

"A fine name! The first time the English had a king by that name they cut off his head. They allowed the second Charles to die in his own bed, but they have never had another Charles since. Still, being King of England is no job to tempt a really intelligent man—is it, McWayne? He has to live in London in the winter. You are very wise to stick to your business. By the way, how is it?"

"How is what?"

"The business of getting paid for having fun."

He looked at the officer so amicably that McWayne merely growled: "I don't get you."

"Well, you draw your salary from the Government, don't you?"

"Yes."

"It is your duty to see that no man defrauds the revenues of the Government by smuggling, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"When you catch a smuggler in the act you do your duty, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You get paid for doing your duty, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And it's lots of fun to catch the smart Alecks who think they can smuggle, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's what I said." And Caldecott smiled paternally.

"You think you are pretty damn' smart yourself, don't you?"

McWayne's face was a study in conflicts—between contempt and bloodthirst.

"McWayne, I told you I hoped chivalry was not dead, and here you are blasting my hopes. I'm going to show you something that you never saw before in your life. No, don't look so happy! It isn't dutiable; it's merely my Montaigne."

Caldecott took his beloved from his pocket.

"The gentleman who wrote this book—who would have made a wonderful collector of the port, he had so much sense!—had a theory that we laugh and cry for the same thing. But listen to how real men thought of their enemies."

Caldecott in a rather monotonous voice read aloud:

"'We read in history that Antigonus was very much displeased with his son for presenting him the head of King Pyrrhus, his enemy, but newly slain fighting, and that, seeing it, he wept. René, Duke of Lorraine, also lamented the death of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, whom he had himself defeated, and appeared in mourning at his funeral.'

"That, my dear McWayne, is real chivalry."

"Well, I'd just as soon wear mourning at your funeral," said McWayne grimly.

"I will have due notice sent to you. But the point I wished to make was that a man may fight another to the death and yet respect and even like his adversary. Concerning you I have no desire except that your salary be doubled. And you have no desire except to see me pinched. Am I right?"

"You are," confirmed McWayne humorlessly.

"It may comfort you to know that Anson Wheeler shares your desires. Do you think that he really wants me to pay duties on my purchases? No; that is just what he doesn't want. He wants me not to pay and then catch me at it. Well, I thank heaven that I have nothing dutiable with me," finished Mr. Caldecott piously.

"You haven't declared any, at all events," said McWayne, irrepressible hope in his eyes.

"You don't think I would declare falsely, do you?"

"Don't I?"

"McWayne!" Caldecott spoke so reproachfully that McWayne lost his temper completely.

He said, "Damn you! We are going to get you this time."

"Charles! Charles! Remember Oliver Cromwell!"

"What about him?"

"Remember him; that's all. Do you want me to sit here by you until we dock? Or do I have your kind permission to move about this ship?"

"Suit yourself. But you don't lose yours truly."

"I'd rather lose my life, or even my temper, than lose you, Charles."

"Cut out the comedy stuff," snorted McWayne.

An inspector in uniform approached McWayne.

"I saw the pilot. Your friend here spoke to him when he came aboard and he gave him something which he put in his pocket. I asked the pilot about it. He says ——"

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BACK of every war activity lies—coal. Ships, shells, guns, transportation. For all these we must have—coal.

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If you feel that one shovelful of coal won't make any difference—think of it as a shell for the boys over there.

If you find yourself burning two lights when one will do—turn one out.

You, who have bought bonds and thrift stamps, you who have given of your money for war charities, given until you have felt the pinch, you whose sons and neighbors' sons are over there, will you not give up, too, just a bit of lazy, enervating comfort to help hurry along the job those brave boys have tackled?

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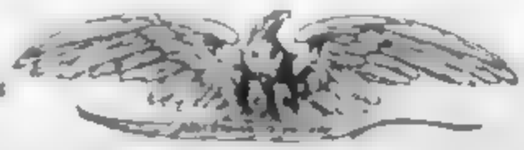

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Antique bronze finish. Amber tinted opal glass shade.

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"My dear boy," interrupted Caldecott, "you might know I wouldn't do my smuggling by proxy."

"He said this guy came up and says to him: 'Please! Please! Did the woman who was burned by the alcohol stove at the Waldorf, a week ago yesterday, die? Did you see anything in the paper about it?' And the pilot says 'No!' And this bird here says: 'Thank you! That was my wife and you have greatly relieved me! If she had died of the burns you would have seen it in the papers. Take these cigars and smoke them when you have time. They are very good!' And he slips him three. That's all."

"No, my boy," said Caldecott presently; "that wasn't all. I had a reason. I wanted to make sure which of the passengers was your man—or woman. It worked."

"What good will that do you? If you've got anything with you we'll get it," McWayne told him confidently.

"I wish I could have smallpox with me then." And Caldecott laughed. "You wait until you see Wheeler's face when he gets left."

At the dock McWayne assigned an inspector to Caldecott, and the uncaught smuggler opened his steamer trunk and his valise.

"Before you begin to look let me ask you something: Is Mr. Wheeler here?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"You might tell McWayne that I—that I said I wanted to see Mr. Wheeler right away—before you look at my things." Caldecott was snapping his fingers and biting his lips and pacing up and down—betraying all the known signs of perturbation, cold feet and fear. The symptoms impressed the customs man so that he sought McWayne, who told him to go to the customs office on the pier and tell the collector about it.

Anson Wheeler was listening to Miss Valentine, who was saying: "He showed them to me, I tell you. I rather think he had more than the three rubies, for he made me promise to bring a box of candy in and not eat a single piece until we met again in New York. Of course, he could have put the rubies in the bottom. He threw the box away off the Battery. But I know the spot."

And she described to Mr. Wheeler why she thought she could find the spot—three hundred yards from the shore on a line with the Woolworth Tower and Trinity steeple.

Anson Wheeler shook his head.

"He wouldn't do that. The rubies are worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He must have them; he or somebody else on board. Did you ask the purser?"

"No."

He turned to the waiting inspector and said: "Go aboard and tell the purser I want to see him in his office in five minutes."

"Excuse me, Mr. Collector; this man Caldecott wants to see you before I examine his baggage. He seems rattled."

"H'm!" muttered Wheeler and shook his head distrustfully. Then: "I don't believe it, but I'll see him." Wheeler turned to Miss Valentine and said: "You go and see the purser and ask him to tell you if Caldecott left any package with him. He could leave the package in the safe and go back to Havre."

Miss Valentine went out first, walking quickly; then the collector and inspector, walking leisurely, approached Caldecott.

"Good morning, Mr. Collector. It is a pleasure indeed to see you."

"What do you wish with me?"

"To do you a favor."

"Go ahead and do it," said Wheeler grimly.

"You know they want your job in Washington, to give to somebody else. So I tipped them off that you might frame up people whom you were not able to nab legitimately. So I generously tip you off now that secret-service men are going to watch you get left. And if you do any funny business Washington will take my side of the case instead of yours—of course always provided you do not find the three rubies, which I took special pains to show your agent on board the steamer yesterday."

"I mean to do my duty; no more, no less," said the collector of the port distinctly—in order that listening ears might hear and report.

"Now I have here the bills from the New York shops where I purchased every single article that you will find in my trunk and valise," said Caldecott pleasantly. "Every single one of them! You see, I anticipated this, so I told the salesmen to remember and make a note of my purchases in order to swear to it on the stand if necessary. Here are the bills, sir. While the inspector is rummaging through my trunk kindly remember that you are yourself watched. No need to be unduly rude. I also am ready to be examined in private after you are done here. There are some reporters on the dock, I see. There will be two sides to the story of how you did not get my three rubies. Beauties, old chap! Superb! Magnificent!"

"Examine the baggage very carefully," said the collector to the inspector in a calm even voice; and the inspector did. There was ostentatiously nothing dutiable—merely wearing apparel and a traveling kit, all plainly marked with the names of the New York shops where they had been purchased. Anson Wheeler looked on grimly, while Cecil Caldecott smiled broadly.

"Why don't you get angry? If you will only lose your temper, dear Mr. Wheeler, you will be sure to lose your head, both metaphorically and politically."

"Where are those rubies?"

"That's it! Where?" echoed Caldecott. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a Charlie-Chaplinesque gesture of utter despair and dejection. "Here comes Miss Valentine down the gangway. Ask her if she really saw them." Then he called to her: "Oh, Miss Valentine!"

She turned her face toward him, then turned it away and walked past him.

"Bring him to the office," the collector told the inspector, "after he closes his trunk and valise."

And Anson Wheeler walked away to receive Miss Valentine's report. The purser had kept a package in the safe for Mr. Caldecott, but the gentleman had got it the day before and the purser showed the surrendered receipt. In the stateroom that Caldecott had occupied she found, after a thorough search, nothing except a piece of the label of the box of a portable alcohol stove and some smears on the rug, which she identified as melted chocolate, whence she evolved the theory that Caldecott had melted chocolate and covered the rubies with it and made candy which he had put into the box. It was a cinch he had thrown the box away.

"I don't believe," said Wheeler pensively, "that it was that."

"I do, because it would have been characteristic of him to use a Treasury agent to do his smuggling for him. Who would have searched me?"

"I would!" said Wheeler with the cold austerity of the man who trusts nobody. "In fact," he lied on, solemnly, "it was one of the first things I was going to do. He proposed marriage to you, didn't he?"

"No; I wouldn't let him. He is too smart to walk into an obvious trap. I did not encourage his love-making—and that is why it worked," she said proudly.

"And he never got fresh?"

"Never."

"Nor mushy?"

"Not exactly."

"There!" said Wheeler. "I tell you I know him. Damn him, he is clever! But I'll see that he doesn't bring the rubies in. Wait in the women's room, please, Miss Valentine."

They searched Caldecott and found absolutely nothing on his person. After the customs men were all done he sought the collector.

"No hard feelings, Mr. Wheeler?"

Anson Wheeler tried to stare him out of countenance, but Caldecott merely laughed and said:

"None on my part! You did your duty conscientiously, and in this instance even intelligently. And I did mine. The result is that I am about to have the honor of wishing you *au revoir*."

Anson Wheeler continued to look at him as though he would read in Caldecott's gray-blue eyes the hiding place of the rubies. But Caldecott shook his head mournfully.

"There are so many ways, Mr. Collector! So many ways! At one time I was tempted to give them to your agent to bring in for me, but I decided that if she played square with me she would expect me to marry her. You always would have suspected her of having double-crossed you. Besides which, I really admired the way she played the part of a heartbroken orphan. A widow would never have done, not for a minute. One of the best ways, collector, is in candy, by a girl who will ask the inspector to help himself to a bonbon—from the top."

(Continued on Page 36)

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Anson Wheeler continued to look at him in silence, but Caldecott never batted an eyelid. He stared back, calmly accepting the situation.

Finally he said seriously: "I am going. I suppose you will send for me after a while and offer to compromise. You know my terms: Your definite promise that your men will not annoy me unnecessarily, in return for which I'll give you my word not to—er—annoy you. Whenever you are ready to sign the truce send for me."

He bowed slightly and left the collector of the port of New York staring after him. The expression in Mr. Wheeler's eyes was not so much vindictive as mathematical: He was trying to calculate the exact percentage of bluff in the speech of Mr. Cecil Caldecott, still uncaught.

XIII

CALDECOTT secured a taxi, had his steamer trunk, valise and hat box put on it, and then said something to the driver in such a low voice that the watching customs men could not overhear him. What he told the driver was: "—— Fifth Avenue!"

It was the residence of Mr. T. H. Merriwether, the famous railroad magnate.

The taxi stopped before the number given. Caldecott got out, went to the door and rang the bell.

When the footman appeared the pet aversion of Mr. Anson Wheeler said briskly, "Is Mr. Merriwether at home?"

"No, sir," said the footman respectfully.

"Very well, I'll leave a note for him."

Caldecott took a card from his case and wrote slowly and painstakingly a few lines on it in the hall; then he turned to the footman and eyed him doubtfully.

"Yes, sir?" said the footman.

Caldecott, frowning with indecision, presently put the card into his pocket. Then he took out his wallet, extracted from it a ten-dollar bill and said peremptorily: "I have decided to see Thomas — Mr. Merriwether—instead of leaving this note. I don't want you to say I called. He wasn't expecting me until to-night, and I'd rather he didn't know I made my trip for nothing. I have my reasons. Do you see this?"

"Yes, sir," replied the footman, who had seen nothing else since its first appearance on the scene.

"Is it worth that to you to be perfectly sure that nobody answering my description called here this morning? You don't remember my name, do you?"

"No, sir," truthfully answered the footman, who had never before seen Caldecott.

"You understand thoroughly?" And Caldecott frowned skeptically.

"Yes, sir, thoroughly," the footman said with at least one hundred dollars' worth of positiveness.

"Then don't forget!" And Caldecott gave him the ten-dollar bill and left the Merriwether house, after having been in it long enough to have transacted some business.

"Grand Central Station!" he told the waiting taxi driver.

He unloaded the trunk at the baggage room. The valise he gave to a porter to hold, saying, "I'm going to check them at the parcel room. The trunk goes to Bronxville, N. Y."

He turned to the taxi driver and gave him a ten-dollar bill. The chauffeur, true to type, began to make a great to-do about the change, when Caldecott interrupted with a broad grin: "Never mind the change. I've had a streak of luck to-day, and you might as well have your share."

"Thank you, sir," said the driver, nodding happily. The colored porter, who stood by with Caldecott's dress-suitcase in one hand and hat box in the other, began scraping and bowing with a sort of premature gratitude. It was a mistake, for Caldecott gave him only fifty cents. The fact that, after all, this tip was excessive merely had the effect of infuriating him; he had seen the taxi man's far more excessive ten dollars.

Caldecott walked quickly to the Ritz-Carlton, registered, got a room, gave his baggage checks to the hotel porter and went up to his room.

He called the hotel telephone operator and told her he wished to speak to Mr. Robert Turner.

Presently she said: "Mr. Turner doesn't answer, sir."

"Please leave word at his room that he is to call up Room 422 the moment he comes in. Please don't forget this."

"No, sir."

Cecil Caldecott, uncaught smuggler, took from his pocket his favorite Montaigne and began to read the remarkable essay Of the Affection of Fathers.

Later that afternoon his telephone rang and Robert Turner's voice said: "Robert Turner speaking."

"Don't let anybody see you, but come up to Room 422 at once. C. Square."

"All right, Mr. Collins."

Robert Turner entered the room with a face of a conqueror, and Caldecott shook hands congratulatorily.

"I think we've done all that you expected and more, Mr. Collins."

"No, not more. I sized you up. Now you must propose to her in public Friday night. She must refuse you."

"I don't know about that ——" began Turner with a rueful smile.

"She must! See her on Thursday and tell her that you plan to found an art museum, two orphan asylums and a daily newspaper that won't print lying advertisements. Add that you intend to do manual labor as a matter of principle, in order not to be a nonproducer; that you don't believe in idle riches and that she must help you to be an example to others who have inherited unearned wealth. Also that you will live at the mine and that she will gloriously do her own washing. You will wipe the dishes every night ——"

"But I—I like her!" blurted Robert Turner.

"You can marry her on Saturday if you wish. After you are rejected you will be seen leaving for France on the French boat. She changes her mind and calls you to come back. The steamer has started, but you jump overboard and they pick you up and take you to her. Just sit down there and write this letter that she will get Saturday morning."

And Caldecott dictated:

"*My Own Darling:* I am leaving for France and may never see you again, but before death stills my hand I want to write to you that I was wrong—all wrong. If I could see you again I would tell you that I have discovered that my duty was not to have socialistic notions, but to consider your happiness, to obey your every wish. To give is more blessed than to receive! If I had another chance I would give you every penny of my income, just as I have given you every bit of my heart and every particle of my love and devotion. Oh, if you would change your mind you would find that I also have changed mine about the duties of wealthy people. The one thing that has not changed is the undying love of "Your unhappy

"ROBERT."

"Say, boss," exclaimed Turner, "you certainly are one mammoth, monumental marvel ——"

"Have the camera man at the dock to show you almost drowning ——"

"But I can swim pretty well."

"That wouldn't be heroic enough. You must register exceeding anguish as the big liner pulls out into midstream. After you have shrieked that you cannot swim a stroke you suddenly yell 'Wait a minute!' and rush to your stateroom, put on the life preserver and, before anybody can stop you, jump overboard. You are picked up and taken, half-drowned, to your waiting Myrtle, and then to this hotel. You will marry her in the afternoon if you wish."

"Yes, that's fine!" said Turner enthusiastically, perceiving the heroism of Robert Turner risking his life for love.

"Go to the French Line to-morrow and engage your passage. Get a single stateroom. You must not bunk with anyone else."

"Very well, sir."

"Tell Townsend that I will write him to-night and that he must hustle and get the film out just as quickly as he possibly can. If you ever meet me anywhere you don't know me. And don't come to this room without first calling me on the telephone to find out if I will see you. Don't use names. Room 422. Good day, Turner. We'll get down to real business next week."

Turner left the room unobserved, and half an hour later Mr. Cecil Caldecott, whose chief specialty was that of not being caught, went out. He walked down the avenue to one of the department stores, entered a telephone booth, dropped a coin, called up Mr. G. G. Carnarvon's private telephone number and said:

"Carnarvon? . . . Caldecott speaking. . . . Yes, I've got them. . . . Are you very busy? . . . If that is the case I will see you some afternoon after three in your house. . . . Make it some good stock-market day, so that you will be sure to be intelligently amiable. . . . Monday? Right."

Caldecott returned to the hotel, dined, went to a movie theater, took many notes during the performance, and, after it, walked slowly back to the Ritz.

That night he thought of Anson Wheeler. It was almost certain that the collector's men, if they had not actually followed Caldecott, had taken the taxi's number and would interview the driver. They would learn that he had spent nearly ten minutes in T. H. Merriwether's home—too long not to have seen and spoken to somebody in the house, and possibly to have left a small package. If they asked Mr. Merriwether about Caldecott they would learn that Merriwether was willing to swear that Caldecott had not called at his residence that morning. Why should T. H. Merriwether, who was a buyer of expensive gems, shield Caldecott? Why, indeed, unless he was guilty himself—the all-powerful Czar of the Southwest?

Caldecott smiled at the thought of the conversation that the collector was sure to have with his men.

On the morning of the day after Caldecott's arrival in New York a well-built man of about five and thirty with an outdoor complexion and confident carriage and remarkably steady bluish-gray eyes called at the office of the Rollin Weeks Wrecking and Salvage Company and asked for Mr. Weeks, saying that he had important business and must see the head of the firm.

"What name shall I say?"

"Just say Spot Cash. My name would mean nothing to him."

The clerk came out presently. "Won't you walk in, sir?" he said.

Spot Cash did.

"Mr. Weeks?"

"Yes, sir. What can we do for you?" said the man whose divers recovered more sunken treasure than all other wrecking companies put together.

"I want to get a diver to recover a package I dropped off the Battery yesterday. I want to know how much it is going to cost me per day."

"It depends."

"Listen, please," Caldecott spoke impatiently. "I wish to go with the diver myself, to the spot. I know just where I dropped it, because I estimated the distance from the shore and I tried to fix the location by means of certain points. It was when the exact middle of a certain building was just in line with the tip of Trinity steeple."

"Which building?"

"I'll tell the diver that on the tug when I get him there. Coming over from Staten Island I dropped a package."

"What size?"

"The exact size of a two-pound box of candy. It is a tin box, though it had a paper covering. It was quite heavy and must have sunk within twenty-five feet of the spot, allowing for the rising tide. I am anxious to recover it and I am even more anxious not to have my wife know that I lost it. Are you a married man, Mr. Weeks?"

"I am, I'm glad to say."

"Then your wife is not nervous?"

"No, she is not."

"Well, mine is," said Caldecott shortly.

"Oh!" And Mr. Rollin Weeks shook his head sympathetically.

"Can this thing be done without newspaper notoriety?"

"I think so. Of course it is rather unusual."

"Not a bit," contradicted Caldecott. "It isn't the only time in history that a man has dropped a package because he was watching silk hosiery in a breeze."

Rollin Weeks ventured on a smile, but Caldecott asked him impatiently: "How soon can I get a diver to go out with me?"

"Not before two days; or possibly three. My men are all engaged and ——"

"Oh, the dickens! I should think you would know your business better."

"I run it so I am always busy," retorted Rollin Weeks shortly. "If it doesn't suit you you might try some other concern where they have first-class divers standing round reading newspapers and drawing their wages for playing solitaire."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Weeks. Are you sure you couldn't do it before? It isn't a matter of expense. I am willing to pay extra ——"

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

"It isn't a matter of money, but of men."

"You don't know my wife, man!" said Caldecott, so irritably that Rollin Weeks said with conviction: "I don't know as I blame her."

Caldecott frowned, took out a card and wrote his telephone number on it, gave it to Mr. Weeks and said: "Between nine-thirty and ten-thirty A. M. only. Won't you please let me know the moment you can tell me exactly when I can have the men?"

"Very well," said Mr. Weeks. "Of course we must have a retainer."

"I'll pay my retainer when you can tell me exactly when you can undertake the work. Good morning!"

Mr. Weeks nodded and returned to his mail. Caldecott left the wrecking company's office and went to his own.

The collector's men had not located Caldecott's sleeping quarters, but they called up all the divers in New York—Miss Valentine's insistence having made itself felt on the less imaginative masculine mind.

"There!" she said when she learned about Caldecott's visit to the Weeks wrecking people.

"Well, we'll have a man on the tug," said the collector. "Personally I think it is a plant."

"He made it obvious so that you would think it was just that," said Miss Valentine with assurance.

"Perhaps! Perhaps! But if I catch him ——"

And Anson Wheeler's eyes grew bright. It was just like a man, thought Miss Valentine, to say "I" when he should have really said "You."

■■■

ON THURSDAY morning Mr. Caldecott, from a public pay station, called up Jean, the friendly clerk at the steamship company, and asked him for his house address.

"I'll probably call on you Friday night. Have you any disengaged single staterooms?"

"Not one."

"Any chance of getting one by Saturday morning?"

"There is not one chance in a thousand. We have a long waiting list. Of course, if one did happen to turn up and you wanted it, in addition to your own, I'd save it for you, though I am offered a big bonus ——"

"I'll see you Friday night, Jean, in your home. About nine o'clock."

"Very good, Mr. Caldecott."

That same day in the afternoon, after a stormy interview, during which a philanthropist called an artiste mercenary and a pretty girl called a good-looking young man a plain simp, the press agent of the Tabasco Theater said to Bill of the Sun, Dick of the Times, Louis of the Globe and Jim of the World, that Miss Myrtle Montgomery was wavering, and after all might marry the man from Butte.

"Ten thousand a day is sure some luck piece," said Tabasco P. A. Bill with a sigh. "And I don't know as I blame Myrtle, though she says he is a kind of a socialist."

"Gad! Then he is rich! We knew he had no brains," said Bill of the Sun.

"You are some epigrammarian."

"Grammatist, William," gently corrected the reporter.

"So she told me she would finally make up what she is pleased to call her mind Friday."

"Do you continue in her employ after the ceremony, Willie?"

"Oh, can that! She's too ——"

"I remember the time when she was perfection ——"

"Purely professional! Purely professional!" interrupted the press agent, whose marital experiences endeared him to every bachelor by making said bachelor think well of his own wisdom.

"Exactly so!" said the irritating person from the World.

"Curse yuh!" swore Bill. "Meet me tomorrow night, and if she has the sparklers to prove it, including the bill of sale which I have instructed her to demand—not even you fellows would question that, I take it!—why, then I expect you to do your duty.

"If not, the drinks are on me, and, if not too ravenous, the viands. I shall have Monsieur Renault with me."

"No!" simultaneously burst from four unbelieving larynges. M. Renault, the greatest of the younger French playwrights, being wealthy by inheritance and really talented, was eccentric enough morbidly to dislike newspaper *réclame*, and invariably refused to talk for publication.

"Yes," said Bill, swelling up. "On my sacred word! But no shop. That goes. Purely social. Damn it, can't you be gentlemen for once? When even a press agent ——"

But they boohooed him out of the rest of the impassioned burst of autobiography.

On Friday night after the third so-called act, as Miss Myrtle Montgomery had finished her self-labeled "aria," the crimson-liveried page of Themistocles Papastipodopoulos, the popular florist—see theater program—carried to the star the nightly offering of flowers from the young millionaire from Butte, who throughout the intermissions had been the cynosure of all eyes.

As soon as Miss Montgomery had clasped the floral offering to her bosom, Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner rose in his seat, his eyes glaring with determination, his face pale with apprehension and haggard with sorrow, and shouted: "Myrtle, for the last time I ask you: Will you marry me?"

Miss Montgomery, who had been wondering for some days if her refusal of this man with the nearly sufficient income was, after all, wise, did not know what to say. Her very indecision at this critical moment made her make an effort to decide, an effort which of course came to naught. She became aware of the disturbance of normal conditions in the theater. Skeptical Manhattanese of both sexes began to laugh and jeer.

Miss Montgomery looked at the sea of faces—so familiar and friendly to her and now so strange and hostile—and she gasped and gulped. Of a sudden there descended upon her an avalanche that buried her—stage fright! She was now not a self-possessed actress, but a harassed girl facing an unfriendly crowd. She began to shake. She no longer thought of Turner or of marriage. All she felt was a great fear that oppressed her chest and kept her from breathing.

She saw nothing but an infinity of swirling points of light.

"Answer me! Answer me!" he cried imploringly.

Ushers ran up to the young mining millionaire.

"Will you ——" began Turner in a voice heard above the tumult.

"No!" she shrieked, so furiously and shaking her head so violently that even the mocking audience recognized her sincerity.

It stilled the tumult and this enabled Robert Turner, owner of the wonderful mine, to say very slowly and distinctly: "Then it is good-by forever!"

His face was so pale, his eyes so wild, his voice so determined that half a thousand feminine voices began to shriek in dismay "Stop him!"

But Mr. Turner was too much of a gentleman—as Bill pointed out to the theatrical reporters—to blow out his brains in the theater and spoil the priceless rug placed in each box.

The Sun man said it for the crowd. He asserted:

"Bill, you know you'd give a hundred dollars out of your own pocket to have it happen here and now."

"I would not!" indignantly denied the press agent.

"Bill, look at me!" said the Sun man.

Bill shook his head vehemently. "Not a hundred," he said. "Make it ten dollars and I'll admit it. Heck, I ain't ashamed of being human!"

And this admission so touched the hearts of the theatrical reporters that each and every one of them wrote a column story about Turner's proposal.

While Robert Turner was being refused in public by Miss Montgomery, Caldecott, trailed by one of the custom-house sleuths, had gone to Jean's house. Jean was glad to see him.

"Here it is!" And Caldecott gave the clerk a beautiful scarfpin.

"*Merci, Monsieur Caldecott,*" said Jean, who always did his thanking in French because that way it sounded less like a quick *quid pro quo*.

"By the way, if a man named Robert Turner, from Butte, Montana ——"

"Ah, the new Monte Cristo?" interrupted Jean. Everybody is literary nowadays.

"If he should show up at your office tomorrow and ask for a single stateroom give him mine. I shall not sail if he does. We have a wager—this is *entre nous*."

(Continued on Page 41)

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

A service station at every cross-road

The modern wood wheel used on our motor-cars and commercial trucks is essentially the same as the wheels which have come down to us through countless generations of wheelwrights.

This simple construction is a tremendous advantage to users of motor-cars, for in case a wood wheel is damaged through accident, any wheelwright can easily and quickly repair the break.

Although breakage of any part of a wood wheel is an extremely rare occurrence, every user of a motor vehicle will instantly recognize the advantage of using wheels which can be so readily restored to service.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL
MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

105 NORTH 13th ST. PHILADELPHIA

W.S.S.

The mother-tongue of America's millions — the modern motion picture.

BABEL crumbles before the motion picture screen. "A universal language," said President Wilson. The language of the eye and the soul. And the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken this universal language and placed it on a plane where it enriches the life of the whole nation with a perpetual new joy.

This season, for example, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is giving to America even finer pictures—pictures attuned to the spirit of the time—208 Paramount and Artcraft Pictures generously laden with the joy of living, with romance and adventure, with song and laughter, fun and frolic, rare entertainment for high hearts.

It is the emotions that are the universal language, and it is the emotions that the motion picture speaks and sings to, whether it be the emotional deeps of patriotism or the dancing shallows of merriment.

Paramount and Artcraft touch the deepest chords in *you!* Such is the power of "*Foremost* stars, *superbly* directed in *clean* pictures."

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Verify for yourself wherever you see these trade-marks, the trade-marks of "the universal language."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

Paramount Pictures TRADE MARK

HERE are the latest productions of *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to December 1. Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "My Cousin"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Till I Come Back To You"
Douglas Fairbanks *in*
"He Comes Up Smiling"
Elsie Ferguson *in*
"Under The Greenwood Tree"
D. W. Griffith's "The Great Love"
*William S. Hart *in*
"The Border Wireless"
Mary Pickford *in* "Johanna Enlists"
Fred Stone *in* "The Goat"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within"
with a Special Star Cast
Private Harold Peat *in* "Private Peat"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Sporting Life"

Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "On the Quiet"
*Enid Bennett *in* "Fuss and Feathers"
Billie Burke *in* "The Make Believe Wife"
Lina Cavalieri *in* "A Woman of Impulse"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Out of a Clear Sky"
Ethel Clayton *in* "Women's Weapons"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "Vive La France"
Pauline Frederick *in*
"A Daughter of the Old South"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Battling Jane"
L. la Lee *in* "Such a Little Pirate"
Vivian Martin *in* "Mirandy Smiles"
Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex *in*
"Come On In"
(A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production)
*Charles Ray *in* "The Law of the North"
Wallace Reid *in*
"The Man From Funeral Range"
Bryant Washburn *in* "The Gypsy Trail"

*Supervised by Thos. H. Ince

TRADE MARK Artcraft Pictures

(Continued from Page 38)

"Of course!" You could see from Jean's face that the grave had nothing on him when it came to habitual silence.

"I shall speak to M. Letellier about something else to-morrow morning. My name does not appear on the passenger list sailing to-morrow, does it?"

"You said not to," said Jean quickly. Then he looked alarmed. Had he made a mistake?

"Exactly. Well, good night, Jean."

"Good night, sir. You are very kind and I don't know how to express my gratitude."

Jean put his fingers to his mouth and bowed. Caldecott went out.

La Meuse was sailing at noon. The pier was full of people. Fifteen minutes before the hour an exceedingly long touring car painted a bright crimson dashed up to the very gangway and discharged a tall young man dressed in fashionable New York clothes and a Western sombrero.

A movie camera promptly got busy.

"That's Robert Turner, the Butte millionaire!" almost shrieked a girl of sixteen, whose face, asleep, was like a Madonna's, but, awake, was too bright as to eyes and too red as to lips. She promptly took a position where the camera man could not fail to take her.

A hum rose in Turner's wake, but he paid no attention to it. He walked aboard, followed by three or four stewards bearing valises, bundles of rugs, and so on, and by the clicking of the camera, J. Fanning commanding.

The gong for the nontravelers to go ashore rang, and at five minutes after midday the big boat pulled out. It had not gone fifty feet when a taxicab dashed madly upon the pier.

The camera turned to meet the charge.

The door flew open. A very handsome young woman, looking very much like a cloak model in the Sunday supplement, flung herself from the auto and shrieked: "Where is he? Where is he?"

She put her hand on her heart and in other ways displayed poignant emotion with eyes, brows and lips and convulsive clenching and unclenching of fists.

A young man who was in the cab with her now followed after the young woman and said very slowly and distinctly: "Too late! Too late!" He then shook his head three times—complete—and let his hands fall to his sides—despair.

John Fanning was cranking away for dear life.

The young woman rushed to the end of the pier, followed by Bill and the camera man. When Fanning told Bill "Ready!" Bill called to Miss Montgomery "I see him!" and with a Kit Carson gesture pointed toward the funnel of the Meuse.

Myrtle extended her arms gracefully and a trifle slowly, with a gesture full of longing and despair, and yelled "Bob! Bob!" She pronounced the final "b" very distinctly.

Robert Turner heard her; he couldn't help it.

"Myrtle!"

By this time the people on the pier, who had read the morning papers, were watching with the intense curiosity of keyhole observers of a neighbor's parlor during the poor husband's absence.

"I'll marry you, Bob! I'll marry you!"

Bill under cover of a fat cop clapped his hands. The mob promptly did likewise. Myrtle almost turned to bow from force of habit, but caught herself in time and beckoned to Bob to come on down quick.

"I can't swim! I can't swim!" he yelled.

"Come anyhow!" shrieked Myrtle.

"I'll drown!"

"Come, if you love me!" yelled Myrtle.

The crowd became her friend and shrieked: "He'll drown!"

"No, he won't!"

"Sure thing!"

"Ain't it a shame!"

"With the tide going out he wouldn't last a minute!"

"Awful cold, that water. Awful cold!"

"He can't swim a stroke!"

"And cramps too!"

"Oh, Bob, come to me! Come to me!" said Myrtle, and began to sob, when she suddenly remembered that the camera was no recording phonograph. She then began to wring her hands piteously instead. Bob said something they could not catch by now. Then he disappeared.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed with her shoulders, receiving some assistance from her elbows.

J. Fanning shifted his mitrailleuse to the Meuse. Presently a figure was seen to leap upon the rail.

"He's got a life preserver!" shrieked a sharp-eyed one of about forty. She was thin and her chin and nose also were sharp.

Bob Turner, who could not swim on this day, though that was one of his qualifications when he answered C. Square's advertisement, was seen by the veracious camera breasting the flood.

J. Fanning permitted himself his first smile that week. It was a good picture. The light was right and everything worked O. K.

Bob made for the dock. A rope, thoughtfully anticipated by Bill, P. A. of the Tabasco, was lowered, and Bob was hoisted to the dock.

From a barge that lay alongside the next pier a second camera man pictured the hoisting.

"Sweetheart!"

"Bob!"

She flung herself into his arms. He had difficulty in embracing her, by reason of the life preserver, but Bill said: "Come on quick and change your clothes."

"To the Ritz!" said Myrtle, her hand in his.

"To the minister!" said Bob determinedly—in plain hearing of at least three hundred and fifty. It was a chance he took blithely, knowing the histrionic temperament.

"No! To your hotel first. Then—perhaps!"

"H'm! Everybody knows she'll take him as soon as ever she can. He nearly got away to-day," observed the sharp-eyed-nosed-chinned one to her friends, in no whisper.

But Bill had hustled the young couple into the taxi, and then considerately told the five reporters that he had another taxi and would esteem it an honor to have them share it with him.

"Shad roe!" muttered the Sun man, with an ostentatious sniff.

"You mean cod-liver oil!" observed the World, after a long inhalation.

"You can say what you will, and smell all the fish you want, but I had nothing to do with it."

"Bill, you certainly are industrious," remarked the Globe. "I cannot conscientiously congratulate you on originality, subtlety or finesse. But you sure sweat, Bill; you sure do!"

"I swear to you that I ——"

"Oh, we'll fall for it, old chap," said the kindly Times; and they left in Bill's taxi

Caldecott was waiting at the hotel. He had not left his own room, but at twelve-twenty-five, upon receiving a telephone message from the French-Line pier, he had gone to Bob's room, which was next to his now, and waited there, unsuspected by the operative who had been watching to see him descend in one of the south elevators as usual. Turner came in, life preserver, wet clothes and all.

"How did it go?" asked Caldecott.

"Fine! It's the happiest day of my life"

"I congratulate you! Is she downstairs waiting for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, change quickly. Then go to Theodore and tell him you'll want a luncheon that will make a nervous woman happy that she is alive. Then after the meal tell Myrtle your story. Tell her you will be earning more thousands in a little while than she does hundreds. But above all tell her that you love her. And she must act for our picture of the true screen history of Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner. You will have to do that proposal in the theater over and you can tell her that officially you will continue to be the eccentric millionaire before the public so that she can go the limit of arrogance and fuss. But remember, not a word until after the luncheon."

Robert Turner changed quickly and left Caldecott with a hasty but warm clasp of the hand.

"Some head, that man!" muttered Robert, and sought, first, Myrtle, then the artistic *maître d'hôtel*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The 100% Gift

ONE article that is 100% *useful* and thrifty, combined with another that is 100% *patriotic* and thrifty—that is a true "thrift gift" of the type that most Americans will exchange on our second War Christmas.

Who would not be delighted with a gift box of dressy, durable EVERWEAR Hosiery, enclosing a War Saving Stamp, or, better still, a Liberty Bond?

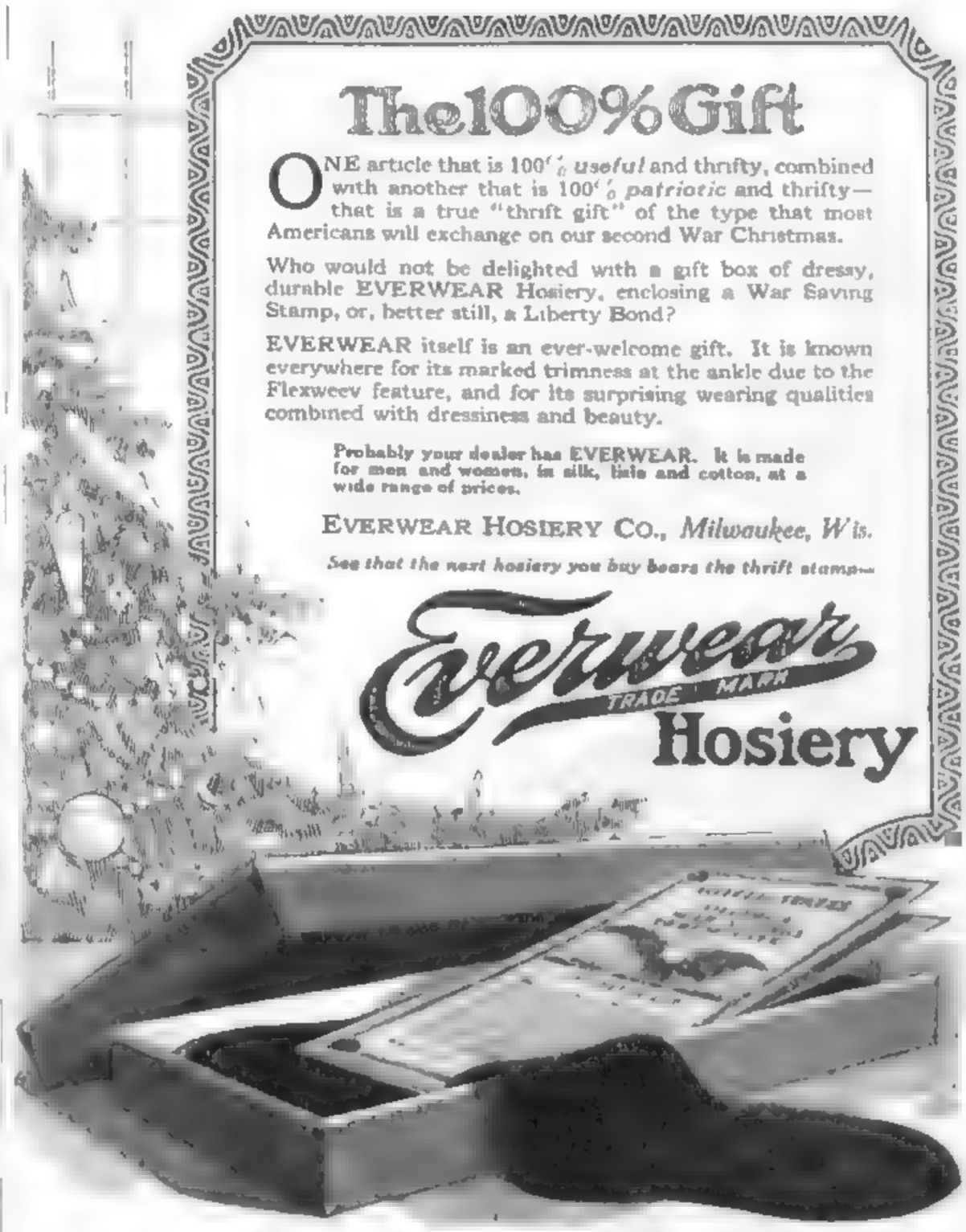
EVERWEAR itself is an ever-welcome gift. It is known everywhere for its marked trimness at the ankle due to the Flexweev feature, and for its surprising wearing qualities combined with dressiness and beauty.

Probably your dealer has EVERWEAR. It is made for men and women, in silk, lisle and cotton, at a wide range of prices.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

See that the next hosiery you buy bears the thrift stamp—

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery



$5

Insure Your Bank Account Against Raised Checks

A New Check Writer at a New Price

A NEW article—at a new price—sold in a new way. Guaranteed to do as good work as any check writer costing five or ten times the price of this one!

Sold direct from factory to user. Only one profit—and that a small one.

Take advantage of this offer and get *guaranteed protection* against check raising and check alteration.

The Smith Check Writer writes the full amount in the body of the check in brilliant, acid proof, ineradicable ink. Tiny metal teeth force this ink through and through the fibre of the paper, making erasure or alteration impossible.

Makes your checks readable, uniform, businesslike. Raises the esteem of your business associates.

[illegible] Check Writer is fully guaranteed. Starts at 1/2, stores [illegible] mechanism enclosed in polished nickel plated case—black vulcanite controller. Takes any sized check—operates quickly, smoothly, uniformly. Easily carried around. A fine addition to your desk.

Look out for the check raiser. With a few pen strokes he may wipe out your entire bank account.

Better safe than sorry. Don't wait till the horse is stolen before you lock the door. You insure your house—why not your bank account? Remember, the bank [illegible] check is raised. Send the attached coupon at once [illegible]

Sold only direct
No middle profit
One price to everyone

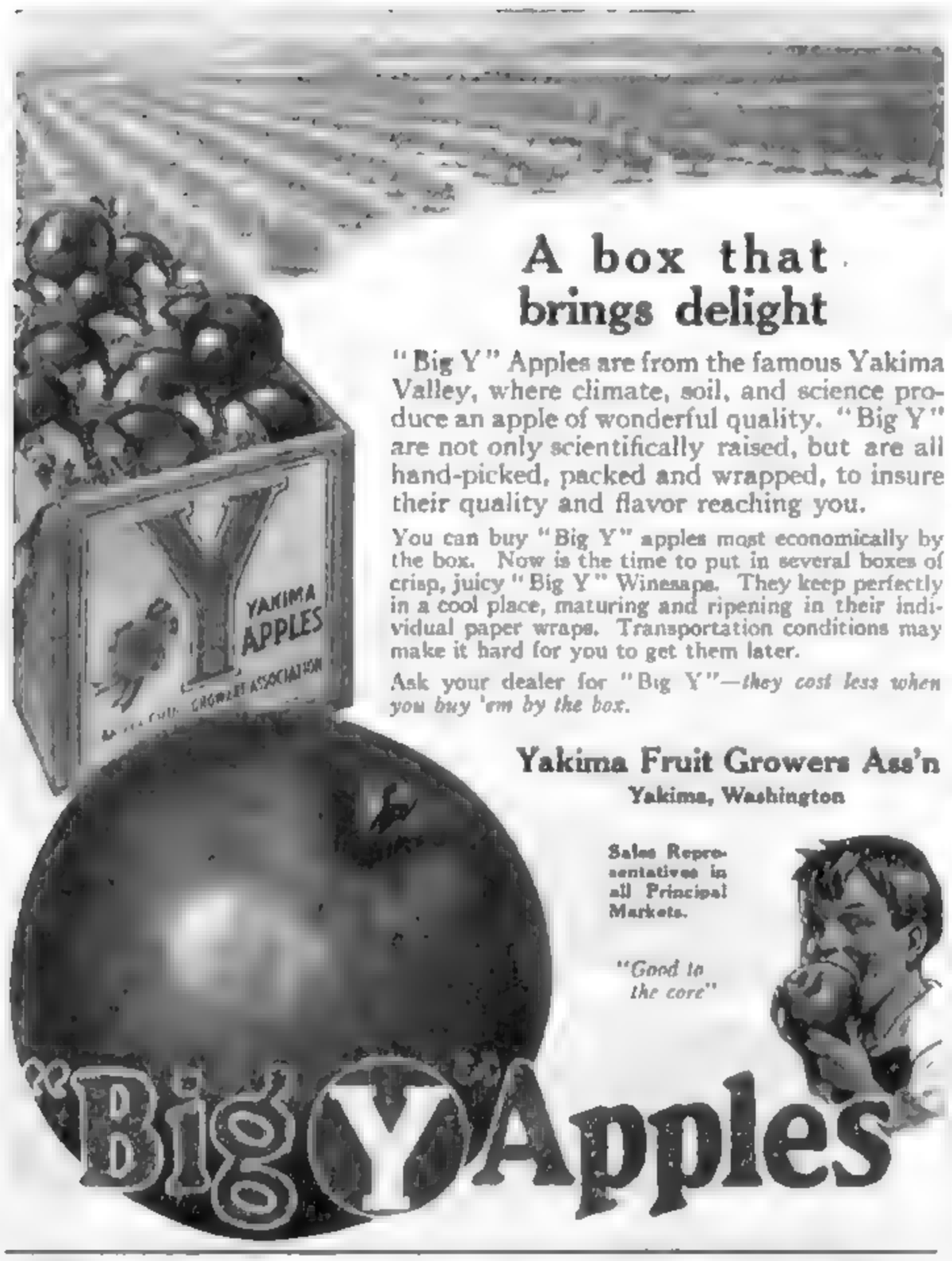
QUICK-ACTION COUPON

C. R. SMITH MFG. CO.,
480 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a new Smith Check Writer. At the end of 5 days I will return it, if I decide not to keep it. If I do keep it I will send you $5 in five days.

Name

Address



A box that brings delight

"Big Y" Apples are from the famous Yakima Valley, where climate, soil, and science produce an apple of wonderful quality. "Big Y" are not only scientifically raised, but are all hand-picked, packed and wrapped, to insure their quality and flavor reaching you.

You can buy "Big Y" apples most economically by the box. Now is the time to put in several boxes of crisp, juicy "Big Y" Winesaps. They keep perfectly in a cool place, maturing and ripening in their individual paper wraps. Transportation conditions may make it hard for you to get them later.

Ask your dealer for "Big Y"—*they cost less when you buy 'em by the box.*

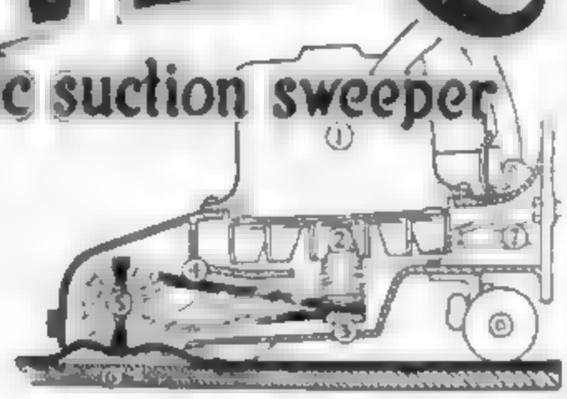
Yakima Fruit Growers Ass'n
Yakima, Washington

Sales Representatives in all Principal Markets.

"Good to the core"

"Big Y" Apples

The HOOVER electric suction sweeper



Note How Rugs are Beaten, Swept and Suction Cleaned!

THE HOOVER Beating-Sweeping Brush, above pictured, is patented. The motor (1) which whirls the suction fan (2) also turns the shaft (3) which runs the belt (4) and revolves the big, soft hair brush (5) over 1,000 times a minute. Suction raises the rug. The brush, as it speedily passes, depresses the rug and sweeps it (6). Suction raises the rug again. Again the brush depresses and sweeps it—and so on, over 1,000 times every minute, the rug is thus vibrated up and down upon an air cushion and swept by the soft hair brush.

Imbedded grit is all dislodged. Stubbornest-clinging threads, lint and dirt are all swept up. No filth escapes. All is drawn off by suction (7) into the dust-tight Hoover bag.

Write care of Box 211, for booklet and dealer's address—or phone Buyers' Aid in cities over 70,000.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co.
North Canton, Ohio

S.O.S.—The Army Behind the Army

(Continued from Page 4)

sunset" many of them secretly thought he was right. They changed their minds when the draft came along and the era of the training camp began.

It was the fashion in many quarters to jeer at the Regular Army; to deride, for example, the quartermaster, who in the popular ignorance was looked upon as a sutler or a glorified clerk. Yet it was the band of devoted regular quartermasters, capitalizing their hard-won experience in Cuban jungle, Philippine wild or on the sunbaked Mexican border, who formed the nucleus of our enormous supply service that is the backbone of the system. Then, too, Americans did not readily grasp the idea that a great army must be equipped and, what is most important, properly organized and officered. All this required education at a time when intelligent and alert coöperation should have been the watchword. It only made our job in Europe all the harder.

But this moral handicap paled before the physical obstacles that grimly blocked the way. Heading the list was the superproblem of transporting men and supplies across three thousand miles of sea full of hidden terror and destruction. With a minimum average requirement of five tons of shipping for every man in France the magnitude of the proposition is at once apparent. And we had no shipping.

Right here came the fundamental difference between the subsistence problems of the three leading Allies. The French had all their sources of supply at hand; England could rectify her water transportation in twenty-four hours; with us it was a matter of three weeks' time between departure and arrival. Empires have been won and lost in that time.

Once we arrived in France we found that all utilities, such as docks, railways and telephone and telegraph lines, were being used by others, principally the French, but in many instances by both the French and the British. Instantly there came the inevitable and peaceful conflict with French laws. If you have ever tried to do anything official in France you can at once appreciate the tangle of red tape and the maze of complications into which we were plunged.

Then, too, there was the great difficulty of operating in a foreign country whose language and customs were unknown to the great majority of our men. Finally we had to expand our little peace organization into an immense and elastic overseas expedition that would take its full part in helping to defeat the mightiest of all military machines, that had been forty years in the making.

Such was the seemingly impossible task that confronted us in April, 1917. To-day the impossible has been made possible. The American Army that holds its well-won place in the battle line of freedom, the unbroken chain of supply and transport behind, stretching from Alsace-Lorraine to San Francisco, is the answer that Yankee resource, energy and patriotism have made to the great call. How has it been done?

Pershing's Foresight

Come with me to the little French town which houses the general headquarters of the A. E. F. and I will show you both the mainspring and the inspiration. In a simple office in a weather-beaten building that flies the American and the French flags at its gate and whose stone walls have echoed with the swords and spurs of many generations of French soldiers in the making, sits the erect, serious, keen-eyed man whose broad shoulders bear the chief burden of responsibility of our armies abroad. General Pershing foresaw what would and did happen. "To foresee," said the French philosopher, "is to rule." In this military statesmanship lie our safety and our success in France. It was his grave eyes that beheld the vision of American opportunity, and it has had a rich fulfillment.

The simple reason why we have met every extraordinary and unexpected demand upon us this year is that our facilities are so elastic as to be capable of almost indefinite expansion. Had they been rigid—that is, limited to the estimate of our original overseas force—we and probably the whole Allied cause might have been lost. As it was they stood the well-nigh incredible strain in amazing fashion.

Let us go back and see just what happened. When the C. in C., as the head of the Army is called, arrived in France in June, 1917, the war situation was apparently satisfactory. The British were well established up the Somme; everywhere the French held their own; the Italians were pushing confidently on. An optimist would have said "All is well." The program of our expeditionary force, then set for five hundred thousand men, seemed to be ample for all needs.

But General Pershing saw beyond the security of that hopeful hour. Russia had begun to crack, and in the Slav disintegration that followed lay disaster for us all. France was drained; England was combing out her man power; America was the last, the only reserve. The final brunt would be hers.

So this far-seeing chieftain looked ahead to the contingency that might rise, not in a year but in two or three. How wise was his foresight was amply proved by subsequent events. In less than twelve months from the time of his advent Italy's reverse had been registered; Russia, prey to anarchy and misguided uplift, had made her obscene peace with the Kaiser; the German offensive had swept the British down the Somme; once more Paris was the target of attack.

Out of that encircling gloom flashed Lloyd George's famous "Hurry, hurry" appeal to America; and it was not sent in vain. Like those hosts of the 'Sixties who marched to Father Abraham "five hundred thousand strong," the Yankees came sailing over the sea. Every schedule was quadrupled; all original estimates and plans went by the board. A steady stream of khaki poured into France. What was more, it was debarked, supplied and rushed up the line; and all because the supply and transport machine, conceived in foresight and builded in wisdom, met the test. It made Château-Thierry, Saint Mihiel and all that has followed possible.

The American Theory

Those heroes of pick and spade and derrick who had toiled in port and supply depot had their full hour of compensation. They saw the original Army of five hundred thousand swell into a million, and then become two millions; and no man went unfed.

Just before I started on my investigation of the American Army I spent the night with old friends at British General Headquarters in France. We discussed our immense supply preparations, which interested them immensely. Suddenly a grizzled general with a foot of service ribbons on the breast of his tunic said: "Your people are working on the theory that the war is going on indefinitely. It's amazing!"

He hit the American nail on the head, for this is precisely what we are doing in France. The domain of supply and transport which we are about to explore is a vast business institution which, though dedicated to war, is bound to have a tremendous significance with peace.

In that precarious June of last year, when General Pershing and his handful of fellow officers faced the task of creating a system of combat and supply overseas, the offices of the expedition were in a modest building in the Rue de Constantine in Paris. Almost within the shadow of the stately and gilded dome of the Invalides, which shelters the dust of the great Napoleon, was born the whole organization which has become a prop of the war. Here first of all the general staff in France was created. Later, in a back room and at a conference presided over by the commander in chief in person, what is to-day the Services of Supply came into being. It was not originally known by its present comprehensive designation. It had various titles and functions. Indeed, its career up to the time I write is studded with picturesque happenings and striking personalities, and they are all part of our narrative.

After four years of war the average reader need not be told that in any army in the field there are two separate and distinct organizations—one, that section which fights and which is known as the combat army; the other, the equally necessary wing which mans the lines of communications and in supply and transport has its

(Continued on Page 45)

Elgin—

A War Essential of the First Rank

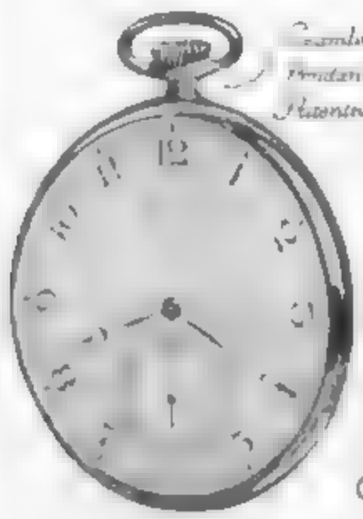
ZERO HOUR in a great munition plant! Uncle Sam's massive moguls are on track, the great ships of his Emergency Fleet are straining at their cables, ready to dash to the front with the stupendous machinery of war—on schedule time!

America's genius for organization strikes twelve in those magic words, *on schedule time*. The executive's desk is Industry's "fire control."

Uncle Sam wants every Elgin military watch the factory can possibly turn out for the boys over there—wants more Elgins for his Navy, his Railways and his Emergency Fleet. All this automatically reduces the output of civilian watches, denying Elgin the pleasure of serving many thousands of waiting customers.

Patriots agree that Uncle Sam's wartime watch needs are absolutely *priority orders*. Every ounce of Elgin energy and skill is being poured into their execution—with full confidence that loyal citizens will cheerfully stand back of this policy of *giving Uncle Sam priority* first, last and all the time till this war is won.

Elgin quality never wavers. Each Elgin produced is the best that modern skill can build for the purpose and the price—whether Elgin Streamline, Lord or Lady Elgin, B. W. Raymond, Father Time, Elgin Military Watch—or any other model that bears the time-honored name of Elgin.



Streamline Pendant Stemwind

One of the famous Streamline models

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.

How the Motor Truck *upset* Wheel Custom

THE wheel that "rattled along the broad ways" three thousand years ago differed little from the present dray wheel. From the early Egyptian times to the day of Queen Elizabeth, but few changes were made in wheel design and construction. Even to-day, excepting for more and lighter spokes, the commercial vehicle wheel resembles closely the wheel of that period.

But the advent of the motor truck brought with it the necessity for a wheel which would withstand the terrific road shocks of fast, heavy-load motor truck hauling. Designing the correct wheel was now no longer the problem of the wheelwright, but that of the automotive engineer—and it was an engineer who finally solved it.

For some time engineers have endeavored to design a wheel not only of sufficient strength, but one with ample resiliency to absorb or distribute road shocks—shocks that would otherwise reach the vital parts of the truck. Many types were evolved, but all were lacking in one or more of the essential qualities.

Now, after years of experimenting, a wheel has been perfected which absolutely solves this problem. The Dayton Steel Wheel meets *every* requirement for grueling truck service with great resiliency, strength, lightness and durability.

Tested at the Government Bureau of Standards, tried and proven in war and peace, it is the ultimate truck wheel. A wheel that will not only prolong the life of the truck but one that will outlast it.

Dayton Steel Wheels increase tire mileage, often from 10 to 25 per cent, because they never become "out of round." The wheel holds its original shape under all conditions of service. There are no built-up parts to work loose, no shrinkage, no worn bearings, no "flats" to pound the tires. All wheel troubles are eliminated.

Dayton Steel Wheels correct the last weakness of motor truck construction. They add the final look of efficiency and live up to their looks by providing more economical truck service—lower tire, fuel and operating costs.

At present our entire output is being devoted to the purpose of winning the war. For after-war delivery specify Dayton Steel Wheel equipment on the trucks you buy.

Send for the interesting story of Dayton Steel Wheels.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago

Dayton

Steel Truck Wheels

Cincinnati
New York

Major General James G. Harbord

(Continued from Page 42)

all-important part. Down these lines flow the life sustenance of the fighting man.

At that first meeting in Paris, to which I have just referred, was born an institution, typically American in character, which is the very rock on which our whole activity abroad is reared. It grew out of the peculiar handicaps under which our overseas expedition labored from the start. Up to that time the most difficult supply and transport problem of the war was Britain's. She had to carry troops and supplies to Mesopotamia, Saloniki, Egypt and France, and maintain those forces. But compared with our requirements and problems abroad this was not so overwhelmingly difficult, because the great mass of her overseas troops were in France and never fighting more than a hundred and fifty miles at the outside from their home ports. The Australians, to be sure, had to come five thousand miles from their native land, but they carry only their initial supplies; England furnishes the rest from her home and other depots. Though a considerable portion of the British Army supply is gathered from different parts of the world and is subject to the sea menace, she was not absolutely dependent upon these foreign sources.

With America it was different. We were up against the proposition of not only conveying all our troops over three thousand miles of danger-ridden sea but likewise carrying the great bulk of our food, equipment and munitions the same way. Our system of supply had to be breakdown proof. How to accomplish this was the proposition put up to that group of pioneers of America abroad who sat round the table in that dingy back room of the Rue de Constantine.

These men knew that long before they could even dream of joining the smoke-enveloped battle line of democracy they must settle the all-important question of a continuous subsistence supply. Emergency, that unfailing speeder-up of idea and event, came to their rescue. At that round table was devised the remarkable plan known as automatic supply, which is the essence of our whole overseas system. To grasp it fully you must understand the very obvious fact that in war a reserve of food and supplies is all-essential. That ancient and familiar saying that armies fight on their stomachs is as true to-day in the era of machine gun, poison gas, wireless, aëroplanes and tanks as it was when cave men fought with stone weapons. The strength of the army food reserve depends upon the distance of the fighting force from its base. With the British Expeditionary Force the so-called fixed food reserve is thirty days. This means that in all the huge supply depots in France and England—I shall use the British Expeditionary Force in France for the contrast—a quantity of food, fuel and forage equal to thirty days' consumption by man and beast is maintained. No matter what happens this reserve must be kept up. It is the insurance against enemy action, breakdown or delay in transport—any of the many emergencies that rise up in war and knock down the best-laid plans, and incidentally destroy precious supplies.

But England in France, as I have already pointed out, is only a comparatively short distance from her home reserves. A short trip across the English Channel can rectify any dislocation in her food communications. What were we to do three thousand miles from our home ports and factories?

No one could tell then, any more than they can tell now, just what the submarine would do. Not being a heedless optimist, General Pershing, together with his advisers, took no chances. They assumed the worst would happen, so they framed up the famous plan which I have referred to as the automatic supply. This provides the unfailing and yet flexible meal ticket of the A. E. F.

By this procedure our whole food supply—and for that matter all munitions and supplies, even a whole railway system from spike to station—renews itself automatically, and therefore without the formality of special requisitions for stores.

In the simplest way this is the way the system works: For every unit of twenty-five thousand troops that goes to France whether they arrive in one convoy or in detached groups—a four months' supply of food is also sent at the same time from the United States. What amounts to a thirty days' supply goes with the men, while a ninety days' reserve is shipped

(Continued on Page 47)

BATES

GUN METAL CUSTOM BAL ON THE BLACKSTONE LAST—$6 TO $7

THERE'S a smart, well-set-up look about these Bates Shoes. Underneath this look is the quality of good materials and fine workmanship. And yet, these shoes are sold at prices that help you meet the cost of living. They offer real economy at no sacrifice of appearance.

You *will like* them. The man who sells them likes them. See him today. He will tell you sell-on-sight Bates Shoes are filling the breach with volume sales and quick turnover. And you yourself will see the style and quality of them.

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WEBSTER ESTABLISHED 1885 MASSACHUSETTS
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SHOES

War-time emphasis more than ever makes a practical gift. Socks will not only please him most, but will save him money—a really patriotic item now. A pair or a box of Iron Clads will be

A gift that promotes war-thrift

$1.00 Box —Two pairs of black mercerized— beautiful texture and unusually durable

$1.50 Box —Two pairs of fine, soft black wool socks.

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The man who receives IRON CLAD socks knows that you have bought him EXTRA GOOD [illegible] Order your [illegible] Order or stamps.) We [illegible] socks in a beautiful Xmas box.

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Buy War Savings Stamps

TRADE "Iron Clad" MARK
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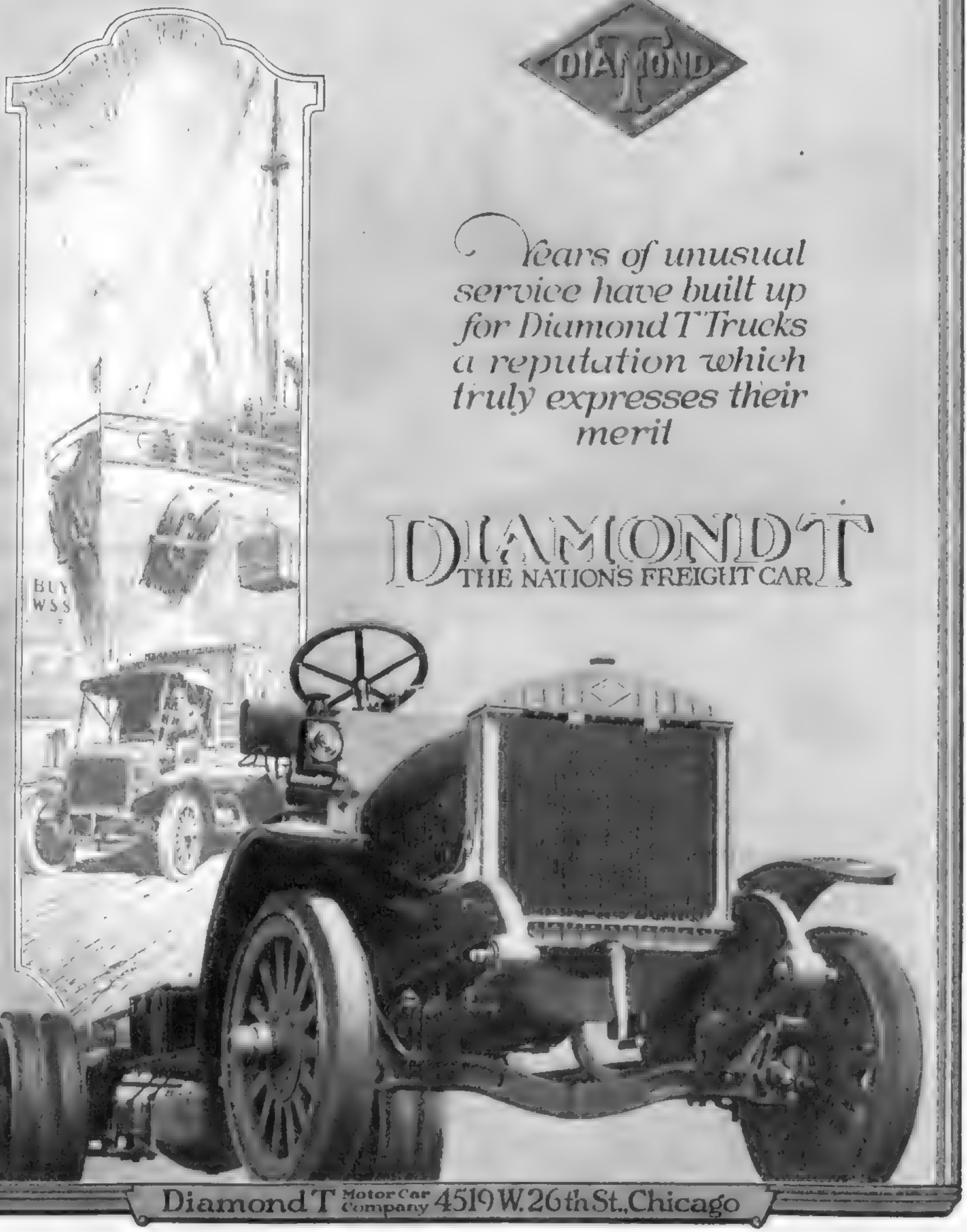
Years of unusual service have built up for Diamond T Trucks a reputation which truly expresses their merit

DIAMOND T
THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR



Diamond T Motor Car Company 4519 W. 26th St., Chicago

(Continued from Page 45)

coincidently. This ninety days' reserve becomes the backbone of our effort. It may not land at the same port as the unit for which it is designated, but—submarines willing—it reaches France and becomes part of the general food reserve. No matter how many units of twenty-five thousand men may leave the United States this ninety days' reserve becomes their traveling companion, near or distant. It is on the ocean at the same time.

By making this reserve cover ninety days we have trebled the British quantity and taken into consideration what those wise men who framed the system had in mind—namely, the very worst that the submarine could do. The destruction of a whole month's or even two months' supply would not mean disaster for us.

This process is technically known as the initial supply. It means that with the automatic supply, which I shall describe in a moment, sufficient food, with the exception of fresh beef and a few minor ration components, is constantly kept in France to last our whole overseas force four months.

But troops must eat and at the same time the integrity of this ninety days' reserve must be maintained. How is it done? Here is where the automatic supply comes in. Every month there is shipped from the United States sufficient food to feed our overseas force for thirty days. It is in units of the needs of twenty-five thousand men. This might be called the standing order of the army and is for current consumption. It moves like clockwork every thirty days. It is precisely as if a housekeeper had left a permanent order with her grocer to send her on the first day of every month enough flour, tinned goods, salt, pepper, vegetables—in fact, all her kitchen needs—for thirty days, and he scrupulously followed instructions. If he is a good grocer she never has to renew the order save when her family increases. The acting quartermaster general at Washington, Brig. Gen. R. E. Wood, is the good grocer; he never misses a shipment to France. For every unit of twenty-five thousand men that sets foot upon France he simply chalks up another increase to that immense standing order. Nothing can be simpler than this system.

Not all supplies are or can be automatic. Every hour of the day and night in France some emergency leads to unexpected demands. Take ordnance: a big push may use up an immense amount of ammunition and cut into the fixed reserve, which is based on the daily needs of all guns. Take construction: the unexpected advent of troops in certain regions and who need barracks, together with the demand made on the light and standard gauge railway for extensions, may consume material far beyond the widest provision made in advance. All this must be renewed, and at once; and it is done through so-called exceptional requisitions, or demands as they are called by the British. The articles thus obtained are termed exceptional supplies, and are sent only in response to a special requisition made on the War Department by the supply services in the field.

The Five Sections

Here, in brief, is the crux of our supply system in France. An extraordinary and unprecedented remedy, which so far has proved to be not only submarine proof but has stood up against every tremendous demand made upon it. With a knowledge of this bulwark of the soldier's stomach—the fundamental war precaution—we can now proceed to the story of the complete army organization in France, which is necessary before we can explain the concrete workings of the Services of Supply.

These meetings of General Pershing and his first colleagues in the Rue de Constantine in Paris not only hatched out the initial and automatic supply systems; but in the creation of the general staff of the A. E. F. they laid the foundation of the whole close-knit combat supply and transport scheme which has enabled the A. E. F. to assume its full share of the burden of war.

If you know anything about war you also know that everything radiates from the staff. Individual initiative is only possible or effective in the emergency of battle or with a sudden breakdown in transport. The successful conduct of modern war is the result of teamwork, coördination, the fitting together of many units. It is the product of many closely attuned minds. The real and unadvertised work of war, therefore, is done behind closed doors. Its secrecy and silence are in contrast with the crash and carnage of the tragic tumult it produces.

Let us take the general staff at general headquarters first. Though we have nothing to do with fighting—the task of this series ends the moment the guns begin to pop—we must understand its functions, because they are duplicated to a large extent at the headquarters of the Services of Supply. This is as good a place as any to emphasize the fact that in France we have two absolutely separate armies, with entirely separate and completely equipped headquarters, from a commanding general down. One is the general headquarters, presided over by General Pershing, who is the supreme chief in France and whose job is fighting; the other is the headquarters of the Services of Supply, whose task is to sustain and equip those fighters. Each of these headquarters has a general staff, similar to each other in organization though the body at general headquarters is senior in authority and creates the larger policies, which the staff of the S. O. S. interprets.

The staff at G. H. Q. has five sections—devoted to Administration; Intelligence; Operations—which is fighting; Coördination; and Training. Originally these sections were known by these respective activities. Subsequently the designations were changed. Administration became G1. This is the wholesaler which gets tonnage and personnel to France, and also purchases in France. Intelligence, now known as G2, deals with all information about the enemy. It has ramified functions that range from censorship to counter espionage. Operations, now G3, employs troops in the field. Coördination, which is G4, handles and distributes what G1 procures. But it does much more. It is the supreme standardizer, one of the most remarkable agencies that we have devised in the war. You will hear a great deal about it as we proceed with this narrative. Training, which has become G5, trains the personnel which G1 gets to France. Here is a bird's-eye view of the general staff, which is the board of directors of the business of war. All these sections are tied up to chief of staff, who is the link between the work of the Army and the commander in chief.

Daily Staff Meetings

The staff meets every morning in the office of the chief of staff, who at G. H. Q. is Maj. Gen. James W. McAndrew, just as the directors of the Standard Oil Company used to assemble daily at 26 Broadway. It enables them to keep abreast of what is going on. What is equally important, every head of a department knows what the other heads are doing. In this knowledge lies power in war. This war, more than any other, has proved the value of coördination. It was not until Marshal Foch became in fact the head of a united Allied command that we made definite progress. Up to that time every big Allied army went practically on its own; and the Germans wisely capitalized this lack of perfect teamwork. The Germans have always excelled in staff work. We are getting ready—for we have a staff school—to assail them with their own medicine.

With a small army this elaborate staff system is not necessary. The heads of the various sections—that is, Operations, Supply, Transport and Intelligence—can go direct to their commander in chief and talk affairs over. But when that commander is at the head of millions of men spread out over lines of communication six hundred miles long this is impossible. He must have understudies to digest and coördinate the routine problems, dispose of the general business of war, and leave him free to create and deal with the larger measures. The various sections thus become miniature minds of the C. in C., which think and plan and sometimes execute for him. By an elaborate and comprehensive system of condensed diaries he knows just what they are doing each day.

This staff system at G. H. Q. and its functions are duplicated at the headquarters of the Services of Supply, except that only G1, G2 and G4 are represented. The S. O. S has nothing to do with fighting, therefore it can dispense with G3 and G5. Its main sections are G1 and G4.

Such, in brief, is the directing force that set up the A. E. F. in France. Originally it was housed in Paris. As our troops began

(Continued on Page 50)

HARTFORD

YOU cannot foresee misfortune but you can provide against it *in whatever form it comes* through the insurance service of the "Two Hartfords."

Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy.

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HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
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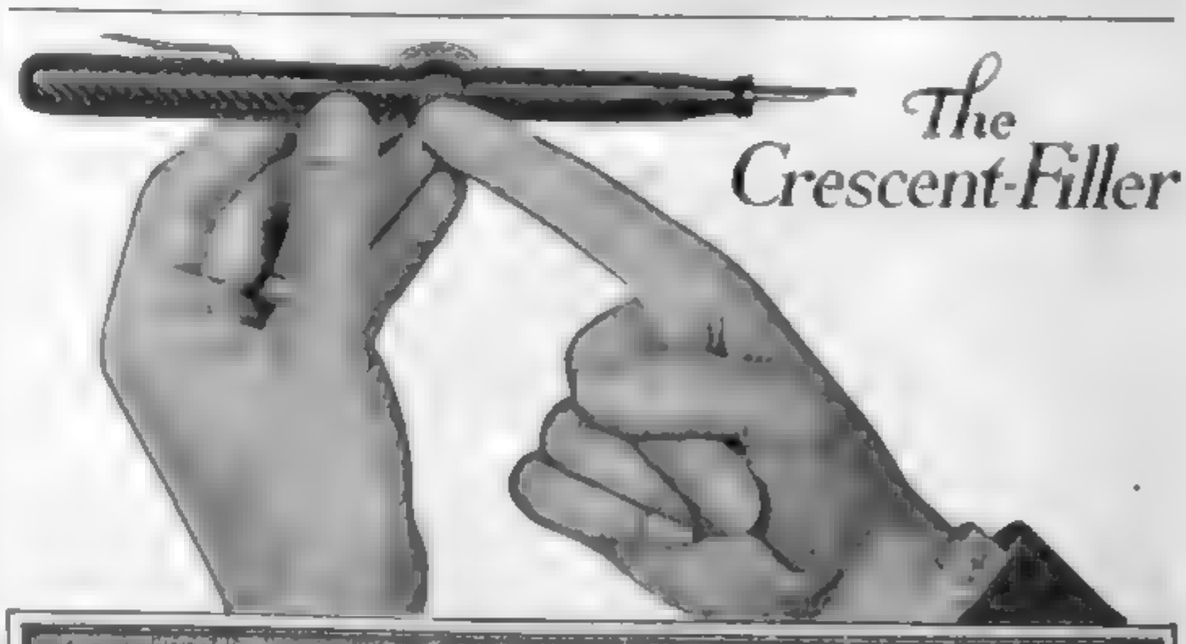


The Crescent-Filler

There's the Strongest, Simplest and Most Durable Filling Device Made

The "*Crescent-Filler*" is not only the pioneer self-filling device but it still leads the field in strength, simplicity and "workability." It is easily get-at-able, instant and positive in action and doesn't interfere with the hand when writing. It also prevents the CONKLIN from rolling off the desk. Ask your stationer, jeweler, druggist or department store about it.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Boston	San Francisco	Chicago	Winnipeg, Can.
59 Temple Place	577 Market St.	1636 Lytton Bldg.	346 Donald St.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen
Non-Leakable

-fuel saving gifts Hotp

Here is the new definition for gifts this season winning the war." And this patriotic definitio cause they are "tools" in the fullest sense, for —they enable the recipi war work and perhaps dispense with a ser pleasure and add to the joy of living.

But before purchasing any electric appliances for yourself

FIRST . **Unless there is a fuel shortage in will last until after the war. If it**

SECOND **Before buying a new electric iron, and see if your old appliances can**

Non-essential Appliances Eliminated

If, however, your present appliances cannot be made to serve, then you should know that by installing an electric flatiron or other electric device, you are helping to save the country's coal and to lessen the transportation burden.

Hotpoint appliances use so little electric current that the cost of operation is nominal, for instance—

—— to make toast for a family of four will cost about a cent
—— it will cost about a cent to run the Comfo pad all night
—— the Iron, with the plug in continuously, will cost about 6 cts. an hour; but since the plug is removed a good deal of the time the actual operating cost is considerably less
—— a fraction of a cent makes a pot of coffee the Hotpoint way

For our part, we recognize the imperative necessity of applying every available ounce of war materials, such as coal, iron, steel, aluminum and copper, exclusively to the winning of the war.

During the period of the war the three factories of Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc. (which is the largest manufacturer of electric heating appliances in the world) will make only such appliances as serve a direct utilitarian purpose and effect war economies.

You must realize that this war will be won on what the American people **save** of essential war materials.

You can show your true loyalty to the Great Cause in no better way than by studying constantly to see that you do not divert to your own use a single ounce more of the vital war materials than is absolutely necessary.

And you will be doing a patriotic service if you go over your house and collect all non-active metal—iron, steel, copper, brass, lead, tinfoil—and turn it back into the channels of commerce.

Hotp

fuel saving, f

A This beautiful 9 cup Pa during the war but we on hand. No valves, floats o shown, $21.50. Same but wit

B Every ironing done elect 50 lbs. of coal. The Hotpo rest, hot point, cool handle, many other advantages. 6lb.

C Manufacture of this 5 cu during the war, but it c hand. Same construction as

D No fuss or bother to ap the body with Hotpoint and adjust for the desired hea to most body curves. User Aluminum, non-flexible, $6.50

E Any liquid into which Ho begins to heat instantly drinks, etc. As shown, $5.50;

F You enjoy a home alway Vacuum Cleaner. Attac have a working radius of 25 $10.00 while stock lasts. No

G This 6 cup Nickel Perco Equipped with the same percolating mechanism as all pictured, in nickel, $11.50. during the war, but have som

H Make toast as fast as wa at a time, and serve it cr current is trivial. $6.50, incl

I With this 3 heat Radiant kitchen range, except for sharp saving in coal for war p and broiling grid included. $1

Ovenette used over this G efficient small oven that will b thing up to a five lb. roast or

hoint -food saving gifts

n—"tools that will help save something toward
n is completely met by Electric Appliances be-
—

ent to save fuel, to save food, to save time for
vant. Also they make the household work a

or others, apply these government tests—

your community continue to use your wood-burning or coal-burning range if it will not, then investigate the electric range, as it is a recognized fuel saver.

vacuum cleaner, heater or other electric appliance, consult your local distributor be made serviceable; their careful use means a distinct saving.

point

ood saving gifts

nelled Coffee Urn is discontinued
re still able to supply from stock
traps; has automatic switch. As
bout panelling, $18.50.

rically saves something like 40 or
int Iron has attached stand, thumb
hinged-plug cord protector and
$7.00, 3lb. size $6.00.

Percolator has been discontinued
an still be supplied from stock on
"A", $11.50.

ply any wanted degree of heat to
omfo. Attach to any lamp socket
. Semi-flexible so that it conforms
ontrols heat. As pictured, $9.00.

point Immersion Heater is plunged
baby's milk, shaving water, hot
arger size, $6.50; crookneck, $7.50.

free from dust if you use Hotpoint
es to any lamp socket and you
t. Cleaner, $37.50. Attachments,
made during war.

lator is our most popular design.
automatic switch and valveless
other Hotpoint Percolators. As
/e shall make no more Aluminum
in stock at $10.00.

nted, right on the table, two slices
spy and hot, as wanted. Cost of
ding the handy detachable rack.

Grill it is unnecessary to light the
the heaviest meal, which makes a
rposes. Two dishes, cake-griddle
.00.

rill gives you a practical and very
ke a pie or pan of biscuit or any-
chicken. Ovenette, only $5.00.

How Electric Appliances Save

You can save coal, you can save metals, you can save food values by using electrical appliances where conditions are favorable. When you do this you are carrying forward the war work.

Here are some of the ways in which electrical appliances may be made to help win the war:

Electric Irons

One carload of raw iron and steel made into electrically heated flatirons saves in one year 8,748 tons of coal and releases for war purposes more than 200 railway cars.

Electric Irons save coal at the rate of about 583 tons annually for each 1,000 irons used.

We have distributed more than 5,000,000 electric irons —Hotpoint—General Electric Type and Hughes.

Electric Ranges

70% of all electric ranges are used on circuits where the electricity is generated from water power; these ranges save 100% coal. The 30% used where electricity is generated with steam power save approximately 65% of the coal. Averaged over 10,000 ranges the annual saving amounts to 35,175 tons of coal.

Vacuum Cleaner

The fact that it goes so far toward solving the servant problem and requires such a trivial amount of electric current classes the vacuum cleaner as one of the household tools which will help to win the war. But the manufacture of attachments has been discontinued.

YOUR DEALER: Somewhere right near you there is a Hotpoint dealer who will gladly demonstrate the articles here pictured and the numerous other Hotpoint appliances. All Edison appliances Guaranteed one year.

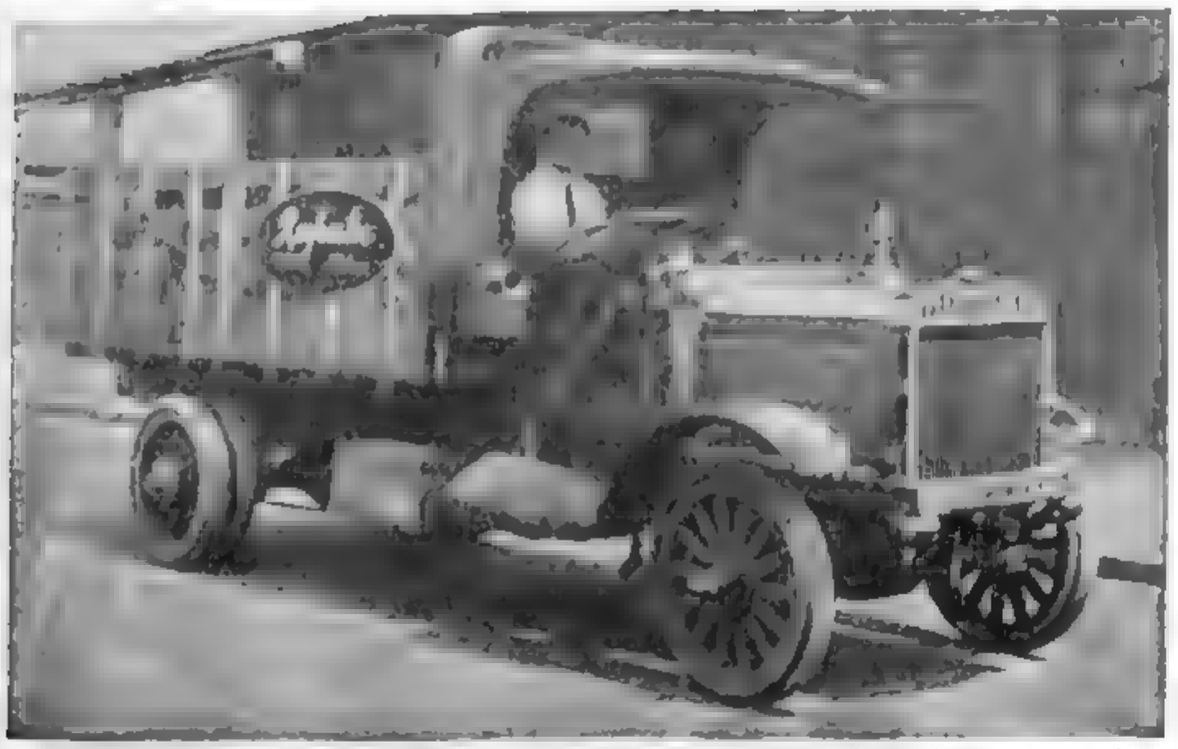
HOTPOINT DIVISION

Edison Electric Appliance Company, Inc.

Ontario, Cal. Chicago New York

Manufacturers of these three well-known lines of Appliances

Hotpoint *General Electric* HUGHES



Riker Truck owned by the builders of "Raybestos,"—a famous brake lining material.

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ARE
BUILT BY
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OF AMERICA · *Bridgeport, Conn.*

Clean
All the Way Through

The Only Hair Brush That Can Be Washed, Boiled, or Sterilized Without the Slightest Injury

Carefully selected, penetrative Russian Bristles, in *the open metal back*, make Sanitax Brushes different from any other brush. They are sweet and clean and will stand any amount of washing. The light open-work construction admits sunlight and air—you can see right through them—no wood to warp, no place for dirt or dandruff germs. Built to stand cleaning.

Hair never falls from a clean, healthy scalp. Your hair and scalp cannot be kept clean with a dirty brush any more than you can clean your face with a dirty towel. The super-clean Sanitax Brush imparts a luxuriant softness and healthy sheen to the hair, stimulates the roots, prevents dandruff, baldness and falling hair.

SANITAX BRUSHES

You can't keep your hair unless you keep it clean. No use washing your hair occasionally and then brushing it frequently with a dirty brush. You can't keep your brush *clean* unless it is *built to stand cleaning.* Cleanliness is the secret of your hair health. The only actually cleanable brush is the *Sanitax.*

At your dealer's or sent prepaid on receipt of price, $2.00. Different sizes and shapes to suit every need. An ideal holiday gift. Guaranteed to please and last or money back. "Sanitax" is plainly stamped on every handle. Insist on the genuine. *If your dealer cannot supply you we will.*

SANITAX BRUSH CO., 2341 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.
DEALERS: Write for Special Introductory Offer

(Continued from Page 47)

to arrive and our scope of supply widened, those buildings in the French capital proved insufficient. We needed more executive elbowroom. Besides, it was becoming more and more important that General Pershing should be up where his little army was beginning to assemble. Last autumn we established our general headquarters in a French town in the north. There—and for the first time in the war—the Stars and Stripes were unfurled almost within sound of the guns.

I went to that headquarters not long after it had been opened. The drowsy little town still blinked at the unaccustomed sight of Americans in uniform; our troops were few; there was a sense of newness and crudeness. General Pershing and his colleagues were feeling their way through the enormous responsibilities that hemmed them in. Not so many miles away those pioneer divisions who blazed our way to France were shivering in their first billets.

I went back last summer. The one-time sleepy town was a beehive; the roads everywhere were alive with our transport; the general headquarters had a seasoned and businesslike look; we had spilled our blood on the soil of France; you got the thrill and the sense of actual war participation.

When General Pershing moved to the north the chief of supply eventually followed. In that general headquarters, now the nerve center of our fighting, the Services of Supply as at present constituted were organized. They were marshaled under the head of Lines of Communication. As our armies grew and took their place in the line the need of a concentrated supply establishment became evident. It was felt—and wisely—that with our swift expansion G. H. Q. should be free to devote itself to operations.

General Pershing therefore appointed a board consisting of—I use their present ranks—Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood, Colonel Avery Andrews, Brig. Gen. Frank McCoy, Brig. Gen. Robert Davis and Major Pierce Wetherell, to devise a plan to this end. The net result was that the supply departments were divorced from G. H. Q. and moved to Tours. General headquarters was now free to concentrate on fighting, while that charming little city on the banks of the Loire, in the heart of the château country where Balzac and Rabelais were born, where Joan of Arc came in shining armor in the crowded hour of her triumph, and where, oddly enough, the Hun of other days got his final reverse, became the capital of the domain of supply.

The American Capital of France

It was early this year when the American flag was officially broken out at Tours over a quadrangle of French barracks sentineled by trees and with the usual large parade ground in the center. But it was a much larger kingdom than supply and transport that took up its abode there. Under reorganization the Services of Supply annexed the services of quartermaster corps, ordnance, gas, air, engineering, construction, forestry, railways and roads, medical, mechanical transport, signals and communications, postal and express, war-risk insurance; in fact, every detail that contributed to the upkeep, the safety, the combat and the renewal of the armies in the field. Even graves registration, the chronicle of that last sad chapter in the life of the soldier, found refuge under its broad and comprehensive wings.

The first commanding general was Maj. Gen. F. J. Kernan, who developed the whole scheme of what was for a brief time called the Services of the Rear, and which is now the unshakable S. O. S.—one of the prides, even as it is also the backbone, of the whole American Expeditionary Force. To tell its story, therefore, is to describe the activities of everything American in France except that which happens in trench and field.

The American Services of Supply is unique in the annals of military organization. With the French there is always Paris to suggest or to change; with the British the War Office in Whitehall lies only a few hours' journey across the Channel and many miles of red tape join it to general headquarters. But with the American force Washington is thousands of miles away in fact and in domination. The distance is too great and time in war too precious to refer everything to the home powers that be. They have wisely reposed a confidence in the leader of our armies abroad that has been amply justified by his achievements. Here you have the antidote against the costly disasters bred by the political interference that hampered great American generals from Washington down the line through Grant to Shafter.

Geographically the Services of Supply includes all Continental France and Great Britain, for our supply tentacles have now spread out in many directions. The domain is divided into nine sections and two independent districts, which are Tours and Paris. With one exception, England, all these sections are in France.

Each of the French ports that we use is the nucleus or capital of a section, which also includes some of the adjacent territory. Midway between the coast and the Front is the huge intermediate section, while still nearer the fighting line is the advance section. They are all joined by American built and American operated communications.

In examining the organization of these sections you get the first hint of that self-containment which is such an outstanding feature of our army structure abroad. Every section is in command of a general, who has the necessary administrative and technical staffs. He has absolute control of all matters of discipline, police and sanitation in his bailiwick and has general supervision over all technical activities carried on there.

It is a little sovereign state. If a question rises that touches or involves a neighboring section it becomes, like matters of interstate commerce in the United States, a question of Federal jurisdiction and goes up to the commanding general of the Services of Supply, who is the chief of all these subsidiary generals.

It is just as if we had established a United States of Supply overseas with Tours as the Washington. As a matter of fact, Tours is the American capital of France. The commanding general of the S. O. S. is a sort of transplanted President, whose only higher authority is the commander in chief of the American Expeditionary Forces and whose staff officer he is.

The Anatomy of the S. O. S.

Looking at the organization from another angle—familiar to most Americans—you can see it in terms of the military arrangement of the United States in peacetimes. Following this analogy, the headquarters of the S. O. S. at Tours corresponds to the War Department at Washington. The different sections are like the various departments, such as the Department of the East, the Central Department, the Southern Department, the Department of the Southeast. Each of these departments in the United States has a commanding general, who corresponds to the general in charge of one of our foreign sections. The two independent districts, Tours and Paris, bear the same relation to the whole overseas organization that the United States Military Academy at West Point bears to the home structure, which comes directly under the authority of the War Department.

In addition to control over the generals of the various sections the commanding general of the Services of Supply exercises a stewardship over the chief of every service that makes up his immense domain. The head and staff of all departments, save those which are a necessary adjunct of fighting, are quartered in and about that picturesque quadrangle in Tours, and are accessible at any hour of the day or night for reference or discussion.

Such is the supply world over which Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, who succeeded General Kernan as commanding general of the S. O. S., presides to-day. He is big of bone, smooth of face, alive with humor—a self-made soldier risen from the ranks and with a trail of active service that stretches from the Philippines to the bloody fields of France. There is no mistaking his power and punch. It is written in a square and unyielding jaw, and in a determination that the Germans learned to their cost when his division helped to block their way to Paris last July. It was as chief of staff to General Pershing, in those heartbreaking days when first we set up military shop abroad, that Harbord wrote his wisdom and his foresight into our overseas preparation. He can lead and he can rule. He is the highest type of the soldier-administrator. Study his task and you find that, as the slogan of the S. O. S. well says, "Not all the fighting is done at the Front."

He operates in precisely the same way that General Pershing holds forth at headquarters, though his task is somewhat more varied and complex. The commander in chief is mainly concerned, so far as active duties are concerned, with fighting. The tools of this bloody trade—mainly men and munitions—are placed at his disposal. General Harbord, on the other hand, has to deal with the intricate problems of the procurement, distribution and maintenance of these tools of war. Every ton of freight and every American soldier that enter France must come through one of the ports under his jurisdiction. They must be classified, stored or moved to their proper station. An endless chain of facilities and a complete and sleepless control and supervision are required.

Yet every morning there is laid upon his desk a sheet of paper on which is typed the total number of American troops, civilian employees and prisoners of war in every section, together with all American troops with the British or French; the total number of mouths fed by the A. E. F.; the precise amount of food in days and rations on hand at every supply depot; the number of animals in France and the quantity of hay, oats and bran available for them; the exact quantity of ammunition in reserve in terms of specific calibers; the total ship tonnage unloaded the day before; the number of cars loaded for shipment and the tonnage in them; the cargoes on every ship in every port we use in France or England; and the number of beds—empty or occupied—in our hospitals, together with their crisis capacity, which is the total hospitalization in case of emergency. In a word, this marvelous sheet, called the Daily State of Supply, is the up-to-the-hour epitome of the whole American situation in France.

Headquarters on Wheels

More than this, General Harbord, who is not temperamentally inclined to be tied to a desk, spends three or four days every week—sometimes more—traveling up and down his supply world in his special train, which has sleeping, dining and office cars and is a headquarters on wheels. He pops in on section generals at their offices, makes sudden descents upon loading gangs at the docks or construction units in the field. He can stop his train anywhere in France, hitch up his telephone or telegraph instruments to American wires strung on American poles and talk to General Pershing at general headquarters or anyone else in the country. How are all these miracles achieved?

Like the rearing of our whole physical structure in France there is no magic or mystery about it. It all results from the fact that we have built up a compact and coördinated system for the conduct of the Services of Supply that is distinctly American in swiftness and in efficiency. It is simply part of the business of war, American brand. To a war that was believed to express the last word in science and organization we have brought some new wrinkles.

General Harbord's freedom of action and the remarkable grip on the American situation in France as revealed on the Daily State of Supply are made possible first of all by staff work. The general staff of the commanding general of the Services of Supply, as you have already been told, includes only three sections—G1, G2 and G4—because he has no problems of combat or training. Each of these sections has a head, designated as an assistant chief of staff. In charge of G1 is Col. J. B. Cavanaugh; in command of G2 is Lieut. Col. Cabot Ward, who was once park commissioner of Greater New York and a type of reserve or temporary officer who is rendering conspicuous service in the war; while Col. H. C. Smither is at the head of that all-useful and universal G4.

These assistant chiefs in turn report to a chief of staff—Brig. Gen. Johnson Hagood. A seasoned veteran of field and staff service, despite his apparent youth, he is a master organizer and a live wire. Under his stimulation the general staff takes the burden of routine from the shoulders of General Harbord just as the staff at the G. H. Q. lightens the way of the commander in chief.

The assistants are in constant touch with the chief of staff and the commanding general himself. It is their duty to act in his name on the bulk of the executive questions that rise, and they are many and complex. Hence he is free to move about his kingdom. As at G. H. Q., you have a small group of understudy minds, though at Tours they have to cope with an infinite variety of subjects. These assistants are guided in making decisions by their knowledge of the expressed desires of the commanding general with regard to policies. Hence they must be men of keen intelligence and quick to grasp significances.

The section of G2 is a minor one in the administration of the Services of Supply. Therefore the burden of the staff labors and responsibilities falls upon the chief of staff and the heads of G1 and G4. In general terms—we will take up the specific work later—G1 has authority on all matters of administration, organization and procurement of personnel and material from the United States, which includes the vast tonnage question, while G4 deals with construction, transportation and supply, having particularly in mind the coördination of all these activities. Both G1 and G4 connect up with every unit in the Services of Supply. By telegraph and telephone and daily reports they keep in constant communication.

Let us now sit in with the general staff at its daily morning meeting. You will get such a demonstration of teamwork as to make you sit up. The walls of the office of the chief of staff—like those of the commanding general—reflect the spirit of our organization and the way it is swung. First of all you will see the great supply map of France crisscrossed with our lines of communication. At first glance you may think that this is a picture puzzle, but on closer investigation you see that these winding and colored avenues are studded with symbols. You see stars in circles, ships, tents, crosses, coffeepots, buildings. You are not long in finding out what they mean. At the lower left-hand corner is a key to the puzzle. Each symbol has a meaning all its own. The star in a circle indicates the general headquarters; the ship shows the location of a port that we use; the tent is the site of an instruction camp; the black cross reveals a base hospital; the white cross, a rest station; the coffeepot, a coffee station for traveling troops; the engine, a locomotive repair shop; the freight car, a car-erection site; the bumper, a railway-regulation yard; an ax, a forestry camp; the propeller, an aviation camp; the bursting shell, an ammunition depot; a tiny house means a refrigerating plant; a black naval pennant, a section headquarters, and so on. In other words, you can look at this map and see at a glance the scope and extent of all our activities in France, and what and where they are.

Do Not Anchor Here!

On the wall are also square yards of charts and diagrams, for this is a war of organization all put down on specifications and blue prints long before a wheel is turned or a shot fired. It is one of the many sheets Mars has taken from the book of big business. I have seen square miles of army diagrams in this war, but I have never seen any that were more concrete or comprehensive than those used by the Services of Supply. Every service has its master chart; every subordinate section has its own little sheet. Put three men together in an army office in France and the first thing they do is to create a little chart of their organization. Nor is it a wasted effort. A great master of American industry once said "Teach with the eye," so he put signs all over his factory. The man who knows just what he has to do and where he belongs seldom makes mistakes. Hence the value of the chart in the business of war.

A single detail in General Hagood's office reveals the spirit of the organization and why it does things. Over the large clock hangs a placard containing this inscription: "Hurry Up—*C'est La Guerre.*" It reminded me of another sign hung up somewhere on our lines of communication by a bureau chief who had once been in the coast artillery. It proclaimed the warning familiar to all coast travelers: "Cable Crossing. Do Not Anchor Here." He was determined that his visitors should waste none of his time.

General Hagood is at his desk every morning at eight o'clock. These army heads are early to work and they stay late. There are no office hours in the business of war. The chief of staff finds on his desk what is officially known as the diary. It is

(Continued on Page 54)

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But, with most of our unmarried "Hawleys" now in France, we still need more workers. The Christmas rush is upon us. Business was never so good. If Hawley—among strangers—can average 20 Curtis orders a day in eight hours, *you* can get 2 a day in your spare time—*at home among friends*. And for even 2 a day your profits for a month will approximate $30.00—$7.50 a week for an hour a day—$1.25 an hour!

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Un-retouched photograph of 36x6 Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tire which has traveled 30,710 miles in hard freight transfer service on 6-ton truck owned by Western Electric Company, Chicago

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Uniformly High Mileage

EVEN more telling than the record-breaking individual mileages made by Goodyear S-V Solid Tires are the very sizable general averages they maintain.

Indeed, their most sensational scores are simply the peaks of a long list of other S-V marks set uniformly high.

In the case of the Western Electric Company of Chicago, twelve of these tires, though subjected frequently to gruelling punishment, have delivered a total of 313,200 miles of service.

All of them have been used on a 6-ton truck which transfers freight over a 65-mile circuit daily.

Under full cargoes of machinery and apparatus, they have been driven regularly across bumpy rail crossings and along bad stretches of block pavement that administers rapid-fire beatings.

And they have had to contend with the various sharp metallic objects that litter freight yards and work havoc with tire treads unless these are exceedingly tough.

Consequently the work done by these twelve Goodyear S-V Solid Tires may be classed conservatively as hard service that tests to the utmost every bit of the stamina of a solid tire.

In this duty, their average mileage of 26,100 per tire stands out as a characteristic S-V score quite in keeping with S-V performances under similarly trying conditions.

It is typical of the way in which S-V Tires prove to truck owners the remarkable toughness of their treads and the firm bonding of the rubber with the steel base.

It should be added in important record that the lowest mileage delivered by any of the twelve tires was in excess of 22,000 and that the particular tire giving this mileage was severely injured by being driven for long distances in car tracks.

The consistent economy of Goodyear S-V Solid Tires, as shown on the cost sheets of users, is the plain result of that vast amount of research, experiment and development which Goodyear has conducted in the solid tire field.

Any one of more than 800 Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers can supply S-V Tires and advise correct size and proper care.

"The very high average mileages given by our Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires is decidedly gratifying to this company. No other tires that we have used approach their endurance in our freight transfer service."—J. W. Bancker, Asst. Gen. Superintendent, Western Electric Company, Chicago.

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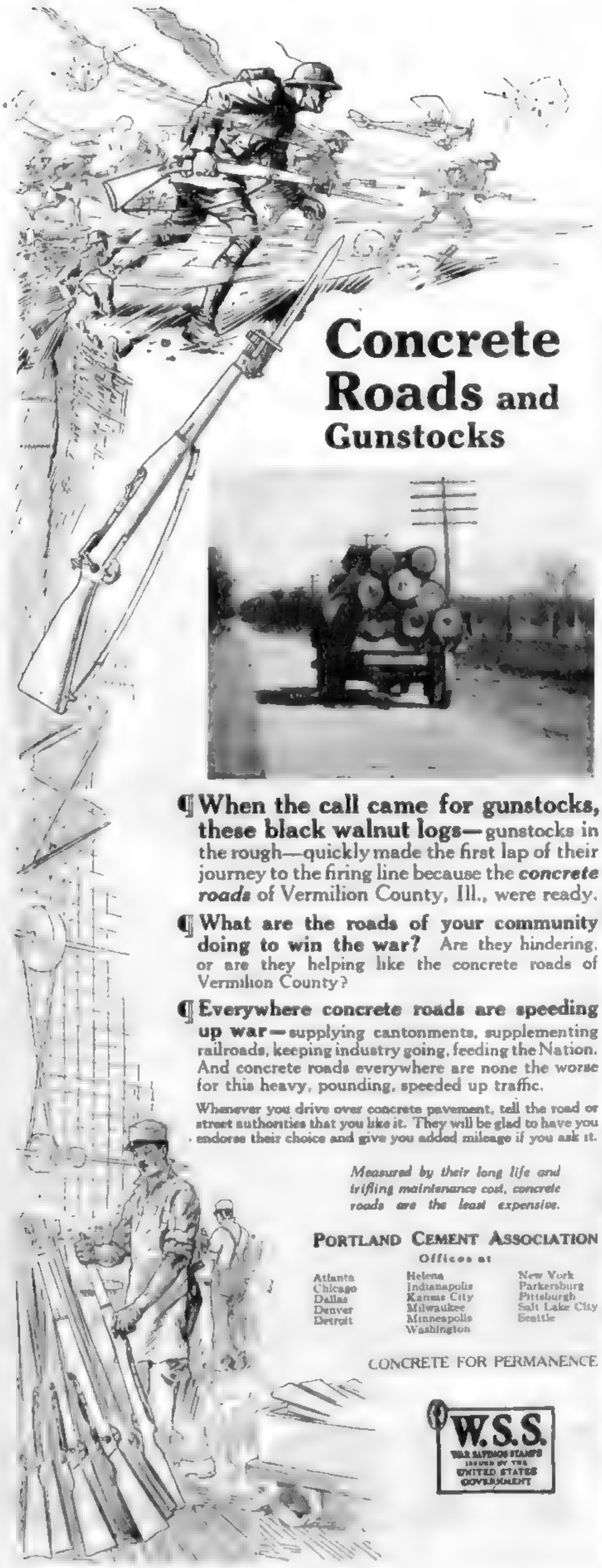
SOLID TIRES



Concrete Roads and Gunstocks

¶ When the call came for gunstocks, these black walnut logs—gunstocks in the rough—quickly made the first lap of their journey to the firing line because the ***concrete roads*** of Vermilion County, Ill., were ready.

¶ What are the roads of your community doing to win the war? Are they hindering, or are they helping like the concrete roads of Vermilion County?

¶ Everywhere concrete roads are speeding up war—supplying cantonments, supplementing railroads, keeping industry going, feeding the Nation. And concrete roads everywhere are none the worse for this heavy, pounding, speeded up traffic.

Whenever you drive over concrete pavement, tell the road or street authorities that you like it. They will be glad to have you endorse their choice and give you added mileage if you ask it.

Measured by their long life and trifling maintenance cost, concrete roads are the least expensive.

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Detroit	Minneapolis	Seattle
	Washington	

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 51)

a compact résumé, a complete catalogue of S. O. S. events, compiled by G4, of every important proceeding of the day before. This diary, which is as representative a piece of scientific organization as the Daily State of Supply, is arranged under headings.

Under Troop Movements you find: "The Nth Division has been moved to the X Training Camp"; under Hospitalization: "The construction of a ten-thousand-bed hospital has been ordered at Z"; under Quartermaster Corps: "The chief quartermaster has been ordered to turn over a hundred carloads of sugar to the French"; under Remounts: "Eight thousand horses are now at the Remount Camp at W"; under Construction: "Five new warehouses have been started at Blank Supply Depot"; and so on until every item of large value has been epitomized and chronicled.

At eight-thirty o'clock General Hagood has his daily conference with the heads of the sections. Once more you have the directors' meeting of the business of war. With the diary before him, which he has already read, the chief of staff asks the why and the wherefore of the various steps and changes enumerated in it. In the case of the movement of the Nth Division he may ask: "Why did not these troops go into barracks?" or with the item relating to the chief quartermaster he may inquire: "Is this in accordance with the terms of our new food agreement with the French?" In the matter of those eight thousand horses the query may be: "Does this complete the project for this Remount Camp?" while referring to the construction of the new warehouses he may ask: "Is this depot proceeding toward construction on schedule time?"

Short Cuts to Action

I cite these questions to show, first of all, how the chief puts an unerring probe into everything that is done; second, by knowing just what is being done within twenty-four hours after it has been started he can rectify any mistake before it has gone too far. This is especially true of large construction, such as barracks and warehouses. It also applies with special importance to the shifting of the labor battalions.

One great value of this diary and the operations that contribute to it is that it disposes of matters at once. In the old army day and way every individual item that I have mentioned and, in fact, everything that referred to any phase of army work not only had to be mulled over and indorsed by a dozen people, but literally had to break its way through miles of red tape. Instead of swift action there was interminable delay, which clogged the wheels of progress.

In the case of the S. O. S. the chief of staff, expressing the desires of the commanding general, for whom he acts, delegates authority to his subordinates, the heads of the various sections. They act upon their own judgment and the information they possess, and the result is that there is no hampering in effort. Now you can see why the commanding general is free to move about his domain, and also why the chief of staff likewise has a clean desk and can turn at once to any large emergency that rises. It all combines for a flexible system of supervision and supply. The men at the helm are not desk bound, and the myriad of personnel and material they control are equally elastic.

The diary is only one of a series of reports that deal with the progress of supply. As a sort of corollary to the Daily State of Supply is a document called the Daily Situation, which is a miniature typewritten newspaper, prepared by G4, which goes to the commanding general and the chief of staff with the Daily State. It is a general summary of vital problems that cannot be discussed in the diary, which deals only with actual events. It details, for example, such emergencies as temporary congestions in the railway regulating stations; with the tie-ups in troop traffic; with tonnage difficulties; with troop arrivals; with the ammunition situation; indeed, all the many unexpected emergencies that try the soul of the army administrator operating three thousand miles from his home base, and in a country where he must wrestle with strange laws and employ public carriers that have systems and regulations not altogether geared up to swift American ways.

When any one of these contingencies develops the chief of staff or the head of G4—or both—at once calls a meeting of the chief of the service involved and his principal associates and threshes it out. Thus he gets at the specialists who know exactly what they can do and who have the wherewithal to do it.

By now you will have gathered that both G1 and G4 are important links in the American Army machine. It is high time, therefore, that we look into their ramified functions. They unfold a system of scrutiny and coördination that is little less than a triumph of organization. Nothing in the whole record of Army administration surpasses them in the perfection and execution of detail. Yet it was all conceived and is in the main dominated and operated by soldiers who have come from camp and field to sweat over charts, telegrams and statistics. Again you discover that all the fighting is not at the Front—that war is work and worry.

We will begin with G1. Though it deals with administration and organization its chief work is procurement of men and material from the United States. Here you touch the supreme problem of the A. E. F., which is tonnage. Every bit of cargo space is precious and must be utilized to the last cubic inch. Every service in France wants all the tonnage it can get. The movement of troops—and therefore their needs—exceeds all original estimates. The furnace of war must be kept fueled. The lot of G1, therefore, is not an easy one.

Since there is only a certain amount of tonnage available it follows that it must be allotted, or "allocated" as the army phrase goes, to the best possible advantage. This allocation is the pivot round which G1 works. Now we get to the first actual link with Washington, which, through the Ship Control Committee of the Shipping Board, is the tonnage provider. On the tenth of every month G1 in France wires to Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals, assistant chief of staff, to find out how much tonnage is available for France the next month. He wires back the amount. For the sake of illustration, let us say that it is five hundred thousand tons. This figure then becomes a sort of target of attack, because all overseas demands are focused on it. It is like a cake set out for consumption before a hungry crowd. Everybody wants to get as big a slice as possible. The troubles of G1 begin.

Allocation of Tonnage

This is what happens: If G1 finds that 500,000 tons of shipping are available it will allot, let us say for the simplest explanation, 250,000 tons to the Quartermaster's Corps, 100,000 tons to the Medical Corps, 100,000 tons to the Engineers, and 50,000 tons to Mechanical Transport. There are, of course, many other services, but these four will serve our purpose.

Every head of a service now makes up his priority schedule in the order of the urgency of his needs. In the general priority program food, fuel, forage and clothing always come first. In our hypothetical case the quartermaster has 250,000 tons to his credit. He cannot touch that fixed reserve of ninety days. Likewise, the monthly automatic supply must be kept moving. On the other hand, he has a host of other supplies to obtain. Therefore he must do some juggling. He must determine whether rolling kitchens should come ahead of army wagons; if jam should have precedence over overcoats; and if vinegar is more important than olive oil.

All these requisitions, made up in the order of their priorities, go to G1, which censors them and then transmits them to the United States by cable, and they leave France not later than the middle of the month. This means that the requisitions for July shipment must go by June fifteenth. Requisitions for replacements of men are made in exactly the same way, and there is a priority for human beings just as there is for food and supplies.

G1, however, does not use up all its tonnage for these regular requisitions. It must keep a surplus to meet the many exceptional—that is, unexpected—demands. Then, too, the heads of services frequently change their requisitions, which means a fresh cablegram to Washington from G1. On the back of this cable, for office reference, you see this tonnage in cubic feet. G1 must know to the pound just how much of its space is being used up. All this actual allocation of tonnage is done by the G1 of the Services of Supply.

The walls of the tonnage room tell the story. They are hung with charts of tonnage progress. You can stand in the center

of this room and see, in colored lines, figures and diagrams that a child can understand, just what is going on in every port. There is a chart for every port in France. Up and down one side of the chart is a list of individual cargo items to be unloaded, such as lumber, coal, forage, railway supplies, foodstuffs, clothing, quartermaster's supplies and construction material. A black line radiating from each item means its receipts; a red line indicates the progress of the evacuation of those receipts. If the black line is longer than the red it shows that cargo is piling up at the ports. If these lines are the same length all is well and the stuff is moving out, which means no congestion.

These lines are marked off in days and weeks. This is what might be called the tonnage-movement chart. Then there is a chart that shows the work of all ports in items, days, weeks and months. From this you can see almost in a second whether labor is doing its full job or where it is falling down.

The same system is used to show the work of the troop transports. On a huge chart you see the name of the ship, the length of time it stayed in a French port indicated in black; the time on the ocean in red, and its stay in the American port in green. From this chart you can tell that the average turn around of some troop transports has dropped from sixty-eight to thirty-five days. A similar system shows how the turn around of cargo ships has been reduced from ninety-one days to seventy-one days, while the round trip of animal transports has decreased from eighty-four to sixty days.

The Long Arm of G4

These charts—and the many more that I could describe—enable G1 to know at all times just how the whole unloading situation stands, and on this situation so intimately linked with the tonnage problem depend the life, the security and the success of our cause abroad. G1, I might add, has a representative in every division and corps in the field and at the headquarters of each of the armies. Everywhere its major task is to procure what those forces need.

You have seen how G1 deals with the whole trying tonnage allocation. Its task in this matter, however, ends the moment men and material get to France. G4 then takes them up, establishes the priority by which they are distributed, and sees that they are delivered to their proper station. This means that if the engineers need construction material more than the signal corps requires wires or poles, this material gets the right of way over the transportation facilities.

Study the work of G4 and you find one of the most amazing details of our whole army situation. It is not only the stabilizer of the war machine, but it is likewise the door before which all the complications and anxieties of the A. E. F. are laid. Its long arm reaches everywhere; it dwells with both the working and the fighting armies; it is the regulating station for army policies—the great shock absorber.

Apply G4 to any great American corporation and it could pick up the threads of its activities overnight and carry them on to success.

Last July, when the swift German advance menaced Paris, Brig. Gen. George Van Horn Moseley, head of G4 at G. H. Q., was on a tour of inspection in the field. General Pershing had to send an army to a sector that was far outside the prescribed and equipped zone of our operations. That heroic little army had to be fed and supplied, and without delay. On the spot General Moseley devised a whole system of emergency supply which kept pace with that army and met every need. Half a dozen telegrams did the job. In one he converted a certain intermediate storage depot into an advance depot charged with the task of feeding and supplying this fighting army. Another wire established a new regulating station; a third marshaled ammunition, transport of all kinds and reserves at certain designated points. In less than twenty-four hours this whole emergency scheme to provide every kind of war sustenance was in working order.

The army wanted some ration carts. The advance depot wired back that it had none and did not know where they could be obtained, whereupon General Moseley sent back a telegram which said in substance: "It is not material where you get them but you must provide them." They came up the next day. This is the way the G4 works.

Technically charged with construction, transportation and supply, its organization is so compact that not a single army service in France escapes its ministrations. Division A deals with supply, equipment, mechanical transport, remounts, fire prevention, salvage service, graves registration, supply statistics and office administration. Under it the diary of activities that is laid on General Hagood's desk every morning, and which I have described, is prepared. Division B deals with troop movements, not strategically but as a transportation matter; billets and billeting, initial equipment, rents, requisitions, and claims. Division C has to do with construction, railway transportation, the army-transport service, labor, and priority of shipment in France. Typical of the foresight of G4 is Division D, which is "Plans for Future Expansion and Development."

G4 does not physically carry out any of these many activities, but its task is to coördinate all of them; to see that they do not clash; to reconcile deficit with surplus; in short, to keep the wheels turning day and night. If construction is to be minimized it is G4 that finds storage areas; if freight cars are short it digs them up somewhere; if evacuation of tonnage in ports is behind receipts it finds labor battalions to speed up the work. It is both provider and accelerator—a sort of glorified and many-sided policeman to whom the American Army abroad tells its troubles.

Following the ways of the American business corporation G4 has its suggestion box in the shape of a suggestion officer who is constantly in the field. He travels from section to section, investigating work and recommending plans for betterments, labor-saving or expansion. If he sees that switching facilities in a storage yard are handicapped he suggests additional engines; if he finds that working units can be consolidated he says so. All these suggestions are discussed in a meeting of G4 and if found feasible are at once put into effect.

The Washington End

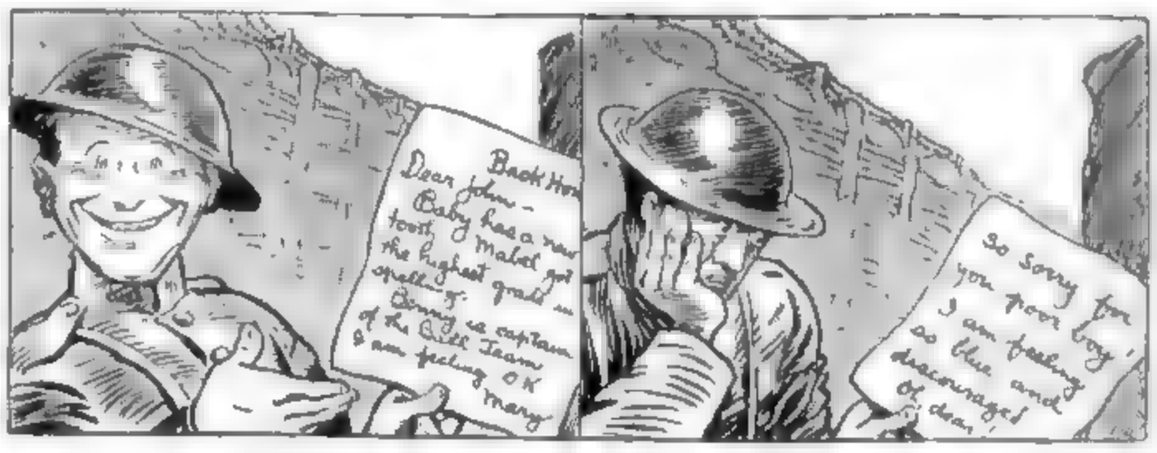
At the head of the pyramid of G4 organization sits the dynamic Col. H. C. Smither, with a mind like a steel trap and an instinct for order that is almost uncanny. At his right hand is his no less energetic and big-visioned colleague, Lieut. Col. J. H. Poole, who went from the Regular Army into commerce, got all the benefit of big business and is back on the military job again. He is the deputy assistant chief of staff. Under their combined direction the remarkable Daily State of Supply and the Daily Summary are prepared. These men, like the late E. H. Harriman, live a life that is geared up to the telephone and telegraph. There is not an hour of the night that the lights are not burning in the offices of G4 of the Services of Supply.

Problems of significant policy as affecting the whole Expeditionary Force are of course referred by Tours to the G4 of G. H. Q., which wisely allows its opposite number in the S. O. S. every latitude. The senior G4 at G. H. Q., however, is more actively concerned with the coördination of the supplies and the activities of the armies in the field who are so near at hand.

Where does Washington figure in this self-contained Services of Supply which links port with trench? It pays the bills and acts as purchasing and forwarding agent. The cables bring the A. E. F. needs to a desk in the State, War and Navy Building, where Maj. Gen. George W. Goethals sits as assistant chief of staff in charge of purchase, storage and traffic—a task infinitely bigger than what confronted him at Panama. From that desk in turn radiates the process of production and transportation that fills the orders and sees that the goods go steaming to France. It involves the control of raw materials; the establishment of supply zones and warehouses in the United States; the scouring of the whole world of output and shipping—all to the end that our fighting man abroad is fed and equipped. And he gets what he wants.

We have followed supplies from contract to the borders of consumption; to that far-away domain where the genius of American organization, now to be revealed, is fit comrade to the valor it sustains.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France.


Back Home
Dear John—
Baby has a new tooth. Mabel got the highest grade in spelling. Sammy is captain of the Girls' Team. I am feeling OK
so sorry for you poor boy I am feeling so blue and discouraged
Mary

Write him cheerful letters

THE man you love is fighting for your security and happiness. He is helping to bring this war to an early end—and to make another war like this impossible. He is doing something that HAS to be done for your sake. The *more hopefully* you write, the *easier* for him—and the *quicker* he comes back.

His life is no bed of roses. Yet his discomforts are the discomforts of red-blooded life in the open—the sort of life enjoyed by the cowboy of Arizona, by the mounted police of Canada, and by the adventurous spirits of all the world, and of all times.

He has wholesome food, well cooked, in great abundance. He has comfortable clothing. He lives under conditions of healthfulness maintained by sanitary experts.

His fighting equipment, his bayonet, gas-mask and ammunition embody every known advantage and improvement. American ingenuity has profited by all the past experiences of our allies and the enemy as well. In all history no soldier has been so well equipped as the American soldier.

Every conceivable condition contributes to his safety, comfort and happiness, EXCEPT ONE. The strong arm of Uncle Sam can do everything in the world for him—*except control his thoughts of you.*

That one condition is entirely within *your* control.

His fighting power, his health, his chance of *winning* and *living*, depend in the *end* upon WHAT YOU WRITE TO HIM.

If you let him feel that you are happy, that you are getting along well, that you are full of hope and courage, then he will be happy and stout-hearted—a mighty fighter in attack or defense.

So write him newsy, cheerful letters. Tell him the pleasant, treasured bits of gossip from home.

That is one thing above all others that you *can* do to hasten the end of the war and victory for America and the right.

For it is the high spirit, the dauntless courage, of the American soldier that is winning this war—for you.

Do your part to maintain this spirit, this courage!

And by your bravery, by your gameness, help to KEEP THE KAISER ON THE RUN.

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This Lincoln Motor has operated under water at exhibitions and conventions for many years—a practical demonstration of motor reliability.

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For many years large manufacturers of pumps, hoists, blowers, mixers, and similar machines have equipped them with Lincoln Motors—motors that will stand the handicap of the dust and moisture in which such equipment always operates.

Today Lincoln Motors are an accepted standard for this hard gruelling work as well as for the many easier tasks where motors receive the right kind of protection and care.

A machine equipped with a Lincoln Motor is a guarantee of reliable and continuous production. It is a double assurance from both the machinery maker and from Lincoln that you have enough power and the right kind of power to get the results.

The Lincoln Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Lincoln Motors are used by many Manufacturers of the Following Machines

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Machine Tools
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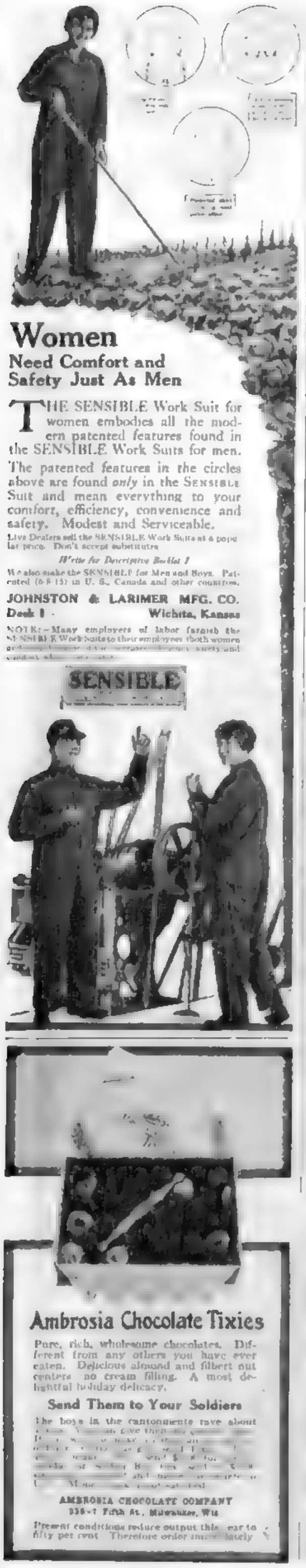
"Link Up With Lincoln"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THE SENSIBLE Work Suit for women embodies all the modern patented features found in the SENSIBLE Work Suits for men. The patented features in the circles above are found only in the SENSIBLE Suit and mean everything to your comfort, efficiency, convenience and safety. Modest and Serviceable.
Live Dealers sell the SENSIBLE Work Suits at a popular price. Don't accept substitutes
Write for Descriptive Booklet I
We also make the SENSIBLE for Men and Boys. Patented (6-8-15) in U. S., Canada and other countries.
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SENSIBLE
Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies
Pure, rich, wholesome chocolates. Different from any others you have ever eaten. Delicious almond and filbert nut centers—no cream filling. A most delightful holiday delicacy.
Send Them to Your Soldiers
AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
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Present conditions reduce output this year to fifty per cent. Therefore order

WHEN THE BOYS GET BACK FROM FRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

in British or French newspapers comment on the general reclamation scheme, though only a few months ago Secretary Lane addressed to President Wilson his now famous letter offering the comprehensive plan, well worked out.

Since then Congress has appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for preliminary surveys; and the Department has asked a million dollars more for the rapid and thorough completion of this preliminary part of a very vast enterprise. The secretary closes his presentation of the subject with a significant sentence: "This work should not be postponed."

The appeal of land—more land, free land, cheap land, any sort of land—is one of the greatest and strongest factors in the world's advance. It was this that found America and settled America, and every other continent of the earth's surface. The history of American progress, so wonderfully rapid, is the story of land hunting—no more; and we are rich because we had land. Now when our soldiers yet under arms begin to write in and ask where this new land is going to be, each letter is a straw, showing the same old westward wind that has filled the sails of every questing argosy of the world.

One soldier hears: "A large proportion of the Federal lands in Colorado is to be made available for returned soldiers." And he wants a share. Another is a Dakotan, and he wants an allotment in the Montana lands that may open. Another asks information as to all the different states that will have new lands. Another wants printed matter about it, because he is wounded and a man with a family—though he says he is going back to the Front. Still another, a chemist in gas work, fears that all his fellow chemists who have worked with the chlorine gas may contract tuberculosis. Hence he wants land and the open air after his country is done with him. Another writes:

"Tell mother I'll give her some help as soon as I can. By October she should have two hundred and fifty dollars. . . . The main point I have in writing is to find where I can get the best government farming land, as I wish to take up farming if details are satisfactory. The reason I am talking of this is that I am no longer a boy; because after a boy stays in the Marine Corps and goes to the Front he is a man. But after the war he has to prove still further that he is a man."

Mr. Lane's Plan Outlined

There are many of these letters—eager, manly letters like the last. The percentage of land inquiries among soldiers might loosely be guessed by a vote taken among one hundred convalescents at Walter Reid Hospital, in Washington. Forty-four said they wanted to go to farming.

Few congressmen could read these letters and not feel like giving the one American answer to them all. Perhaps such questions and others not yet asked by soldiers may, in part, be answered herein after a review of the great American reclamation enterprise, which has been developing very rapidly. Secretary Lane has lost no opportunity to put it forward in his many addresses to associations, clubs and public bodies, as well as in his communications to the Executive and to Congress.

At this writing he is meeting in Philadelphia a large body of governors and public men of many states, with the view of systematizing and extending the work through state aid. He considers it the largest of the undertakings of his Department; and, moreover, he is putting into it all the energy of deep, personal interest and enthusiasm. The soldiers surely have a strong friend working for them, and in a great and farseeing plan whose benefits will show more and more as the years pass.

Outside of winning the war—and this is a corollary to that—the Lane public-land reclamation and extension is the biggest thing in Washington. It is just as big as unused America is big—that is sure!

The plan is well outlined in an address given by the secretary in Baltimore not long ago:

"You wanted something said on the question of Americanization. There is all the Americanization that we need—an opportunity to prove yourself; an opportunity to do something that will be of service to somebody besides yourself. These boys will come back. How are we to meet them? It is up to us. We do not want to give them charity. We could not if we wanted to. They will be proud; they will have seen the world as we have never been able to see it; they will have a spirit that we will envy and a comradeship that we can never have.

"We must meet those men when they come to this side, for selfish reasons and for unselfish reasons, with a definite opportunity which they can accept. Now you in Maryland are at the apex of a point from here south. From this very city to New Orleans there are tens of millions of acres of land that have never been touched by the plow. The great nation is the nation that lives off of itself, or can do so. That forty million or fifty million acres to the south of you here is not really ours; some of it needs draining; most of it needs to be reclaimed from the sea or from the river or from the swamp.

"Then, out in my country in the Far West there are not less than fifteen million acres of land that has a soil one hundred and fifty, aye, in some places five hundred, feet deep, which serves not the world because it does not have the water that gives life poured over it. Then up to the north, in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, there are millions and millions of acres of land where the lumberman has come across with his great scythe and cut off the growing trees and left the stumps; and that land lies unused."

Pay as You Earn

"Now I say that we can make a new America, if you think of America in terms of territory, by taking these two hundred million or two hundred and fifty million acres which lie here and saving them from the ocean, saving them from the desert, reclaiming them and giving them to the world, adding to our own map and our own wealth, and, at the same time, giving to the boys returning from France an opportunity to do that work themselves and make homes on that land when they get back.

"It is an easy thing to do. The land is there; and we should say to the boys when they reach New York, or Baltimore, or Newport News, or Charleston, or wherever they enter: 'Here is a job at your hand; current wages, four dollars a day, if you please. Go; build dams on the Colorado River. Go; redeem swamps in Southern Maryland. Go; clear the lands in Northern Michigan. We pay you wages; and out of your wages you can save enough in a year or two of labor to pay the ten or fifteen per cent that will be required as the first payment on the farm which you will build for yourself and for us.'

"Simple, is it not? And we will ask him to pay that money back. Let him have it for forty years; but pay it back, so much per year, and then he will have his alfalfa, his corn, his wheat, his cotton, his grapes, his oranges, and he will add to the wealth of the nation; but he will add far more than the physical wealth—he will add a richness of life and independence of spirit, and have in his heart always gladness, because he did make that fight across the water and found on his return that he had come back to a republic that was not ungrateful.

"This democracy has a great future because we have a people who are imaginative, who can construct, who can visualize, who can realize what a thing is to be before it actually arrives. . . . The new day in America is coming. It will be a day of sacrifice and equalizing. It will be a day in which caste will be thrown down, in which classes will be more perfectly obliterated. It will be a day in which all mankind will have its challenge. Usefulness will be the test. No man will have his right to a place in the sun unless that man be of service to the world. And for that day we want to prepare in the spirit of the draft, the draft that drew my boy and your boy, and all the boys alike, and placed them side by side, fighting as equals, each anxious to serve and to support the other—the spirit of equality. And for that day we are preparing."

Peace hath her problems no less than war; and Secretary Lane faces some of them in his first statement of his post-bellum plan. He believes that at least half a million men will want to go on farms when they return; the number may run very much in excess of that. Here are some sketched portfolio notes that may show what that means in detail:

"It will be necessary to find out what men in the Army and Navy establishments will want farms. States are asked to provide lands. Who will pass on questions of what particular lands are best to use, and furnish data as to rainfall, fertility, soils, transportation, industry connected with farming, and so on—be primarily a land selection or valuation board? The state agricultural people probably should be brought into this.

"There must be a new law force to handle contracts, land titles, and so on. We must take up with state legislatures matters of enacting appropriate laws providing for state and Federal coöperation. This is aside from Federal laws and appropriations.

"A Land Settlement Board could be an advisory board in the matter of getting the soldier on his land, constructing his house, employing him in connection with the work to be done, and so on.

"If half a million men want farms of one hundred acres each, it will take fifty million acres of land."

Regarding the detailed form of this government work to-day, the Department advises that the program has been given into the general charge of the Reclamation Service, under Director A. P. Davis. Associated with him are Elwood Mead, of wide experience in irrigation and reclamation work in many parts of the West; also, H. T. Cory, the engineer who dammed back the Salton Sea, and his associate, Frank W. Hanna. Mr. Cory is to look into the swamp cut-over lands of the South, Mr. Hanna into similar lands in the North; and Mr. Weymouth, chief of construction in the Reclamation Service, will be concerned with irrigation projects.

It is entirely obvious that work of so vast a nature—the work of a nation engaged in its most serious task—can be done on no picayune piking basis. In this billion-dollar day the preliminary fund of two hundred thousand dollars is not a drop in our most valuable bucket. Congress should give the Interior Department its million out of hand, without haggling.

Help From the States

We have no right to give any but the answer of success to so vast and altruistic a proposition as this. The horses are not yet all stolen out of the stable. A tremendous amount of good is going to be done by the organization of those forces which alone can pay our war bills. That money has got to come out of the land now in use or which we can add for use. There is, of course, a long, long trail ahead.

Of course, also, it requires no supernal gift of prophecy to foresee, as one possibility, a regular orgy of bureau activity. And neither do you need to have far-looking spectacles to see, looming even now, before the looming is very good, a parrot-and-monkey procession of ex-lumbermen, ex-cattlemen, ex-lawyers, ex-congressmen, ex-politicians, and others, each and every one of whom has land to sell in competition with the Government; or who is interested in some section of the country which, for reasons that concern himself, he wants to see boomed by all the agencies possible—easy government money always preferred.

It is doubtful whether the National Government could handle all the work alone—all the states must help in it. And the one first undertaking of state and nation alike should be to keep the soldier away from the land shark, and to keep him in and under the care of the Government. If we are, thus young in our history, obliged to go into land paternalism, as Canada and Australia are doing, by all means let us do it thoroughly and honestly. How can that be done?

Some states now have well-organized bureaus of immigration, and it is the obvious intention to increase state coöperation in this work. Every state in the Union ought to have such a department to-day; indeed, must have if a matter of such enormous detail is to have any definite handling. Subject always to the personal equation of any given land commissioner's

(Continued on Page 61)

Delicious---Corrective

DELICIOUS, golden brown bran muffins, bread, cookies, etc., made according to the special recipes on the Pillsbury's Health Bran package, instantly appeal to all appetites. Their rich, nutlike flavor and natural, laxative effect commend them to a place in the daily diet of every American home.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is milled especially for human consumption. Its extra large, clean, sterilized flakes supply the roughage necessary to promote normal digestive action. Physicians recommend it

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No skill and help except your own are needed to lay *Certain-teed* right—all materials required and full directions for laying are packed in center of the roll.

Because *Certain-teed* is so easy to lay, so economical and so efficient and durable, it is preferred for practically every kind of building, large or small. More than one-third of all the roll roofing used throughout the world comes from the *Certain-teed* factories.

Certain-teed has become the *dominant* choice. It is used for buildings of every size and type—

for factories, warehouses, garages, stores, hotels, office buildings, farm buildings, round houses, etc.

In shingle form, red or green, it is widely used for residences.

Certain-teed gives years of efficient service with practically no cost for up-keep.

Certain-teed is immune to almost every form of roofing attack. It is rust proof, spark proof, weather proof, waterproof, and is not affected by acids, fumes or gases. The sun's heat cannot make it melt or run

Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities of America
Manufacturers of
Certain-teed Paints—Varnishes—Roofing

(Continued from Page 58)

honesty and courage, these state bureaus do not always work hand in hand with conscienceless farm-land agents and the greedy and unscrupulous owners of slashed-off pine lands—quite often they antagonize these gentry directly; and it is time that all our authorities, state and national, should do so.

They know the one great truth, which is, that if a man is to pay out on a piece of raw land he has got to fit that climate, fit that section, fit that sort of farming like a round peg and not a square peg in a round hole. They know that the man's wife, also, must fit into that game. They know that his capital must fit it, and his physique, and his preferences. We never used to figure on these things; but we do to-day.

As I have long felt very strongly regarding the harm done to the older farming communities of our country by hysterical land booms inducing them to sell out and move to cheap lands, I was at pains lately to write the Director of Immigration of Wisconsin regarding work I understood was on foot in that state. I am sure Secretary Lane, as well as many others, will find the reply of interest and value:

"The transfer of title to land, the mere change in ownership, though it carry a commission to the broker and profit to the seller, does not mean development in any sense of the word; and protecting incoming settlers from possible fraud at the hands of dishonest land dealers is a highly important function of any state inviting settlement. Public policy has made it so. Home seekers are skeptical, and there is reason for their skepticism.

"So far, so good; but how is protection to be given? It is well to keep in mind that the shady land dealer dislikes publicity; also, that the classified advertising of the great dailies offers an excellent way for the state to reach those who desire to open up new farms within its borders. We use this method, going right into the same column with land dealers and presenting the service of the Agricultural Department to home seekers. That the offer will not come to the attention of every incoming settler is true; but it reaches, or can be made to reach, most of them.

"Real colonizers, working in the interest of their clients, invite investigation. They don't need an O. K. from any official body. On the other hand, suppose a dealer has a block of unproductive land wished off on him through a trade, and is trying to get out from under by selling it to would-be farmers. We have met with some of these chaps. He inserts advertisements in the classified columns of the daily newspapers. Brown sees it, and bites. Brown also sees the state's ad in the same column, and writes, sending in the dealer's prospectus and correspondence."

A Real Service to Settlers

"Here's an interesting situation for the fellow at the state's end of the line. Spread out upon his desk is a glowing description on the one hand, and beside it the lead-penciled letter of inquiry. Sale or no sale probably hinges upon the reply. The promoter may tell you that the coarsest of sand, with sand subsoil, can be made to grow crops by right handling; and it is true. It is also a fact that one can produce crops in a gravel pit if enough water and fertilizer are supplied. But has the average home seeker—or anyone else, for that matter—the time or the means to fool round with unproductive land of low value sold at high prices? Life is too short!

"Hence, if there has been misrepresentation in the dealer's prospectus or in his correspondence with Brown—and there are several reliable ways to tell—Brown is put on guard by making him acquainted with the true state of affairs, and there is no sale. Interfering with business? Certainly, and more. We have found advertising managers of city daily papers a white lot of men, ready to cancel contracts of dealers who seek to flim-flam their readers. What these managers want is complaint and evidence. We have helped purchasers get their rights when payments have not been turned in to the principal by an agent. We have helped purchasers to proceed in criminal action under the confidence-game statute of Illinois.

"But—coming back to Brown—he is probably unacquainted with our state. We furnish him soil maps published by our geological and natural history survey, and printed in colors. The wayfaring man can understand them. They explain the several types of land in plain language and show the location. We also place in his hands two publications—one giving the acreage and production of crops by counties; the other telling him what he should do after locating on new lands in order to make a living on the same as early as possible.

"Last spring I visited thirty-three families we had helped locate to learn where we might have fallen down in supplying needed information. Is it not more helpful that the intending settler should know how much hay is required to carry his cows through the winter, or how to store his roots so they won't spoil, than to argue proximity to markets, which he concedes?

"The successful business man follows up his prospects. So do we, writing ten times to every man who writes us, and giving him, so to speak, a correspondence-school course about what he should do to win out. Linked up in this work are the College of Agriculture, the Livestock Breeders' Association, the State Horticultural Society, the Board of Health, the traveling library commission, superintendent of public instruction, and every county agricultural representative in the state."

Systematic Assistance

"We do not confine our work to the large cities, of course—far from it; but a great city is a fertile field, and I wish to say a word in behalf of the man in the city who wants to farm. There are thousands of them; but they don't know where to go or whom to believe. Since August, 1914, I have spent much time interviewing people, largely of Norwegian, Danish, Swedish and German birth, practically all of them with some farm experience, and many with sufficient capital to make a good beginning. I have found them a mighty fine lot of folks. But their attitude reminds me of deer hunting during the last days of November. They have been chased, shot at, and some of them badly wounded.

"While in a city I average from ninety to one hundred and twenty interviews weekly. The Y. M. C. A. of one city has become interested in this work and gives the use of the smoking room in its hotel, where motion pictures are shown illustrating methods of cutting and piling brush, stump removal with machines, the use of explosives, how to open up the land, what crops to grow and how to grow them. We are also selling land-clearing explosives to settlers at cost to us, plus half a cent a pound to take care of administration. Forty-three carloads were sold this spring.

"Every inquirer is given a certificate stating that he is in communication with us and showing our intention of keeping in touch with him, should he locate, to note his progress in development and to learn whether he is satisfied with the business relations he may have with any person or firm selling him land. This has had a wholesome influence. No inquirers are placed in touch with land dealers; nor is it necessary. The weak point is that we are not reaching so large a number of people as we should; but such effort will bring settlers into any state, men and women, who will come in with a larger working knowledge of what to do to win."

Now it would seem that all these personal questions could best be decided by the settler himself; but the opposite is true. Thousands of deceived men have wasted a lifetime each in trying to find the right place to farm. And the life labor of a good, industrious man is the one thing no nation can afford to waste to-day.

Very well. The National Government meets Johnny-come-home at the head of the American review, and says: "Son, do you want a farm?" Son says he does; but he doesn't know any more than a rabbit what or where the farm ought to be. He has been reading in an old magazine about getting rich in genteel fashion—just working a little once in a while, raising oranges in California, or apples in Oregon, or celery in Florida, or pecans in Alabama.

He has heard that stumps pull easy in Wisconsin and that there are no bowlders under the roots—oh, maybe one once in a while, but not enough to mention! He has heard that dry farming out in sunny Wyoming or Idaho is the life—no mud to track in on the floors. He has heard that all you have to do in Minnesota is to push over a stump or so, get on your tractor, say, "Giddap!"—and so ride on to fortune!

But Uncle Sam knows more than Johnny-come-home. He finds what state he came from, what is his isotherm; sizes son up as a possibility of bone and beef for a heavy stump country, or a lighter man for lighter teams on a lighter soil. He says: "Son, go out to Minnesota, since you used to live in Michigan." He knows that an immigrant rarely ever gets five degrees away from his original isotherm when he founds a new home.

"Take this letter," says the adviser, "to the state land bureau there. Don't locate anywhere—just go out there and get the state's advice first, or that of any national adviser we may have located in that state. The crops are there. You'll have to have about this much capital. Tell me, are you married? If so, does your wife want to go on the land, or will she cry for the city and want to go back there in the hard second year? Can you handle stock? Do you know machinery? How much do you weigh? Where did your parents come from? Yes? Very well. Then we advise you to go to this country. We'll go along with you and see you located. Land there is worth about so much an acre—don't pay any more. And don't pay down all you've got saved on your first payment for the land—remember that hard second year! Are you ready, son? All right. Come along!"

Now, some such process as this in organized business will, of course, have to supplement the general plan of governmental handling of lands for our soldiers. Fifty years ago they couldn't have gone wrong. To-day they will need careful and wise help to go right. It is a question of enormous detail. But there is no other work an official can do or dream more useful than this very thing. That's the biggest business we've got.

In the past all this has been left to individual enterprise, so called. We have had land booms about every so often since 1492. In our last one, some eight or ten years ago, so many and fantastic were the schemes and devices for getting rich right away in farming, and so much money was spent in advertising them, that it was considered almost unpatriotic to say or see anything but good about them all.

In that time it was held destructive of industry to knock any bonded district irrigation project; or throw cold water on the somewhat parched countenance of a dry-farm scheme; or to doubt the permanence of pomological or citrus enterprises floated by fat men with large noses who lived back in Kansas City or Chicago or New York, and made their money any way on earth except by farming, and who knew and cared more about anything else on earth than they did about farming.

At last we look the truth in the face, and by its aftermath know that in some part that land boom was one of the cruelest and most deplorable deceptions ever perpetrated. It wasted time and money and life; and—worst of all—it wasted hope!

The Captain on the Train

As lands grow scarcer and poorer, each land boom becomes more deceptive and more dangerous. The Department of the Interior will allow no such methods in its plans to find farm homes for soldiers. We are a soberer nation now. We are counting our dimes and pennies now. The Golden Age of get-rich-quick has pretty well gone now. Perhaps, if we try, we can put a little sportsmanship—that is to say, a little plain Christianity—into our business methods in dealing with this sad-eyed, old-faced boy, new back from saving the world for us leaky-valved explainers, who thought we'd be worth more where we were. Can't we be plain grateful for longer than just a little while?

The other day I fell to talking over some of these things with a young captain who sat in the same berth with me in one of Mr. McAdoo's palatial trains from Washington to Chicago. He was a fine-looking young man, twenty-nine years of age, trim and neat; but I could not help noticing how sunken his eyes were—he looked very tired. He would curl up a while in the seat and go to sleep; but not for long. He had on his face that expression, indescribable in its gravity, of those who have "been over," and who know! We sat at table together, talking, and I saw a decoration on his breast.

"I can't read your decoration, captain," I said.

He flushed suddenly under the sallow tan of his thin cheeks.

"That's just the Croix de Guerre," he said shyly, as though he were ashamed.

I saluted, civilian as I am and unhappy because I am; and then I learned he had been over in direct frontals five times in four days; had been in all of it from Château-Thierry till just now.

"They sent me home," he said, coloring. "I'm on sick leave, you know."

I hated to ask "Shell shock?" But he nodded.

"Give me twenty days' rest and I'll be all right," he said. "You see, I couldn't sleep. They'll let me back in again. I've got to lead my men into Berlin."

It may be he cannot go back. He was fifty years old, though twenty-nine in calendared years. What ought we to do for a man like that? This young officer was very bitter toward the Germans, saying that his men would never shake hands with a German again. He spoke of a French foundling hospital that held five hundred children, each of whom had had a French mother who hated and disowned it. "You know what I mean?" Old, old he was—at twenty-nine. What has he seen and suffered? Much more than my axman in the old blue coat. What can we do for a man like that?

We spoke of a great many things, because I wanted to know how Johnny-come-home was going to feel when he got home. Then I told him of Secretary Lane's plan, and his sunken eyes kindled.

"That's fine!" he said.

I know he thought this country was going to be grateful. Is it? Isn't Congress going to back that sad-eyed young officer for a million in a billion-dollar day like this?

He is the advance guard of coming millions of our returning soldiers.

Among the Jeppards

I came to my home town, where I live in a building so tall that it has an elevator system regarded as essential. We have a new man running our elevator—an old man, with very white hair; a sick man with tired eyes; a dead-broke, down-and-done-for man, or he couldn't be there running our elevator in these days.

"I'm feeling pretty good now, let me tell you," he said in answer to my question. "I'm the proudest man in town! Look here at the paper—just a few days old. My son has been decorated in France! He carried in two wounded pals; and they gave him a decoration for it. Now all I'm living for is to see my boy back again and settled at something. I don't care what they do with me after that. Decoration, eh? Pretty poor, I guess!"

I think it was the Croix de Guerre in all likelihood. And, though our elevator man didn't see me do it, I saluted him also—behind his back.

What can we do for a son like that when he comes home?

Any place you go, any way you look, there is the boy obliged to do our fighting for us because he was born of the age of hope and carelessness. He's coming home before long. What are we going to do with him?

One thing is sure: We can't do enough! The burden taken on by Secretary Lane is far harder and heavier than that of Galusha A. Grow, who framed the Homestead Act.

One phase of the difficulty, as Secretary Lane knows, will arise in the individual competition with the Government; the offering of cheap fee lands as against the new-found Government lands. The Lane reclamation proposition is already known in every real-estate and colonization office in America and Canada; and Canada, long a beneficiary of emigration from the United States, sees in this plan the use of her own idea of the Government backing the farming man.

The land sharks all over the earth are sitting on every hilltop, licking their chops and just waiting for a chance at a new land boom. It is sure each section will see its own advantages and no other.

It is sure that many owners of worthless lands will see in the rush of soldiers only the advent of a new run of suckers.

A negro private, asked by the officer who filled in his questionnaire whether he wanted to go into the cavalry, studied for a moment and then said:

"Naw, suh. In case of a ree-treat, Ah doan want to be bothehed by no hawse!"

The officer grinned and said:

"Well, then, Sam, we'll put you in the infantry, front line; but, of course, you know you may be in greater jeopardy there."

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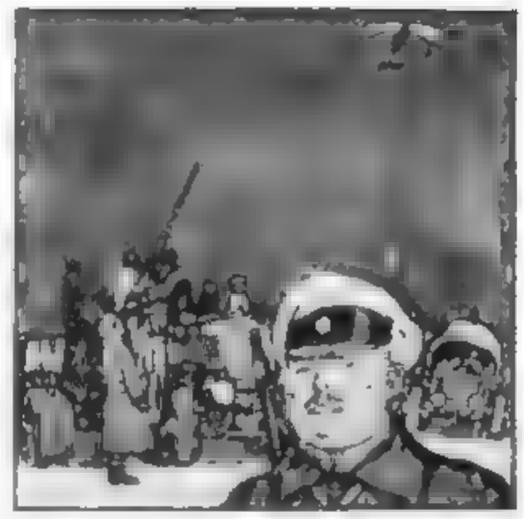
WHITE TRUCKS *have the* STAMINA

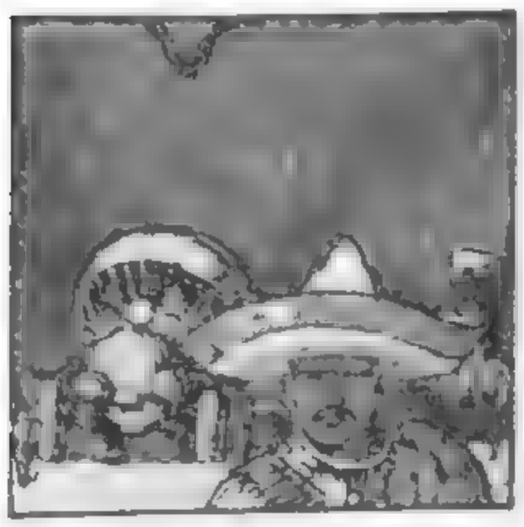
First in War



WHITE TRUCKS have won distinguished recognition in all the main theatres of war. Prolonged military service is a drastic test. It searches the very marrow of truck capacity and endurance. In the great emergencies of modern battle, motor transport furnishes the life blood of the armies, renewing and maintaining their fighting strength at widely distant points. Motor transport was

Essential in the Mexican Expedition
Indispensable to the Defense of Verdun
A Mainstay in the Battle of the Somme
A Foil to the Great German Offensive last March.

These were but high points in a wide range of war service in which White Trucks, honored by a leading part, met every demand and measured up to the highest ideals of motor transport service.



In Mexico. On March 19th, 1916, five days after the order was received in Cleveland, a complete motor train of White Trucks reached Columbus, New Mexico, and crossed the border with rations and supplies for Casas Grande, the first of a chain of field bases established by General Pershing's army. The line of communication was rapidly extended four hundred miles into a hostile and almost impassable country.

The first train was quickly followed by nineteen others, which day after day during the entire campaign operated with the utmost regularity over sharp, rocky trails, up steep grades, through deep sand and boggy morasses.

At the French and Russian Fronts. Over ten thousand White Trucks have been put into field service by the Allied armies abroad. During four years of warfare these trucks have stood up in a manner to merit the admiration and confidence of their military users. Order after order has been placed by the French and Russian Governments, based upon performance.

So satisfactory has been this performance that thousands of White Trucks were selected by the French General Staff, early in the war, to compose part of the Great Headquarters Reserve —a high tribute to pay any equipment in a modern army. Should all other truck organizations or transport facilities fail, the Great Headquarters Reserve would stand in the breach.

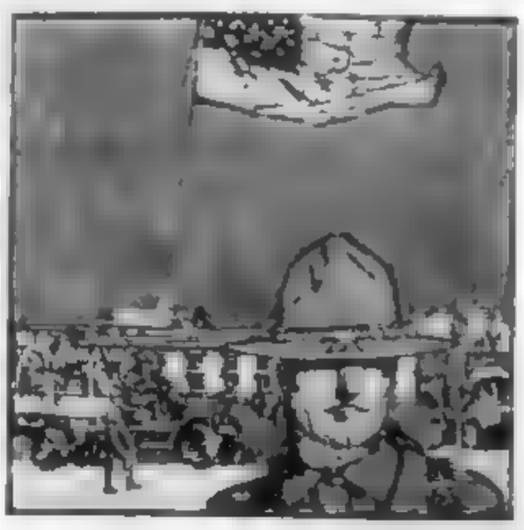
And these trucks DID stand in the breach on several critical occasions. They took a vital part in the prolonged defense of Verdun—three thousand strong. They assisted in rushing 350,000 French troops to the front to stay the German onslaught last March, an achievement in speed and endurance which won for the truck personnel repeated citations for distinguished service in battle.

In This Country. In building and supplying the sixteen army cantonments, White Trucks performed surprising feats. At Camp Funston, for instance, three truck companies hauled three thousand freight car loads of material in ninety days and relieved a serious congestion. The loads varied from tooth picks to five-foot water mains and included 35,000,000 feet of timber. White Trucks are now hauling immense quantities of food, clothing and other supplies needed by the soldiers.

As a result of their military record, the demand for White Trucks in both the French and American armies has reached such proportions that the factory production is now devoted entirely to war work—100% production of the company's *own* truck product.

This record of war service visualizes the important part played by motor trucks in fighting at the front and in sustaining intense industrial effort at home. In sparsely settled Mexico, along trails which other vehicles had difficulty in traveling, motor trucks kept supplies following on the very heels of the advancing cavalry. In densely populated France, where railroads abound, motor trucks have been indispensable as an *additional* means of transport.

In this country war production might have broken down had there not been motor truck service to relieve the railroads. The war is bringing home to the American people, as nothing else could, the economic value of motor trucks and good roads, in peace and in war, as a vital link in our transportation system. It is thus evident that "The Road to Berlin begins in America."



The WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

Lift-the-Dot Fasteners open easily from the inside, as shown above. Simply lift the side with the Dot.

YOU must get acquainted with the Lift-the-Dot Fastener. Your automobile or carriage is probably equipped with it now. You will very soon meet it in many other places because it is coming into increasingly general use on trunks, bags, sporting goods, awnings, tents, and other articles of canvas and leather.

Wherever you find this fastener, you will admire it for beauty, compactness and ease of operation. You will know it always by the dot stamped on the face of the socket—the Dot which tells you which side to lift.

LIFT *the* DOT
Fasteners

CARR FASTENER COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of "Fasteners that Fasten"

(Concluded from Page 61)

"Cap'n," exclaimed the candidate, "fo' Gawd's sake, doan put me in no infancy nuttuh! Ah doan want to go up to no front line, whah all dem jeppards is!"

Well, now, whichever way any man looks, if he is after a piece of land, he is going to run against a lot of those jeppards. A simple and inexperienced returned soldier needs an officer to lead him then, if ever, for he won't know what to believe.

I know of two old men in Syracuse, New York, who, with no reason in the world—since both were nearly eighty years old and well-to-do—a few years ago bought an old, half-abandoned plantation in Upper Louisiana. They put on it a practical Southern manager, who understood negroes. Last year he handed his employers fifty-six thousand dollars in cold cash. War cotton? Yes, largely. But the South has millions of acres of rich, unused soil, and millions more to be developed now by the Government.

The South is too rich to remain unused. I don't mean the paper-shelled pecan South, exploited by Northern land operators, but the honest-to-goodness hog and alfalfa, cotton and corn South, farmed on an honest-to-goodness square-deal basis by an individual not afraid of work. Change the race problem and change its climate, and the South would own this country. It would be our next Great West.

Figures in rows and bunches do not necessarily offer much delight, unless it is when you are making out your deposit slip at the bank. But a fair estimate cannot be made of the Lane reclamation proposition enterprise except by the use of at least a few summarized figures from the departmental tabulations.

The thing to do is to consider these as items on our national deposit slip. That is precisely what they are. The condensed statements may be held as official, and it will be noted that they apply to the entire country impartially.

Reclamation of our unused lands, if carried to its ultimate and logical conclusion, will mean the addition of some two hundred million to two hundred and fifty million acres to the real territory of the country, provide work for hundreds of thousands of American citizens, and afford an opportunity for additional hundreds of thousands to acquire homes.

Infinite Possibilities

Up to the present time there has been no general plan for the reclamation of this great area of unproductive land. Though no complete survey has ever been made of our land resources, it is estimated that there are from fifteen million to twenty million additional acres of arid lands in the West at present, for which water is available if properly conserved. There are, for example, half a million acres in the Colorado River Basin that need only irrigation to make them as fertile as the far-famed Valley of the Nile.

By far the greater portion of our unused and unproductive lands, however, is comprised in the cut-over or logged-off timberlands in sixteen states, lying largely within the eastern half of the United States. In their present state these 228,509,000 acres of cut-over land form a picture of desolation calculated to discourage the hardiest pioneer. Only a vast area of stumps remains to mark the former forest, matted with underbrush and interspersed here and there with saplings.

Perhaps as good an idea as any of the appearance of this waste land may be obtained from photographs of former French forests that have been shattered by artillery fire. Yet, when this land is cleared, leveled and brought under the plow, its soil, rich with the accumulated humus of hundreds of years, possesses extraordinary agricultural possibilities.

Lying also largely in the eastern half of the United States, and overlapping the cut-over lands to some extent, are some eighty million acres of swamp land, which may be classified as permanent swamp, wet grazing land, periodically overflowed or periodically swamp.

What states have the most swamp lands? Lumping off a few of the largest, we may say that Alabama has 1,500,000 acres; Arkansas, 6,000,000; California, 3,500,000; Florida, 20,000,000; Louisiana, 10,000,000; Michigan, 3,000,000; Minnesota, 6,000,000; Mississippi, 6,000,000; Missouri, 2,500,000; North Carolina, 3,000,000; South Carolina, 3,000,000; Texas, 2,250,000; Wisconsin, 2,353,000.

No state is here mentioned that does not list over a million acres; but there are swamp lands in every state in the Union except Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and New Mexico.

"The problem of reclaiming these vast areas of irrigable cut-over and swamp lands could never be solved in its entirety by private enterprise," says Mr. Lane. "The great public works of the Reclamation Service and of the Panama Canal, for example, stimulating as they are to our national pride in achievement, fall short of the possibilities involved in the plan of reclaiming an area one-fifth again as large as the state of Texas.

"But fortunately we are not limited to private enterprise in bringing about the greatest scheme of reclamation the world has ever seen. The Federal Government, or the Federal Government in coöperation with the states, can undertake the work in its entirety, unhampered by questions of financing or returns on investment within a limited time, but with a single view to the ultimate economic welfare of the country as a whole.

"One great problem to be met in the construction of these works is that of labor. Millions of men will be needed. It is at this point that these unproductive lands and the returned soldiers are brought together. When the war is over our ports will be thronged with millions of fighting men who will be clamoring for an opportunity to earn a living."

Our Answer to Germany

"Undoubtedly many will return to the same positions they held before joining the colors. Others will find jobs in trades they have learned during their period of service. Others will take the first job offered, whether they are particularly fitted for it or not.

"The remainder will fall into the class of the drifters, taking a job here and there, seeking work and frequently not finding it, and fast becoming an economic liability of the nation. With intelligent direction this situation can unquestionably be changed, not only to the advantage of the men themselves but that of the country as a whole.

"But the plan goes further. In addition to providing work, it affords an opportunity for the returned soldier to acquire a home of his own on the reclaimed land. Besides building the dams, canals and irrigation ditches, clearing and leveling the land, constructing drainage ditches, erecting houses, barns and fences, he will be given a preference right of entry on these same lands that he has made ready for the plow, with the privilege of paying for the home he has made in long-time payments of thirty or forty years, at a low rate of interest.

"Necessary livestock and farm implements will also be provided by the Government, to be paid for in small payments, extending over from five to ten years. The element of charity or bounty does not enter at all. It is a straight business proposition.

"In brief, we know, repeating in a general way, that we have approximately from two hundred million to two hundred and fifty million acres of land at present unused which can be made as productive as any agricultural land in the world. The opportunity is ours, if we will grasp it, to bring the land and the soldier together, to provide work and homes for hundreds of thousands of American citizens, to furnish a supply of foodstuffs sufficient for our growing population and the needs of Europe, and to start a back-to-the-land movement that will rival any similar movement ever before thought of in the history of the United States. Can it be done? I believe it can."

This is a large and bold answer to the world, but it comes to a world now well used to enormous figures. Those figures have been totals of destruction. Now we must begin to build.

This is our answer to Germany. Let that country ponder what chance she has in the bitter acid test, whether of arms or of peace, against a country that can propose such a plan as this in the middle of the world's greatest war!

In every great hour of need we have had a great man. What has been the secret of the success of the greatest American statesmen? I think it rests on the fairness and sincerity and honesty of the representative American people. Our best men have reflected our better selves. And now we shall be a soberer and better America.

SALT OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 11)

"What's the matter?" asked the judge.

"I don't know," she said. "I think the soldier upset me. To go on riding to-day—and looking round and enjoying myself—I don't know—it seems like dancing at a funeral, somehow—the funeral of someone who died trying to help me."

By that time the car had stopped and, still blindly following her impulse, Gloria got out. If the judge had been less clever he might have tried to reason with her. He might even have jumped out, too, and have tried to accompany her. Instead, he kept his seat and lazily raised his hat.

"Good-by, dear!" He smiled, as though Gloria was doing the most natural thing in the world. "I'll phone you again in the morning."

A minute later his car swung up Seventh Avenue, and he was still smiling.

"The charm of caprice," he mused to himself. "I wonder whether I'm still young enough to enjoy it."

But before they left the Concourse another thought struck him and he suddenly leaned over to the front seat.

"Back to Central Park," he said to the chauffeur; "and when you get to where you nearly ran the soldier down—remember?—I want you to drive just as slowly as you can."

■

MEANTIME Gloria had taken a taxi and reëntered the park, that aforesaid nebulous notion still in her mind. At the crossing where the chair had bounded into the tree she dismissed the machine and started along the footpath. She hadn't gone far when, as she had hoped, she saw the wheel chair, parked by the side of a bench. The soldier was lying back against the cushions and his attendant was reading a newspaper to him, his finger laboriously following the text.

"The pol-pol-pollies," he was reading, "advanced three—three—now, three kill-you-meters to—to —— Boss, this type is kind o' blurred. Advanced three kill-you-meters beyond the—looks lak Ozzy River. Sleep, boss?"

He hopefully interrupted himself in a lower tone, and hopefully glanced at the two dusky handmaids who were still deploying darkly in the distance.

"No; go on," said the figure in the chair, his eyes closed.

Gloria seated herself at the other end of the bench. "Pardon me," she said in a voice that shook a little from excitement; "but may I read to you a little while, and give you—your—this gentleman a rest?"

Strong approval immediately shone upon the face of "this gentleman," and he handed over the paper without a struggle. In the chair the soldier opened his eyes and brushed his hand across the lower part of his forehead—that sad, familiar gesture which had enlightened Gloria.

"I'm sure I don't want to bother you," he said in a tone that matched his glance—a tone without sparkle or life.

"No bother at all, I'm sure," said Gloria. "What would you like me to read for you?"

"Well, I've had the war news pretty well dished up. Suppose you see if there's anything interesting in the sporting news—or the theatrical news—or any divorce cases—you know what I mean—something —— Still there, Arthur?" he broke off.

"Yassir."

"All right. You can beat it for a while if you'd like to get away. Those friends you were telling me about—are they still there?"

"Tee-hee! Yassir!"

"All right. Go and tell 'em how you saved my life a minute ago. Going?"

"Yassir. On mah way right now."

The soldier listened to his vanishing footsteps.

"He's a good one," he said, turning his blank eyes toward Gloria; "best one I've had. But they soon get tired of pushing a grown man round in a baby wagon." He drew an uncommonly deep sigh and relapsed into his previous state of lethargy. "All right," he said "if you're ready."

First she read him the news of the theaters, but hadn't read far when he raised his hand.

"Haven't I heard your voice before to-day?" he asked.

"I—we nearly ran you down about a quarter of an hour ago," she told him.

"Ah, yes. Well, better luck next time," was his strange reply. Gloria didn't notice how strange it was until she thought it over afterward. "All right," he continued; "you were just going to start on the plot."

Whereupon she began to read again; and for the next half hour she continued to read, and watched him now and then as she read—that aforesaid nebulous notion gradually taking shape in her mind.

Beyond the shrubbery that concealed them from the driveway the throbbing of passing cars played a deep accompaniment to her voice. She hadn't been there long when one car throbbed past very slowly indeed and nearly stopped. But Gloria didn't notice it.

"He hasn't any mother or wife to take care of him," she thought once, noticing the dust on his cap and the spots on the front of his coat. His age, she guessed, was about twenty-six.

"Do you know what time it is?" he asked when the reading came to an end at last.

It was half past three.

"Time I started back," he went on. "The doctor comes at four. See Arthur anywhere?"

Gloria didn't look very hard.

"Listen!" she said, rising and leaning over the handle. "I want you to do me a favor—if you will."

"Sure thing! What is it?"

"I want you to let me push you home." She gently moved the chair a yard or two as a sort of trial. "See?" she whispered, leaning over him again. "I can do it easily. You've no idea how strong I am."

"Too much like work," he told her. "Even Arthur has his hands full at the crossings."

"No; listen," she coaxed: "I want to do it. Really, I do. I—I feel as though you've done so much for us that I want to do something for you."

"Oh, that's all right; but I'm sure you couldn't make the crossings."

"There's always a man in sight somewhere who's willing to help," she pleaded again.

He tried to look up at her; and, though there was more than a trace of mournfulness in it, there was no mistaking his smile.

"Something told me you were a queen," was his second strange remark. "All right—if you feel like trying."

He told her where he lived, and gently—ever so gently—Gloria pushed him home. She didn't talk much—she seldom did; but in her eyes was a calm and steadfast look.

■

THAT was the first of many readings and many meetings; because, having pushed him home, you see, Gloria not only knew where he lived but it didn't take her a minute to find out his name. His name was Lawrence Fitzgerald, and, she learned from his landlady, he had been blinded by an attack of gas after giving his mask to a wounded private whose own had been shot away.

"Isn't there some place for blind soldiers?" Gloria had asked.

"Bless you, he's too proud!" the landlady had whispered back. "Besides, I guess he'd have to go up to Canada to get in. Eh—I've known him for nearly ten years; one of the finest young fellows that ever stepped, and had the whole world before him. But when the Lusitania was sunk he waited a week and then he went up to Canada and enlisted from there. Felt he had to do it, he said, because he knew one of the women who was drownded—her and her little boy."

It was just as well that the landlady mentioned this, because it was one of the things Larry never spoke about—not even after he and Gloria began to call each other by their first names.

Indeed, there were some days when he hardly spoke at all, suffering horribly from attacks of the blues and saying the strangest things when he did speak.

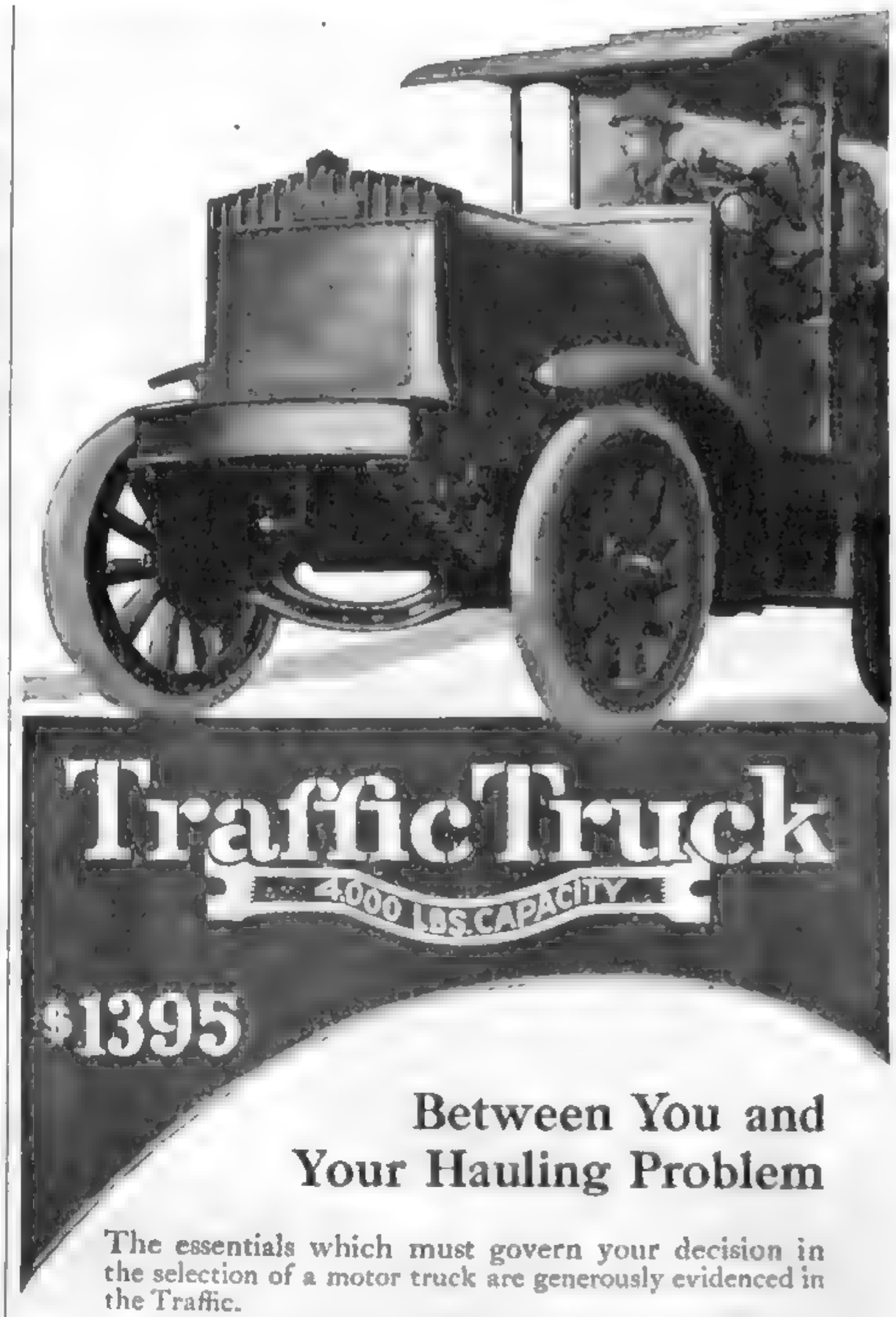
Every Wednesday, she discovered, he went to the bank, where they made a note in his book and gave him twenty-five dollars. Half of this he handed to his landlady. The other half he spent for incidentals.

"How much is the balance?" he asked Gloria one afternoon, handing her his bank book.

The balance was three hundred and ten dollars.

"Twelve weeks left!" he said to himself.

(Continued on Page 68)



Between You and Your Hauling Problem

The essentials which must govern your decision in the selection of a motor truck are generously evidenced in the Traffic.

You demand carrying capacity—speed—strength—endurance and adequate power—ease of handling—low operating cost and upkeep—but above all, economy in first cost. For these reasons the Traffic stands between you and your hauling problem as ***the lowest priced 4,000 lb. capacity truck in the world.***

In no industry have standards been measured with a more exacting care to insure performance than in the building of the Traffic. It expresses all that standardized units, human endeavor, skill and the very best of materials will permit.

Quantity production of one model has made the low price for the Traffic possible. It is not to be classed with the meaning of the word cheap—only in price.

See the Traffic before you invest in a truck. If there is no Traffic dealer in your town write us for address of nearest dealer.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Chassis $1395
f. o. b. St. Louis

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

Now Is No Time To Make Things To Order

Of the four big words on the opposite page the one with the biggest meaning is done in the smallest letters.

It is the word "standard."

"Standard" seems like a dull word, but that is because the full glory of its meaning dawns on us slowly.

To us, it is an even bigger word than the name Warren's, for much of the power that has made the name Warren the leader in printing papers has come from the fact that the quality of Warren's Standard Printing Papers is standard.

When a printer or a buyer of printing decides to use a Warren Standard Paper, he knows what he is going to use. When he buys, he knows what he is buying.

From the number of minutes the pulp is beaten to the number of nails in the shipping case the Warren standard of quality for each grade of Warren Paper is the same.

Standardization, which has been urged, and ordered in other industries, was a Warren practice before a single cloud of war had warned the country to speed up and save.

"Speed up and save" is a meaning of standardization. Another meaning is "make things that will work, parts that will fit, nuts that will stay tight, paper that will print."

There are twelve grades of Warren Standard Printing Papers, made in approved sizes and approved weights. These twelve standards cover every major book-paper printing need.

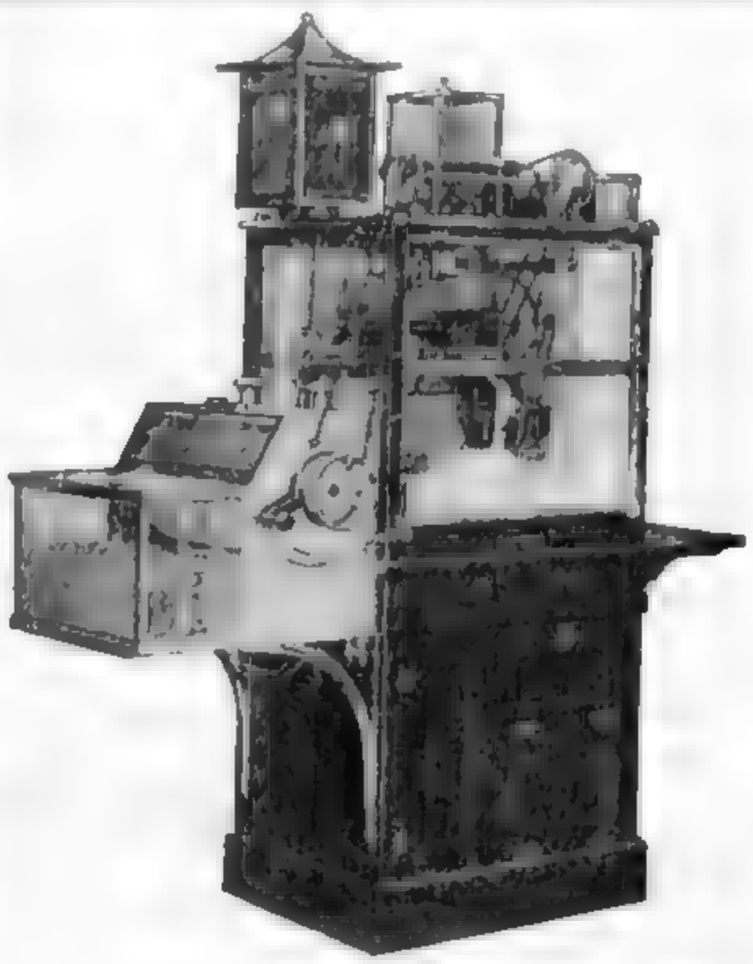
Every large printing job is dominated by consideration of either cost, class, weight, bulk, surface, strength, or a combination of two or more of these.

The twelve Warren Standard Printing Papers comprise a group, one of which fits almost any desired needs.

The Warren Suggestion Book is a demonstration of these statements and is a helpful guide to the selection of the right paper. It was prepared at some expense, and no little trouble, and copies can be sent on request only to printers; to buyers of printing, engravers and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"Constant Excellence of Product"



Can You Use $600 to $3,120 Extra Profits?

Storekeepers and Exhibitors Please Answer

It doesn't cost you anything but a postage stamp to have us send our merchandising survey and estimate the money you can make in your location from the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine.

Not in all mercantile history does inventive genius appear to have given storekeepers and exhibitors a mechanical aid that attracts such astonishing trade and earns such profits. Thousands of Butter-Kist Machines are paying their owners $600 to $3,120 clear per year. Not only that, but are stimulating sales of all other merchandise around them.

W. O. Hopkins of Indiana, for example, found that his magazine business leaped ahead 97 per cent the first year he installed the Butter-Kist Machine. And by actual count he made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist Pop Corn besides.

Mark well that this was *extra* trade this merchant would have missed (as many stores miss) without this power plant of new-found profits.

BUTTER-KIST
Pop Corn Machine

Makes a little waste space 26 x 32 inches pay five times as much profit per sq. ft. as anything known to trade.

And it meets the nation's economic need because it runs itself—requires no extra man-power. More patriots than ever are eating pop corn now because it contains no wheat or sugar.

A government bulletin says pop corn is very close to wheat in food value. It contains a high percentage of calories that supply the body with energy and heat.

Everyone loves pop corn—Butter-Kist most of all because of its *toasty flavor* that no other pop corn has.

Read What Storekeepers and Exhibitors Say:

"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than $10,000 on pop corn and peanuts." Bloomington, Ill., Pop. 25,768.

"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a $1,200 automobile besides." Electra, Tex., Pop. 3,500.

"Paid for machine out of profits in less than year." Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Pop. 4,092.

Used and praised by confectioners, druggists, theatres, variety stores, grocers, bakeries, restaurants, stationers, department stores, cigar stores, billiard parlors, florists, commissaries, etc., in cities and towns of all sizes from 400 population up to the largest.

See the actual signed sales records, proofs of profits, photographs, easy terms and full information in our new book "America's New Industry." Write for free copy today without fail.

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co., 763–776 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Mail This Coupon for Proofs of Profits

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. COMPANY, 763–776 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation to me, send your free merchandising book, "America's New Industry," prices, terms, and location survey for estimating how much I can make with Butter-Kist Machine.

Name _____ *Business* _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 65)

He was having a particularly bad attack of the blues that day and Gloria didn't like the way he spoke at all.

"What do you mean, Larry—twelve weeks left?" she asked.

He wouldn't tell her.

Meantime you mustn't think the judge was doing nothing. Though Gloria didn't go out with him any more in the afternoons, his car was often waiting when Moonlight Moments was over.

"How's your blind soldier?" he said one night.

"What do you know about my blind soldier?" she asked him suspiciously; and suspicion wasn't natural to Gloria.

"My dear child"—this in a voice that was earnest, for him—"I only know what everyone knows; and, of course, you know I love you all the more for it."

Gloria's heart reproached her for her suspicions.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, if you like," he continued. "Let's take him a good long ride to-morrow afternoon—in my car. We'll run up to the farm. The change will do him good."

"What farm?"

"My farm." And, giving her one of those glances, he added: "Your farm, too, if you like."

But Gloria didn't rise to that.

"A ride would do him good," she thoughtfully remarked.

And a ride, next day, he had. Gloria sat between him and the judge; and, though his back wasn't quite strong enough yet to let him walk round a great deal when they reached their destination, it was easy to see how much he enjoyed the change.

"Poor fellow!" said the judge to Gloria as they watched him. "You see how much he likes it." And in a lower voice he added: "We could adopt him and let him live up here if you'd really like to have him."

Gloria didn't rise to that either. Still, she was only human, and she couldn't help imagining herself as the mistress of all she surveyed—the stone house, with its red-tiled roof; the orchards; the gardens; and, best of all, the far-flung view.

"Did you do all this yourself?" she asked, unconsciously admiring the magnificence of the picture.

"My dear child"—he gently laughed in his laziest tone—"did you ever hear the story of the cricket and the ant? It was a cricket who did all this—a cricket with taste and ability; but it cost him so much he couldn't keep it. So a certain wise ant stepped in and got it for a song. Do you like it?"

If Gloria had voiced her thought she would have answered: "I thought I did—a minute ago—before I heard about the cricket." But, instead, she slowly replied: "I think it's beautiful!" And on the way back to the city, sitting again between Larry and the judge, she had one of her quietest spells.

"Judge Malvin seems to be mighty fond of you," said Larry the next time she called.

"Yes."

By that time, of course, Larry knew Gloria's business, and she often made him smile with her stories of the girls in Moonlight Moments.

"Going to marry him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Would you if you were me?"

"Like a shot!" he said, almost too quickly.

"Would you?" she doubtfully inquired. "I don't know—he's terribly clever."

"Likes to go round with you, doesn't he?"

"Yes; he wanted me to go to dinner to-night."

"Going?"

"No; I'm going to stay and have dinner with you. Then we're going out into the park and listen to the band."

"You and the judge?"

"No," she said. "You and me."

It wasn't the first time Gloria had stayed for dinner with Larry. The landlady let them have a little table to themselves in the corner of the dining room, and the other boarders could hardly eat or talk for watching Gloria and the two wonderful gifts her fairy godmother had given her.

She cut Larry's meat into dice for him, guided his hand, listened to him, laughed with him—all the time with a throbbing tenderness at her heart that few women—I think—can ever quite feel to the full unless they have mothered the afflicted.

When dinner was over she took him to his room, which was on the ground floor and had once been the back parlor. There, with the door open, she brushed his hair—it didn't really need it, so she must have liked to do it—helped him on with his coat and found his stick for him. His back felt strong that night; so they decided to leave the chair at home.

And then, her hand upon his arm, they started out for the park, followed by the adoring glances of all the children who were playing on the block.

"Do you like children?" she asked him.

"I love 'em!" said he.

Gloria was very quiet; but then, as you know, she often was.

"Is there a moon to-night?" he asked once.

"Yes; nearly full."

"I thought it was," he said, almost under his breath; and then whispered: "God!" as though he was saying something that was being pulled out of him against his will, partly in protest and partly in prayer.

"Never mind, Larry!" whispered Gloria, patting his arm. "You'll be all right again some day."

"All right again?" he bitterly repeated. "How?"

She wouldn't tell him.

"Let's be happy to-night," she said instead; and, still patting his arm, she hummed an air from Moonlight Moments.

"I'm a sour old crab at times," he sighed.

"Indeed you're not! I've a much better name for you than that."

"What is it?"

"Salt of the Earth!" she proudly told him.

"If I was all right again—the way you said do you know what I'd call you?"

"No; tell me."

He boggled over it, but it came out at last.

"Cream of the Peach," he told her.

They found a sheltered bench from which, at a distance, they could hear the band.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"That's the third couple which has walked past now, holding hands," she whispered in his ear. "I think they're looking for this bench."

"Is it that sort of bench?"

"Yes." She laughed again. "They'll think we've been quarreling."

"Why?"

"Because we're sitting—you know—so prim and upright."

He didn't say anything; but a moment later, when Gloria's shoulder touched him, he didn't move away. Her hair brushed his cheek and, as though of its own volition, his arm gently moved and found its place round her waist.

"There!" she sighed contentedly. "That's comfortable. Now don't let's talk for a while—shall we?"

And so there was silence, broken only by the music of the distant band and the stirring of the leaves overhead. And in that silence, with only the moon for light, took place one of those strange, silent dramas of hopes and fears such as man has staged in his heart since time immemorial.

I cannot begin to describe it. Awakening Love; that could better be interpreted by music if the accompaniment were sufficiently dreamy and the air sufficiently sweet—a sweetness touched by sadness, like the treble notes in the first few bars of Narcissus, which keep recurring to haunt the memory with their beauty. The Premonition; Power—which needs thunder and the roaring of lions; the Invisible Net; the Unwary Feet; the Struggle; the Capture. But in Larry's case the drama went further yet.

"Oh, well—just for to-night," he thought. "It's only because she pities me. It'll make it a bit harder to go—that's all; but it's worth it. How I could love her though! How I could love her if ——"

"Don't cry, Larry," she murmured, feeling the sob in his heart and coiling her arm round his shoulder. "You'll be all right again soon."

But she wouldn't tell him how.

"I'll have to forget her. I'll have to cut this out!" he savagely told himself. "Or I won't be able to get away when I mean to." And aloud he said:

"I think we'd better be getting on. I think we'd better be starting now."

"Just a little longer!" she breathed.

Through an opening in the trees she caught sight of the upper story of an apartment house—one of those majestic buildings of which Judge Malvin had said to her: "How would you like to live somewhere over there?" From the driveway came the

(Concluded on Page 71)

Confidence

CLIPPER belt lacing has the confidence of American manufacturers. A complete list of Clipper users would include the leaders in every line of American industry. We are proud to be able to count among our customers the following nationally known manufacturers. It is needless to say that none of their plants lack anything that will make them efficient to the last degree.

Waste has been reduced to the minimum. The saving of time has been made the study of experts, with the result that they have adopted Clipper belt lacing

It is not an exaggeration to assert that Clipper belt lacing predominates in all the manufacturing centers of the world.

American Agricultural Chemical Co.
American Radiator Co.
American Straw Board Co.
Baldwin Locomotive Works
Belding Bros. & Co.
Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Buck's Stove & Range Co.
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National Lead Co.
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Owens Bottle Machine Co
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These names (only a single one selected from any industry) are used by permission Hundreds of others, equally representative, in all industries, might be listed if space permitted.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

Any machine workman can lace a belt with the Clipper. The low cost of the Clipper makes it possible to maintain Clipper equipment at convenient points around the plant.

The Clipper makes a durable joint—one that pulls better and is safer—is flush with the belt on both sides and is more flexible than the belt itself.

The Clipper goes to you for free trial. It is perpetually guaranteed where Clipper hooks are used. The American Museum of Safety gave the Clipper the only gold medal ever awarded for metal lacing. Use of the Clipper in your plant will solve effectively your belt lacing problems.

Some mill supply dealer in every city sells the Clipper

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

How an Army of Men Became Palmolive Buyers

They are not *new users,* this army—their women-folk bought Palmolive for them before the war. So, accustomed to its comfort, they missed it sorely when they went into the service.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather with its extraordinary cleansing qualities might seem only a pleasant luxury at home. To men begrimed and weary from a soldier's strenuous days it became a necessity to comfort.

Thus our men soon demanded that Palmolive be sold at all Post Exchange Stores. It follows them to the fighting front in the canteens, recreation centers and Y. M. C. A. huts.

The same profuse lather responds instantly to the first rub whether the water is hard or soft, cold or hot. And it removes the grime more quickly and thoroughly than harsher soaps, refreshing while it cleanses.

All because Palmolive contains the famous palm and olive oils which Nature has endowed with magical cleansing qualities discovered 3,000 years ago by Ancient Egypt.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is the latest Palmolive achievement. It multiplies itself 250 times, so a single bit suffices for a shave. The creamy, tenacious lather lasts for fully ten minutes, so that it doesn't need replacement. This lather is also a lotion, because it contains Palm and Olive Oils.

Palmolive Soap is sold by leading dealers everywhere, and provided by those leading hotels which specialize in particular service. Made only by

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

859 *"Work full time, stick to your job until your work is done"—Secretary of Labor*

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distant throbbing of motor cars—motor cars in which Gloria took deep delight.

"I'll have to forget her. I'll have to cut this out!" Larry was thinking by her side. And aloud he said:

"Ready?"

"I'll show you how ready I am," she warned him, her voice unsteady and low.

The next moment she had put her lips up to his. He feebly struggled at first a struggle which soon ended in a close embrace; and after that they sat there for a long, long time.

Gloria didn't say much. Still, she seldom did. But after she had taken him home—and he had kissed her "Good-by, dear; and God bless you!"—not all the king's horses and all the king's men could ever make Larry forget her again.

VIII

THE next afternoon she was late. She had told Larry she would come at two; but it was nearer three when she finally appeared at his boarding house, so radiant and breathless that even he could tell there was something in the wind.

"I've got such good news!" she whispered as soon as she had kissed him.

Now Larry had meant there should be no more of that; but the wisdom of the ages seems to be unanimous that such a resolution only holds good until the first opportunity arrives at which it may be conveniently deferred until a later date.

"Good news?" he asked. "Tell me."

"I've got a position for you," she told him; and there she stopped, because she, on her part, had made up her mind to say something to him that no woman can say to a man without the twistiest kind of wrench.

"A position for me?" he asked, quite thunderstruck.

"Yes—a fine one; but"—and this is where the wrench began—"you'll have to have somebody to look after you."

She desperately tried to think of some tactful way of putting it—some softening metaphor—some clever play of words. But her head failing her, she did as the judge once did—she let her heart take charge.

"Do you love me, Larry?" she asked.

He tried to tell her.

"And if you were making a lot of money—and needed someone to take care of you—to be with you all the time—is there anybody you know you'd rather have than me?"

His answer was another of those things that can best be expressed in music. In justice to Larry, however, it must be said that he was thinking only in abstract terms, which is the man of it, while Gloria was thinking in concrete terms, which is the woman of it.

"Then that's settled!" She sighed with relief. "As soon as the contract's signed we'll be married."

"Married?" he demanded. "For heaven's sake, Gloria, you don't think I'd let you throw yourself away on me!"

They nearly had a quarrel then; but Gloria, still letting her heart guide her, finally found that her best argument was a kiss, her best gesture a caress. It was quite another Saint Anthony affair, though with a distinctly different ending.

"Well," he said at last after she had brushed his hair—which needed doing very badly—"you haven't told me about this great position yet."

So then she told him. The manager of Moonlight Moments—Mr. Max, she called him—was planning a new program. He had all the comedy he wanted—all the songs—all the dances; but, in order to balance his numbers, he wanted something deep—something with diapason in it—something to echo in the heart.

"I'm Afraid I Don't Like Him," She Found Herself Thinking. "He Doesn't Believe in Anything"

For nearly a month he had been struggling with different acts; but some were too sticky and some were too mellow and some were simply bad.

"For heaven's sake," he had cried that morning at rehearsal, "isn't there a new act anywhere on earth that can reach over and get you?"

This set Gloria thinking; and as soon as rehearsal was over she had told Mr. Max about the first time she had met Larry—that time when he was having the paper read to him by Arthur of the rueful countenance.

"And, honestly, Larry," she concluded, "he got all worked up about it and shook hands with me! I think he's going to have some funny war stories written for you, and changed every week; and some that are sad; and one of the best darky comedians in the country to push your chair and read the paper and play a mouth organ; and a song for you to sing as you go out. He called Teddy in; and Teddy got busy right away. You're to be happy—that's the whole thing. And I know I can't remember the chorus, but it goes something like this:

"'If I am happy
Though I cannot see,
How very, very happy
Every one of you should be!'

There!" she cried in rare delight. "If I haven't remembered it, though I heard it only once!" Which might be taken as a good omen.

Moreover, as Larry listened Gloria became conscious of a new expression on his face. It wasn't exactly approval, any more than it was disapproval. It was something more fundamental than anything like that.

It was an awakening expression of hope, of interest; the look of one who turns to the future instead of brooding over the past; the look, let us say, of a player in the great game of life who thought he was out of the game for good but who is suddenly provided with a new stake to play with, a new prize to strive for.

"O Lord," he groaned, though he was really talking to Gloria, "if I had only met you three years ago, before—before ——"

Gloria's eyes were deep with tenderness.

"Don't worry!" she said. "You'll be all right again soon." But she wouldn't tell him how.

"Wouldn't it be great if I did make good!" he whispered at last.

Gloria's eyes were deeper than wells.

"Don't worry!" she breathed again "Something tells me you'll make good."

IX

BUT, what is more to the point, Gloria also made good. About a year after that last conversation Larry was let into her room one morning, and there he was formally introduced to Larry Junior, aged one hour.

"He's just like you," murmured Gloria, "dark and strong and brave. Why, he hasn't cried once—not once! And such big eyes! He's you all over again, Larry—a regular little Salt of the Earth. Remember how I used to tell you that you'd be all right again some day? Well, now you know."

They had to send Larry Senior away then, because Gloria was growing excited; but just before he went he bent over and humbly kissed her. Gloria lay for a long time, then, very quietly. Still, she was often quiet.

Over by the door the nurse and the doctor were speaking in low voices. And, though her lips didn't move, Gloria also began speaking; speaking to One who is always among those present.

"Four thousand miles," she said; "and I was the last mile! . . . Well, I didn't let the road end with me. . . . O Lord, I've tried to keep the lamp burning—mine and Larry's. I've tried to keep your Salt of the Earth from being lost."

She turned to look at the atom by her side; and as his tiny hand opened and closed she thought of Judge Malvin's gesture—the gathering hand, the scattering, the empty palm.

"O Lord," she earnestly concluded, "if you think I've earned it, please, please be good to this little handful here—and keep him from being scattered some day. Oh, please, Lord, do! Amen!"

Made to fit in between the upper and lower glass—balanced to slide with a touch of the hand.

Fits Fords and all others. Every leading dealer in your city has it or can get it for you. Demand the

Tri-Co Rain Rubber

To clear rain or snow from the windshield.

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Do You Need More Money? In your spare time you can earn from $5.00 to $20.00 extra each week. The work is our local [illegible] Tri-Co Curtain Rubber Company (Inc.) Independence Square Philadelphia, Pa.

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

If the Hoosier Was for Men

A Message to Husbands, Fathers, Brothers

EVERY modern business office, factory and store would have a Hoosier if its labor-saving made man's work easier and added to the efficiency of his business or profession. No man would countenance, in his affairs, methods that wasted time and energy. But in America's kitchens—where the Nation's biggest industry is conducted—millions of wives, mothers and sisters spend weary hours and walk needless miles because men carelessly leave thoughts of efficiency behind when business hours are over.

Be a "Home Efficiency" Engineer

Uncle Sam has said, "A kitchen cabinet is just as important to the woman as the bench to the workman or the laboratory desk to the chemist. With it the housekeeper can sit down comfortably with her whole kitchen workshop within easy reach. It saves walking to and fro to gather up this thing or that to prepare the food."

Would you heed this vital truth if it applied to your own comfort and convenience? Then study the problems of your home. Become a self-appointed efficiency engineer. Rule against time and energy wasters. Provide the labor-saving equipment your "home superintendent" should have—the conveniences she deserves.

The Hoosier in Highest Favor

Chief among home requirements is the kitchen cabinet. And the Hoosier is universally recognized as the leader. It has released the bonds of drudgery in over a million homes. It brings every scientific advancement—practical arrangement, extra space, the newest food saving ideas and places for 400 articles within arm's reach.

The Hoosier restores the charm to home keeping, prevents waste and conserves strength.

Eight of the world's foremost Domestic Science experts have aided in making it the most practical and serviceable kitchen helper. It has no peer in the realm of home needs.

The Wanted Thrift Gift

Go now and select one of the many Hoosier models, all moderately priced, as your Christmas offering. Make one heart glad on Christmas day—happy all year long. The popular purchase plan, which the Hoosier merchant will explain, makes this great convenience within reach of all.

The Hoosier policy guarantees your money all back if you are not delighted. It is your patriotic duty to buy useful gifts and to buy early. So go to the authorized Hoosier store in your town at once. If you don't know his name, write us direct for catalog, prices and terms. Make this a Hoosier Christmas.

HOOSIER MFG. COMPANY, 458 Van Buren St., New Castle, Ind.

Largest Makers of Kitchen Cabinets in the World

BRANCHES: The Hoosier Store, 1067 Market Street, San Francisco, California
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HOOSIER
KITCHEN CABINET

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 16)

Curiosity prompted me to say: "What made you think I had a motive for getting over it?"

"Looks. You can always tell what a man's made for by the kind of looker he is. As a looker you're some swell. Lovikins here, now ——"

"If I can't do as well as the likes o' you, ye poor little snipe of a bartender for babies ——"

"What'll you bet you can't?" Pyn asked good-naturedly.

"I ain't a bettin' man, but I can show!"

"Well, you show, and I'll lay fifty cents against you. You'll be umpire, Slim, and hold the stakes. Is that a go?"

"I don't 'ave no truck o' that kind," Lovey declared loftily. "I'm a doer, I am—when I get a-goin'. I don't brag beforehand—not like some."

I was still curious, however, about myself.

"And what did you make out of my looks, Pyn?"

He stopped, stood off and eyed me.

"Do you know what you're like now?"

"I know I'm not like anything human."

"You're like a twenty-dollar bill that's been in every pawnshop, and every bar, and every old woman's stocking, and every old bum's pocket, and is covered with dirt and grease and microbes till you wouldn't hardly hold it in your hand; but it's still a twenty-dollar bill—that'll buy twenty dollars' worth every time—and whenever you like you can get gold for it."

"Thank you, Pyn," I returned humbly as we went on our way again. "That's the whitest thing that has ever been said to me."

Before we reached Vandiver Street Pyn had given us two bits of information, both of which I was glad to receive.

One was entirely personal, being a brief survey of his fall and rise. The son of a barber in one of the small towns near New York, he had gone to work with a druggist on leaving the high school. His type, as he described it, had been from the beginning that of the cheap sport. Cheap sports had been his companions, and before he was twenty-one he had married a pretty manicure girl from his father's establishment.

He had married her while on a spree, and after the spree had repented. Repenting chiefly because he wasn't earning enough to keep a wife, he threw the blame for his mistake on her. When a baby came he was annoyed; when a second baby came he was desperate; when a third promised to appear he was overwhelmed. Since the expenses of being a cheap sport couldn't be reduced he saw no resource but flight to New York, leaving his wife to fend for herself and her children.

Folly having made of him a hard drinker, remorse made of him a harder one. And since no young fellow of twenty-four is callous enough to take wife desertion with an easy conscience my own first talks with him had been filled with maudlin references to a kind of guilt I hadn't at the time understood. All I knew was that from bad he had gone to worse, and from worse he was on the way to the worst of all, when old Colonel Straight rescued him.

The tale of that rescue unfolded some of the history of the Down and Out. As to that Pyn laid the emphasis on the fact that the club was not a mission—that is, it was not the effort of the safe to help those who are in danger; it was the effort of those who are in danger to help themselves. Built up on unassisted effort it was self-respecting.

No bribes had ever been offered it, and no persuasions but such as a man who has got out of hell can bring to bear on another who is still frying in the fire. Its action being not from the top downward but from the bottom upward, it had a native impulse to expansion.

Its inception had been an accident. Two men who had first met as Pyncheon and I had first met lost sight of each other for several years. At a time when each had worked his salvation out they had come together by accident on Broadway, and had by another accident become responsible for a third. Finding him one night lying on the pavement of a lonely street they had seemingly had no choice but to pick him up and carry him to a cheap but friendly hostelry which they knew would not refuse him. Here they had kept him till he had sobered up and taken the job they found for him. Watching over him for months they finally had the pleasure of restoring him to his wife and seeing a broken home put on its feet again. This third man, in gratitude for what had been done for him, went after a fourth, and the fourth after a fifth, and so the chain was flung out.

By the time their number had increased to some twenty-five or thirty, Providence offered them a dwelling place.

The dwelling place, with the few apparently worthless articles it contained, was all the club had ever accepted as a gift. Even that might have been declined had it not been for the fact that it was going begging. When old Miss Smedley died it was found that she had left her residence in Vandiver Place as a legacy to St. David's Church across the way. She had left it, however, as an empty residence. As an empty residence it was in a measure a white elephant on the hands of a legatee that had no immediate use for it.

"'E Come in 'ere,' I Says to 'im, 'Because My Buddy Come in 'ere; and Wherever 'e Goes I'll Follow 'im'"

At the Front

GEM
DAMASKEENE
RAZOR
Khaki Service Outfit

The **GEM**'s right in the *front ranks* of popularity where it has been for over a quarter of a century, and millions of **GEMS** are in use today—the **GEM Khaki Service Outfit,** with the famous **GEM** blades, is a popular favorite—is giving comfort and satisfaction to thousands of our boys, at home, *at the front* and on the seas—durable, dependable, simple—easy to carry, easy to use.

Brighten his Christmas with a GEM

$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

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Outfit with Trench Mirror $1.35

Add 10c to above prices, for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York
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Are your nerves like this ?

"Broker"
2 for 25c
To retain its goodness

Are you easily irritated? Easily annoyed? Do children get on your nerves? Do you fly off the handle and then feel ashamed of yourself?

When nerves are right—when health is right—you shouldn't be this way. Ask any doctor.

If you're a smoker, try this: switch to Girards; give them a good fair trial—say a couple of weeks—and smoke nothing else. The Girard is famous for the fact that it *never gets on your nerves.* Doctors recommend it, and smoke it, too. Thousands of smokers from coast to coast have put Girards to this test—*and mighty glad they are today that they did it.*

First, because it never gets on their nerves; and second, because, as a smoke, it's a ripe, mellow, full-flavored, Havana delight—good right down to the last long puff. We have heard men say that they never knew what real smoke-joy was until they switched to Girards. Put it to the test yourself—get a box today.

Any cigar man in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them from us.

Antonio Roig & Langedorf
Established 1871 *Philadelphia*

The Girard Cigar
Never gets on your nerves

St. David's Church, you will remember, was not now the fashionable house of prayer it had been in its early days. Time was when Vandiver Place was the heart of exclusive New York. In the forties and fifties no section of the city had been more select. In the sixties and seventies, when Doctor Grace was rector of St. David's, it had become time-honored. In the eighties and nineties the old families began to move uptown and the boarding houses to creep in; and in the early years of the twentieth century the residents ceded the ground entirely to the manufacturer of artificial flowers and the tailor of the ready-to-wear. In 1911 the line of houses that made it a *cul-de-sac* was torn down and a broad thoroughfare cut through a congeries of slums, the whole being named Vandiver Street. Vandiver Place was gone; and with it went Miss Smedley.

Rufus Legrand, who succeeded Doctor Grace as rector of St. David's, offered Miss Smedley's house as a home for the Down and Out; but it was Beady Lamont, a husky furniture mover and ardent member of the club, who suggested this philanthropic opportunity to Rufus Legrand.

"Say, reverent, my buddy's give in at last, on'y I haven't got no place to put him. But, say, reverent, there's that old house I helped to move the sticks out of two or three months ago. There's three beds left in it, and a couple of chairs. Me and him could bunk there for a few nights, while he got straightened out, and ——"

"But you'd have no bedclothes."

"Say, reverent, we don't want no bedclothes. Sleepin' in the park'll learn you how to do without sheets."

"My daughter, Mrs. Ralph Coningsby, could undoubtedly supply you with some."

"Say, reverent, that ain't our way. We don't pass the buck on no one. What we haven't got we do without till we can pay for it ourselves. But that old house ain't doin' nothing but sit on its haunches; and if I could just get Tiger into the next bed to mine at night—we don't want no bedclothes nor nothing but what we lay down in—and take him along with me when I go to work by day, so as to keep my searchlights on him, like ——"

Rufus Legrand had already sufficiently weighed the proposal.

"I'm sure I don't see why you shouldn't sleep in the old place as long as you like, Beady, if you can only make yourselves comfortable."

"Say, reverent, now you're shouting."

So another accident settled the fate of Miss Smedley's lifelong home; and before many weeks the Down and Out was in full possession.

It was in full possession of the house with the refuse the heirs had not considered good enough to take away—three iron bedsteads that the servants had used; an equal number of humble worn-out mattresses; two tolerably solid wooden chairs, three that needed repairs, which were speedily given them; some crockery, more or less chipped and cracked; and a stained steel engraving of Franklin in the salon of Marie Antoinette.

True to its principles the club accepted neither gifts of money nor contributions in kind. Its members were all graduates of the school of doing without. To those who came there a roof over the head was a luxury, while to have a friend to stand by them and care whether they went to the devil or not was little short of a miracle.

But by the time Billy Pyncheon had been brought in by old Colonel Straight gratitude, sacrifice and enthusiasm on the part of one or another of the members had adequately fitted up this house to which Lovey and I were on the way. It had become, too, the one institution of which the saloon keepers of my acquaintance were afraid. We were all afraid of it. It had worked so many wonders among our pals that we had come to look on it as a home of the necromantic. Missions of any kind we knew how to cope with; but in the Down and Out there was a sort of wizardry that tamed the wildest hearts among us, cast out devils and raised the nearly dead. I myself for a year or more—ever since I had seen the spell it had wrought on Pyn, for whom from the first I had felt a sympathy—had been haunted by the dread of it; and here I was at the door.

The door when we got to it was something of a disappointment. It was at the head of a flight of old-time brownstone steps, and was just like any other door. About it was nothing of the magical or cabalistic Lovey and I had been half expecting.

More impressive was the neat little man who opened to our ring. He was a wan, wistful, smiling little figure of sixty-odd, on whom all the ends of the world seemed to have come. He was like a man who has been dead and buried and has come to life again—but who shows he has been dead. If I had to look like that . . .

But I took comfort in the thought of Pyn. Pyn showed nothing. He was like one of the three holy men who went through Nebuchadnezzar's furnace — the smell of fire had not passed on him. A heartier, healthier, merrier fellow it would have been difficult to find.

He entered now with the air of authority which belongs to the member of a club.

"Fellows had their breakfast, Spender?"

Spender was all welcome, of the wistful, yearning kind.

"The men at work is gone; but the guys under restraint is still at table."

"Mr. Christian not here yet?"

"Never gets here before nine; and it's not half past seven yet."

Pyn turned to me.

"Say, do you want to go in and feed, or will you wash up first, or go to bed, or what?"

With this large liberty of choice I asked if we could do whatever we liked. It was Spender who explained.

"That's the rule for new arrivals, unless they've got to be put under restraint at once."

"I don't want to be put under no restraint," Lovey declared indignantly.

"That'll be all right," Spender replied kindly, "unless there's vermin ——"

Lovey jumped.

"See here, now! Don't you begin no such immodest talk to me."

"There, there, Lovikins," Pyn broke in. "Spender don't mean no harm. All sorts have to come to a place like this. But when we see a gentleman we treat him like a gentleman. All Spender wants to know is this: Is it eats for you first or a bath?"

"And I don't want no bath," Lovey declared proudly.

"Then it'll be eats. Quick march! I've got to beat it back to my job."

Pyn's introduction of us to those already in the dining room was simple.

"This is Lovey. This is Slim. You guys'll make 'em feel at home."

Making us feel at home consisted in moving along the table so as to give us room. In words there was no response to Pyn, who withdrew at once, nor was there more than a cursory inspection of us with the eyes. Whatever was kindly was in the atmosphere, and that was perceptible.

As we sat before two empty places one of our new companions rose, went to the dresser behind us and brought us each a plate, a spoon, a knife and a cup and saucer. A big man went to the kitchen door and in a voice like thunder called out "Mouse!"

By the time he had returned to his place a stumpy individual with a big red mustache and a limp appeared on the threshold. An explanation of the summons was given him when a third of our friends pointed at us with a spoonful of oatmeal porridge before he put it in his mouth.

Mouse withdrew into the kitchen, coming back with two basins of porridge, which he placed steaming hot before us. Presently, too, he filled our cups with coffee. Bread and butter, sugar and milk were all on the table. The meal went on in silence, except for the smacking of lips and the clinking of spoons on the crockeryware.

Of our fellow guests I can only say that they presented different phases of the forlorn. The man next to me was sallow, hatchet-faced, narrow-breasted, weak of physique, and looked as if he might have been a tailor. His hair was a shock of unkempt black curls, and his dark eyes the largest and longest and most luminous I ever saw in a man. In their nervous glance they made me think of a horse's eyes, especially when he rolled them toward me timidly.

Opposite was a sandy, freckled man, whom I easily diagnosed as a Scotchman. Light hair, light eyebrows and a heavy reddish mustache set off a face scored with a few deep wrinkles, and savage like that of a beast fretted with a sense of helplessness. The shaking hand that passed the bread to me was muscular, freckled and covered with coarse, reddish hairs. I put him down as a gardener.

At the head of the table was a huge, unwieldy fellow who looked as if he had all run to fat, but who, as I afterward learned,

(Continued on Page 77)

A Response Nation-Wide
Greets This Fountain Shaving Brush

Brush and Cream in One—
The Essential Gift for Men

YES, multitudes of men have responded to our first announcement of this wonderful shaving brush that supplies its own lather *from a fountain of cream in the handle!* Not only thousands of men who shave at home, but sailors, soldiers and travelers, too.

Every day now a growing host are shaving the Warner way with only this Fountain Brush and a razor.

Half the Time—Half the Work

The Warner Brush takes the place of shaving sticks and soap and mugs and separate tubes of shaving cream. It is the up-to-date method. It does the work better—*and in half the time!*

It is sponsored by Mr. A. P. Warner, whose products have always met high favor. The Warner Speedometer and Warner-Lenz are famous today throughout the world. Yet this new Fountain Brush serves even greater numbers. *It serves every man who shaves!*

Saves Cream and Effort

Simply turn the Warner control and the cream in the handle is released to the heart of the bristles. Each time comes precisely the right amount for one shave. The lather generates instantly inside the brush. So it's ready-prepared when it reaches the beard.

The Warner Brush is doubly prized as a gift because it is convenient and sanitary, and saves cream and effort.

Mennen's Cream—Rubberset Bristles

The bristles are genuine Rubberset—soft and thick. In the handle a cartridge of Mennen's Shaving Cream—plenty for 60 to 80 shaves.

This prized combination in the Warner Brush gives men the best that's known for shaving. And not only that, but convenience unheard of.

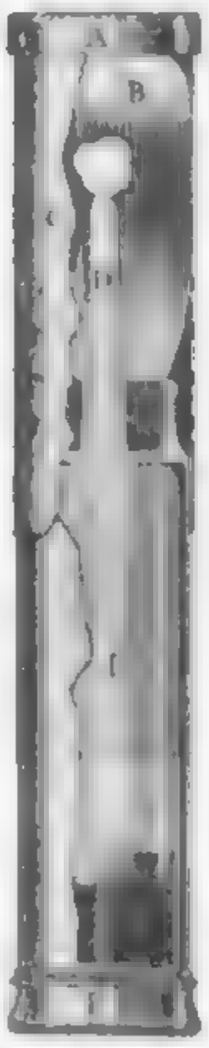
Brings Sanitary Shaving

Dealers will supply new cartridges of Mennen's Shaving Cream for 35c. Fed as it is by the Warner control, the cream lasts longer because there is no waste. Moreover, the Warner feed seals itself, so the cream cannot dry out between shaves.

The brush is cleansed merely by rinsing in the usual way. Or it can be sterilized by unscrewing the brush-end and dropping into boiling water. Up to this time, no brush has been so sanitary. And none so handy, of course

The brush dries quickly—on the shelf, in the traveling bag or soldier's or sailor's kit. And it can't dampen other articles because of the telescope guard that encloses the bristles.

Every man who shaves will want this Fountain Brush. Read our free approval offer at the left



Send No Money for This Brush

Decide right now to use the Warner Brush yourself. And also send one to a soldier or a sailor. For this brush serves *all* men alike. And wherever it goes, back comes the call for more!

Go see this brush today, at your dealer's. If his supply has not yet arrived mail us his name on the coupon printed here and we will send him a brush post-haste for your free inspection and approval.

If entirely satisfied, pay the dealer $4 (the regular price) and the brush is yours.

But if for any reason you don't want it after examination, you are not obliged to pay any money whatever. Go try your dealer today. If you don't find this brush then mail us the free approval coupon without fail.

WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH

"everything but the razor"

If your dealer can't supply you send direct to us.

Warner-Patterson Co., 918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

FREE APPROVAL COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
918 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4. This does not obligate me to pay any money if after free examination I decide I do not want the brush.

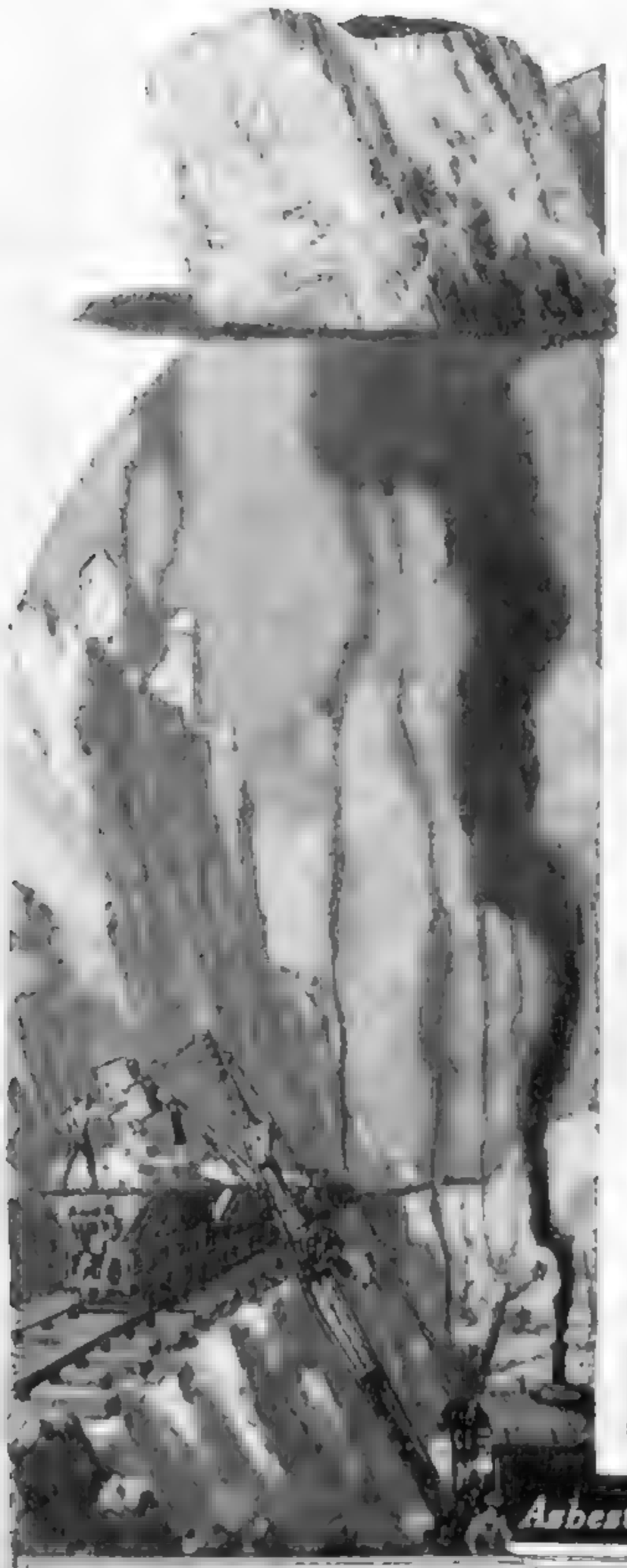
My Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Two Mines with but a single thought



The coal mine and the asbestos mine have a big job in common —maximum production of power.

With the burning of coal in these times goes the obligation to use its heat efficiently. So every ton of fuel mined summons more asbestos from another mine, automatically, to guard jealously the heat from that fuel.

The two mines are racing together toward a common goal.

As the largest factor in the mining and fabrication of asbestos, Johns-Manville bears a burden of heavy responsibility. Asbestos is the fibrous mineral base of the most efficient heat insulations. It is the necessary other 15% in 85% Magnesia.

It is, as well, the basic material for many economical packings which reduce friction, prevent leakage, resist wear, and save power. In almost every plant improvement or extension, asbestos in one form or another is practically indispensable.

This development of asbestos from the status of a little-known curiosity to its present rating as an industrial necessity, is due in no small part to Johns-Manville. So we can be doubly proud that when the nation needed Asbestos, our mines and factories, our laboratories and mills, our engineers and chemists, all were ready to play their part in the nation's service.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

To save steam and power, and hence to save coal, specify these Johns-Manville Materials:

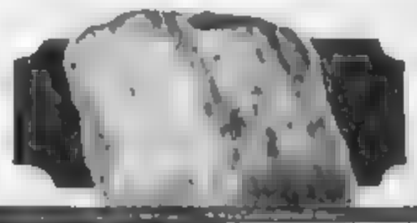
Asbesto-Sponge Felted Heat Insulation; 85% Magnesia Sectional Insulation; Asbestocel and Air-Cell Sectional Insulations.

Sea Ring Rod and Shaft Packing; Universal Piston Packing; Mogul Stem Packing; Service Sheet Packing; Seigelite Sheet Packing; Kearsarge Gaskets; Vulcabestos Pump Valves.

Asbestos Mines — JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT — *Coal Mines*

—and so:

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SERVES IN CONSERVATION

through Asbestos  *and its allied products*

ROOFINGS *that cut down fire risk*
INSULATION *that keeps heat where it belongs*
CEMENTS
PACKINGS *that stop power waste*
LININGS *that make boilers safe*

(Continued from Page 74)

was a mass of muscle and sinew, like a Japanese wrestler. He had bloated cheeks and bloated hands, and a voice so big and bass that when he spoke, as he did on going to the door to summon Mouse, he almost shook the dishes on the dresser. He proved to be, too, a pal of Beady Lamont's, and as a piano mover by profession he frequented Beady's spheres.

At the big man's right was a poor little whippersnapper, not more than five foot two, who looked as if a puff would blow him away; and opposite him a tall, spare, fine-looking Irishman, a hospital attendant, whose face would have been full of humor had it not been convulsed for the time being with a sense of mortal anguish. It was he who had brought us our dishes, and took pains to see that our needs were supplied.

No more than any of the others were we eager for conversation. The fact that we were having good warm food served in a more or less regular way was enough to occupy all that was uppermost in our thoughts. Poor Lovey ate as he had drunk the chocolate half an hour before, with a greed that was almost terrible. Once more I might have done the same had I not taken his example as a warning. Not that anything I did would have attracted attention in that particular gathering. Each man's gaze was turned inward. His soul's tragedy absorbed him to the exclusion of everything else. Reaction from the stupor of excess brought nothing but a sense of woe. There was woe on all faces. There would have been woe in all thoughts if conscious thought had not been outside the range of these drugged and stultified faculties.

What was more active than anything else was a blind fellow feeling. They did little things for each other. They did little watchful things for Lovey and me. They even quarreled over their kindnesses like children eager to make themselves useful.

"You'll want to know where the barthroom is," the timid tailor said to me as we rose from table. "I'll show you."

There was a snarl from the whippersnapper across the way.

"Aw, put your lid on, Headlights. How long have you been showin' barthrooms in this here shebang?" He beckoned to me. "You come along o' me, Slim ——"

It was the Irishman who intervened to keep the peace.

"Listen to Daisy now, will you? He's like a fox terrier that owns the house and grounds, and barks at everywan who goes by. Look now, Daisy! You take this ould gent up to the bathroom on the top floor; and you, Headlights, show Slim to the one on the second floor, and every wan o' you'll have a bite at the cake."

With this peaceable division of the honors we started off.

I must describe the club as very humble. The rooms themselves, as was natural with an old New York residence, did not lack dignity. Though too narrow for their height they had admirable cornices, and some exquisite ceiling medallions. It is probable, too, that in days when there were no skyscrapers in the neighborhood the house was light enough, but now it wore a general air of dimness. The furnishings were just what you might have expected from the efforts of very poor men in giving of their small superfluity. There were plenty of plain wooden chairs and a sufficiency of tables to match them. In the two downstairs sitting rooms, which must once have been Miss Smedley's front and back drawing-rooms, there were benches against the wall. A roll-top desk, which I learned was the official seat of Mr. Christian, was so placed as to catch the light from Vandiver Street. A plain black wooden cross between the two front windows, and Franklin in the salon of Marie Antoinette in the place of honor over a fine old white marble mantelpiece, completed the two reception rooms.

The floor above was given over to the dormitories for outsiders, and contained little more than beds. They were small iron beds, made up without counterpanes. As every man made his own the result would not have passed the inspection of a high-class chambermaid, but they satisfied those who lay down in them. Since outsiders came in, like Lovey and me, with little or nothing in the way of belongings, it was unnecessary to make further provision for their wardrobes than could be found in the existing closets and shelves. In the front bedroom, which I suppose must have been Miss Smedley's, there were nine small beds; in the room back of that there were seven; and in a small room over the kitchen, given up to the men positively under restraint, there were five. Twenty-one outsiders could thus be cared for at a time.

On the third floor were the dormitories for club members—men who had kept sober for three months and more, and who wore a star of a color denoting the variety of their achievements. On this floor, too, was a billiard, card and smoking room, accessible to anyone, even to outsiders, who had kept sober for three weeks. On the top floor of all were a few bedrooms, formerly those of Miss Smedley's servants, reserved for the occasional occupancy of such grandees as had preserved their integrity for three years and more; and here, too, was the sacred place known as "the lounge," to which none was admitted who didn't wear the gold or silver star representing sobriety for at least a year.

The whole was, therefore, a carefully arranged hierarchy in which one mounted according to one's merit. Little Spender wore the gold star, indicating a five years' fight with the devil; and Mouse, the cook, a blue one, which meant that he had been victorious for three months. All others in the club when Lovey and I arrived were outsiders like ourselves. Outsiders gave their word to stay a week, generally for the purpose of sobering up, but beyond that nothing was asked of them. At the beginning of the second week they could either continue their novitiate or go.

This information was given me by Headlights as we stood on the threshold of the bathroom before I passed in. When the tale was ended, however, the Scotchman, who had taken little or no part in our reception, pushed by me and entered.

"You'll be wanting a shave," he said in explanation of his rudeness. "There are my things"—he got down on all fours to show me a safety razor and a broken cup containing a brush and shaving soap, hidden behind one of the legs of the bathtub—"and you'll oblige me by putting them back. Daisy, the wee bye you saw at the table, is doing the same by your chum. I make no doubt your own things have been held in your last rooming house."

When I had admitted that this was exactly the case and had thanked my friends for their courtesies they withdrew, leaving me to my toilet.

After the good meal the bath was a genuine luxury. It was a decent bathroom, kept by the men, as all the house was kept, in a kind of dingy cleanliness. Cleanliness, I found, was not only a principle of the club; it was one of the first indications that those who came in for shelter gave of a survival of self-respect. Some of their efforts in that way were amusing or pathetic, as the case might be, but they were always human and touching.

While shaving I had an inspiration that was to have some effect on what happened to me afterward. I decided to let my mustache grow. As it grew strongly in any case a four days' absence of the razor had given my upper lip a deep walnut tinge, and should I leave the club after the week to which I had tacitly pledged myself by coming there at all I should look different from when I entered. To look different was the first of the obscure and violent longings of which my heart was full. It would be the nearest possible thing to getting away from my old self. Not to be the same man at all as the one who had exchanged those few strange sentences with Regina Barry seemed to be the goal toward which I was willing to struggle at any cost of sacrifice.

Having bathed and shaved I was not an ill-looking fellow till it came to putting on my shirt again. Any man who has worn a shirt for forty-eight hours in a city or on a train knows what a horror it becomes in the exposed spots on the chest and about the wrists. I had had but one shirt for a week and more—and but the one soft collar. You can see already, then, that in spite of some success in smartening up my damp and threadbare suit I left the bathroom looking abject.

I was not, however, so abject as Lovey when I found him again in the front sitting room downstairs.

In the back sitting room our table companions were all arranged in a row against the wall. In spite of the fact that there were plenty of chairs they sat huddled together on one bench; and though there was tobacco, as there were books, papers and magazines, they sought no occupation. When I say that they could have smoked and didn't, the wrench that had been given

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Army Razor

THE gallant Poilu of wonderful France knows the 'Ever-Ready'. He knows the smiling trade-mark face that promises quick, clean, comforting shaves—and he knows it makes good. The 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor is giving perfect service under the flag of every allied nation, on every frontier.

Extra 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades, 6 for 40c

The compact, handy 'Ever-Ready' kit, the keen cutting, hair tested blades, comprise an outfit that spells shaving efficiency in every allied tongue.

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PAR PLATE is so scientifically designed that it gives thegreatest possible service forthe money. PAR PLATE patterns are originated by the same artists who created the exquisite COMMUNITY PLATE designs.
Go to Your Dealer and see what a Dollar will Buy
Among PAR PLATE sets selling from 75 cents to $1.50 are a butter and sugar set, a set of six teaspoons, a child's set, etc.
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to their normal state of mind will be apparent. Close up to each other they pressed, the Scotchman against the piano mover, and the piano mover against the wee bye Daisy, like lovebirds on the perch of a cage or newly captured animals too terrified even to snap.

Without comment on anyone's part Lovey roamed the front sitting room alone.

"I say, sonny," he began fretfully as I entered, "this ain't no place for you and me."

I tried to buck him up.

"Oh, well, it's only for a week. We can stand it for that long. They're very civil to us."

"But they're watchin' of us already like so many cats."

"Oh, no, they're not. They're only kind."

"I don't want none o' that sort of kindness. What do ye think that two-foot-four of a Daisy says to me when 'e offered me the loan of 'is razor? 'Lovey,' says 'e, 'I'm goin' to 'elp ye to knock off the booze. It'll be terr'ble hard work for an old man like you.' 'To 'ell with you!' says I. 'Ye ain't goin' to 'elp me to do no such thing because knock it off is somethink I don't mean.' 'Well, what did you come in 'ere for?' says 'e. 'I come in 'ere,' I says to 'im, 'because my buddy come in 'ere; and wherever 'e goes I'll foller 'im.'"

"Then that's understood, Lovey," I said cheerfully. "If I go at the end of the week you go; and if I stay you stay. We'll be fellas together."

He shook his head mournfully.

"If you go at the end of the week, sonny, I go too; but if you stay—well, I don't know. I've been in jails, but I ain't never been in no such place as this—nobody with no spunk. Look at 'em in there now—nothink but a bunch of simps."

"You won't leave me, Lovey?"

The extinct blue eyes were raised to mine.

"No, sonny; I won't leave ye—not for 'ardly nothink.

IV

I DON'T know how we got the idea that before we went any farther we should be interviewed by Andy Christian, but I suppose somebody must have told us. We had heard of him, of course. He was, in fact, the master wizard whose incantations were wrecking our institutions. It was a surprise to us, therefore, to see about nine o'clock a brisk little elderly man blow in and blow past us—the metaphor is the most expressive I can use—with hardly more recognition than a nod.

"Hello, fellows!" he called out as he passed through the hall and glanced in at Lovey and me in the sitting room. "Hello, boys," he said casually through the second door, to the other group, after which he went on his way to talk domestic matters with Mouse in the kitchen.

He seemed a mild-mannered man to have done all the diabolical work we had laid at his door. Neatly dressed in a summery black-and-white check, with a panama hat, he was like any other of the million business men who were on their way to New York offices that morning. It was only when he came back from the kitchen and was in conference with some of the men in the back parlor that I caught in him that look of dead and buried tragedy with which I was to grow so familiar in other members of the club. Superficially he was clean-shaven, round-featured, rubicund and kindly, with a quirk about the lips and a smile in his twinkling gray eyes that seemed always about to tell you the newest joke. His manner toward Lovey and me, when he came into the front sitting room, was that of having known us all our lives, and of resuming a conversation that only a few minutes before had been broken off.

"Let me see! Your name is ——"

He looked at Lovey as though he knew his name perfectly well, only that for the second it had slipped his memory.

Lovey went forward to the roll-top desk at which Mr. Christian had seated himself, and whispered confidentially: "My name is Lovey, Your Honor."

The quirk about the lips seemed to execute a little caper.

"Is that your first name or your second?"

"It's my only name."

"You mean that you have another name but you don't want to tell it?"

"I mean that if I 'ave another name it ain't nobody's business but mine."

The head of the club was now writing in a ledger, his eye following the movement of his pen.

"I see that you're a man of decided opinions."

"I am—begging Your Honor's parding," Lovey declared with dignity.

"That'll help you in the fight you're going to put up." Before Lovey could protest that he wasn't going to put up no fight the genial voice went on: "And you seem like a respectable man too."

"I'm as respectable as anybody else—at 'eart. I don't use bad langwidge, nor keep bad company, nor chew, nor spit tobacco juice over nothink, and I keeps myself to myself."

"All that'll be a great help to you. What's been your occupation?"

"'Atter."

As our host was less used to the silent "h" than I it became necessary for me to say: "Hatter, sir."

I suppose it was my voice. Christian looked up quickly, studying me with a long, kind, deep regard. Had I been walking two thousand years ago on the hills of Palestine and met Someone on the road he might have looked at me like that.

The glance fell. Lovey's interrogation continued.

"And would you like that kind of job again—if we could get it for you—ultimately?"

"I don't want no job, Your Honor. I can look after myself. I didn't come in 'ere of my own free will—nor to pass the buck—nor nothink."

There was an inflection of surprise, perhaps of disapproval, in the tone.

"You didn't come in here of your own free will? I think it's the first time that's been said in the history of the club. May I ask how it happened?"

I couldn't help thinking that I ought to intervene.

"He came in on my account, sir," I said, getting up and going forward to the desk. "He's trying to keep me straight."

"That is, he'll keep straight if you do?"

"That's it, sir, exactly."

He continued to write, speaking without looking up at us.

"Then I can't think of anything more to your credit, Mr.—Mr. Lovey—is that it?"

"I don't want no mister, Your Honor—not now I don't."

"When a man takes so fine a stand as you're taking toward this young fellow he's a mister to me. I respect him, and treat him with respect. I see that we're meant to understand each other and get on together."

Poor Lovey had nothing to say. The prospect of temptation and fall being removed by his own heroism rendered him both proud and miserable at once.

When the writing was finished the kind eyes were again lifted toward me. Though the inspection was so mild, it pierced me through and through. It still seemed to cover me as he said: "You needn't tell me your real name if you don't want to—but in general we prefer it."

"I'll tell anything you ask me, sir. My name is Frank Melbury." In order to conceal nothing I added: "As a matter of fact, it's Francis Worsley Melbury Melbury; but I use it in the shortened form I've given you."

"Thanks. You're English?"

"I'm a Canadian. My father is Sir Edward Melbury, of Montreal."

"Married?"

"No, sir. Single."

"And you have a profession?"

"Architect."

"Have you worked at that profession here in New York?"

I gave him the names of the offices in which I had found employment.

"And would you like to work at it again?"

"I should, sir."

"As a matter of fact we have a number of architects, not exactly in the club, but friendly toward it, and on intimate terms with us. I'll introduce you to some of them when—when you get on your feet. How old are you—thirty?"

"Thirty-one."

For some two minutes he went on writing.

"How long since you've been drinking?"

"My last drink was three days ago."

"And how long since you've been actually drunk?"

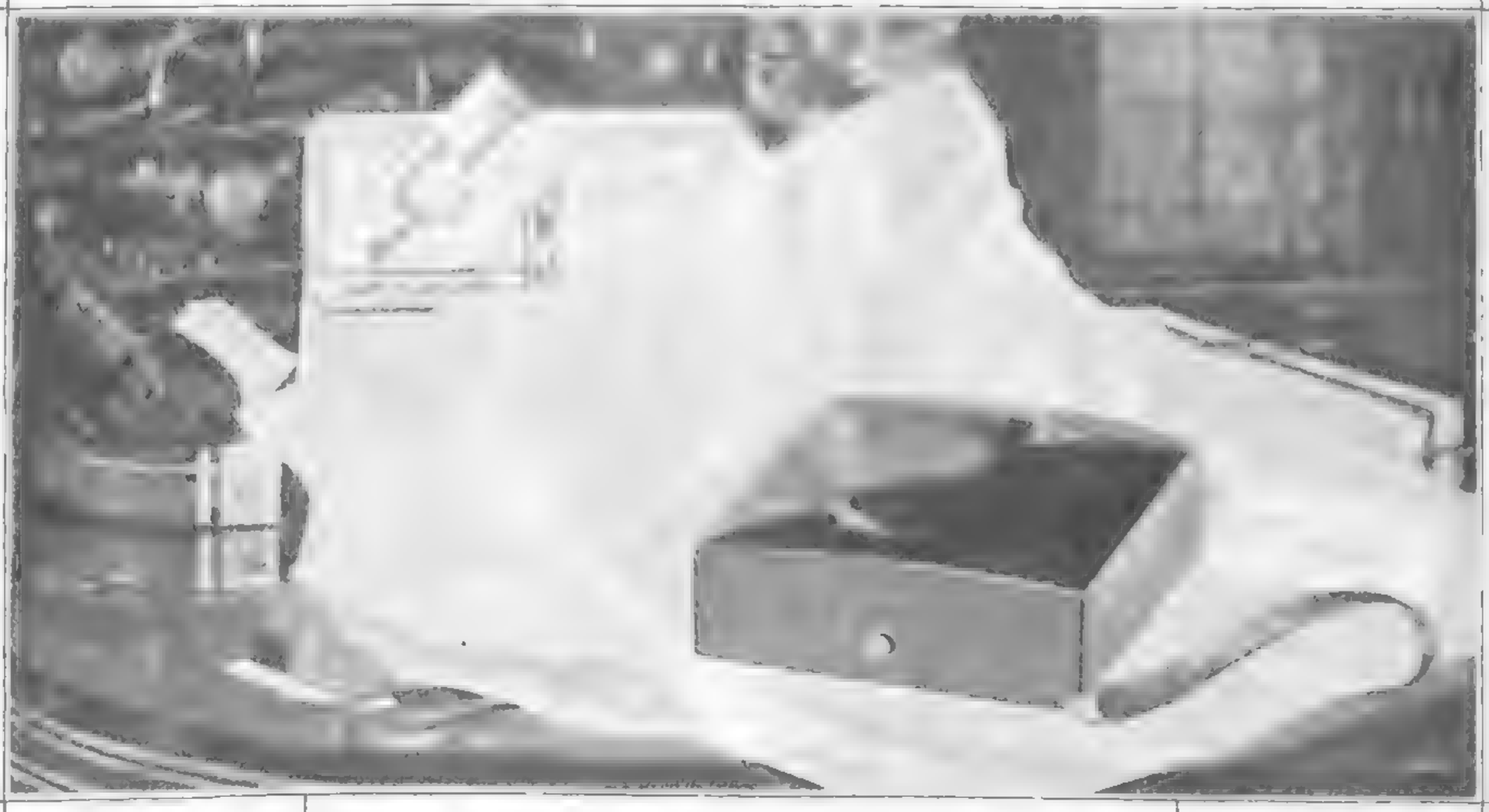
"About a week."

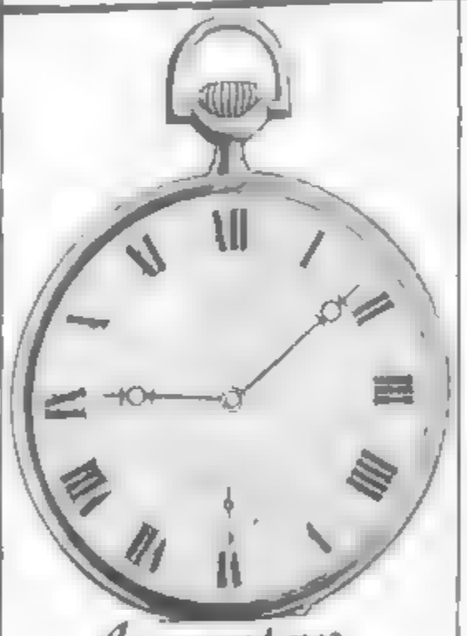
"And before that?"

"It was pretty nearly all the time."

"It's a great advantage to you to come to us sober. It means that you know what you're doing, and are to some extent counting the cost. Men will take any kind of

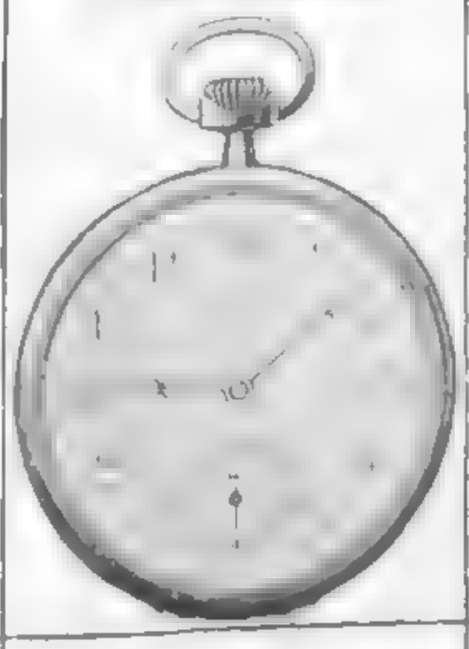
(Continued on Page 81)





Augustan

Designed in the spirit of the Augustan era—keen, practical like America of today. 12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face. Plain Polished—in 14k. solid-gold case—$125, $100, $75.



Tudor

Embodying that cosmopolitanism which was so characteristic of the Tudor period, as it is of our own times. 12-size, Extra Thin, Open Face. Plain Polished—in 14k. solid-gold case of special compact construction—$125, $100, $75

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Better Select His Christmas Howard Early!

THIS Holiday season may well be the time to realize his wish for a Howard Watch, and your own wish to give it to him.

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There is *personality* in these Howards—a distinction of appearance. It makes ownership of a Howard better worth while than ever, and doubles the pleasure of selecting a watch for the Howard type of man.

We suggest that you select his Christmas Howard early. We know the conditions.

The gift season always bears hard on the jeweler's supply of Howard watches—more so than ever this Christmas, because of the high buying power of the public.

The sooner you see your jeweler, the more certain you are to find just the Period Howard you want for the man you have in mind.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it. Not every jeweler can sell you a Howard Watch. More than ever, the jeweler who can is a good man to know.

HOWARD WATCHES
$50 TO $165

THE EDWARD HOWARD
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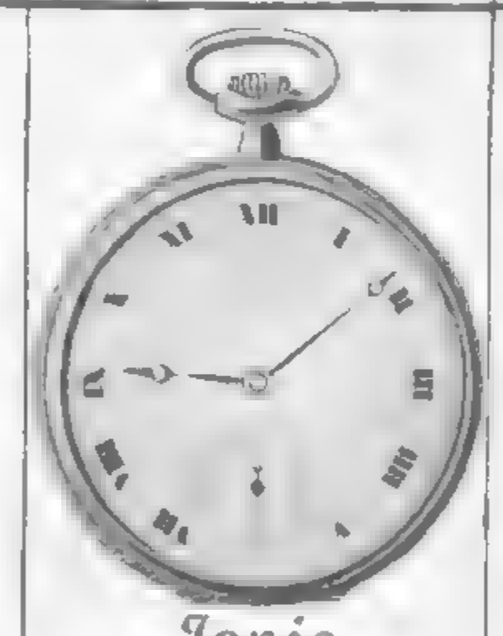
Established 1842
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY, PROP.

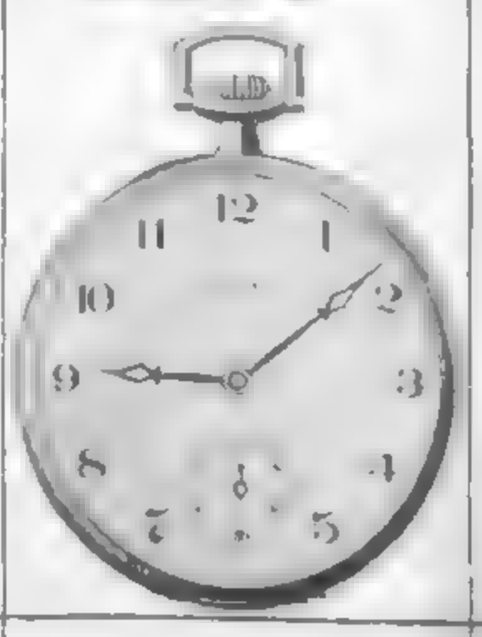


Ionic

Of classic Greek design, and suggesting the inherent [illegible] of Ionic architecture. [illegible] Plain Polished—in gold-filled case—$100, $75, $50.

Victorian

A design of clear-thinking simplicity, the Victorian Howard would be hard to excel for both every day use and critical wear. 0-size, Extra Thin, Open Face. Plain Polished—in gold-filled case—$100, $75, $50.



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President Suspenders for comfort

AND FOR CHRISTMAS

They fit in perfectly with Uncle Sam's thrifty-wise request to give *useful* gifts. In their holiday dress nothing can be more pleasing or more serviceable—*for any man*—and at such a reasonable expenditure!

To be sure that you get Presidents see that

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is on the buckle and the President Guarantee Band is on each pair that you buy.

If not absolutely satisfactory we will repair, replace, or (if requested) refund your money.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

President Suspender Company
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W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 78)

vow when they're"—his glance traveled involuntarily to the back room—"when they're coming off a spree. The difficulty is to make them keep their promises when they've got over the worst of it. In your case ——"

"I've got a motive, sir."

"Then so much the better."

I turned to Lovey.

"Lovey, would you mind stepping into the next room? There's something I want to speak about privately."

"If it's to let me in for worse, sonny ——"

"No, it won't let you in for anything. It's only got to do with me."

"Then I don't pry into no secrets," he said as he moved away reluctantly; "only when fellas is buddies together — "

"I've a confession to make," I continued when Lovey was out of earshot. "Last night I ——"

"Hold on! Is it necessary for you to tell me this or not?"

I had to reflect.

"It's only necessary in that I want you to know the worst of me."

"But I'm not sure that we need to know that. It often happens that a man does better in keeping his secrets in his own soul, and shouldering the full weight of their responsibility. Isn't it enough for us to know of you what we see?"

"I don't know that I can judge of that"

"Then tell me this: What you were going to say—is it anything for which you could be arrested?"

"It's nothing for which I shall be arrested."

"But it's an offense against the law?"

I nodded.

"And what renders you immune?"

"The fact that—that the person most concerned has—has forgiven it."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman."

His eyes wandered along the cornice as he thought the matter out. I saw then that they were wonderfully clear gray eyes, not so much beautiful as perfect—perfect in their finish as to edge and eyelash, but perfect most of all because of their expression of benignity.

"I don't believe I should give that away," he said at last; "not now, at any rate. If you want to tell me later — " He changed the subject abruptly by saying: "Is that the only shirt you've got?"

I told him I had two or three clean ones in my trunk, but that that was held by my last landlord.

"How much did you owe him?"

I produced a soiled and crumpled bill. He looked it over.

"We'll send and pay the bill and get your trunk."

The generosity almost took my breath away.

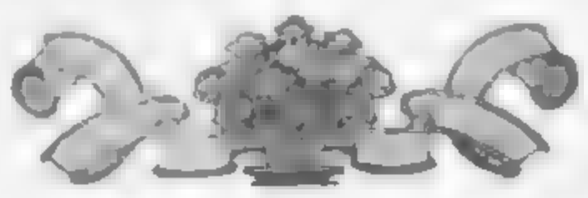
"Oh, but ——"

"We should be only advancing the money," he explained; "and we should look to you to pay us back when you can. It's quite a usual procedure with us, because it happens in perhaps six of our cases out of ten. I don't have to point out to you," he continued with a smile, "what I'm always obliged to underscore with chaps like those in there, that if you don't make good what we spend on your account the loss comes not on well-disposed charitable people who give of their abundance, but on poor men who steal from their own penury. The very breakfast you ate this morning was paid for in the main by fellows who are earning from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week, and have families to support besides."

I hung my head, trying to stammer out a promise of making good.

"You see those boys in there? There are five of them, and two will probably stick to us. That's about the proportion we keep permanently of all who come in. I don't know which two they will be—you never can tell. Perhaps it will be the piano mover and the Scotchman; perhaps the man they call Headlights and the Irishman; perhaps the little chap and some other one of them. But whichever they are they'll chip in for the sake of the new ones we shall reclaim, and take on themselves the burden of the work."

The thought that for the comforts I had enjoyed that morning I was dependent on the sacrifice of men who had hardly enough for their own children made me redden with a shame I think he understood.



"Their generosity is wonderful," he went on quietly; "and I tell it to a man like you only because you can appreciate how wonderful it is. It's the fact that so much heart's blood goes into this work that makes it so living. These fellows love to give. They love to have you take the little they can offer. You never had a meal at your own father's table that was laid before you more ungrudgingly than the one you ate this morning. The men who provide it are doing humble work all over the city, all over the country—because we're scattered pretty far and wide. And every stroke of a hammer, and every stitch of a needle, and every tap on a typewriter, and every thrust of a shovel, and every dig of a pick, and every minute of the time by which they scrape together the pennies and the quarters and the dollars they send in to us is a prayer for you. I suppose you know what prayer really is?"

His glance was now that of inquiry.

"I'd like to have you tell me, sir," I answered humbly.

He smiled again.

"Well, it isn't giving information to a wise and loving Father as to what He had better do for us. It's in trying to carry out the law of His being in doing things for others. That isn't all of it by any means; but it's a starting point. Spender tells me that that nice fellow Pyncheon brought you in. Well, then, every glass of soda water Pyncheon draws is in its way a prayer for you, because the boy's heart is full of you. Prayer is action—only it's kind action."

"Thank you, sir," I said, with an effort to control the tremor of my voice; "I think I understand you."

"You yourself will be praying all through this week, in your very effort to buck up. You'll be praying in helping that poor man Lovey to do the same. In his own purblind way—of course I understand his type and what you're trying to do for him—he'll be praying too. Prayer is living—only living in the right way."

He said suddenly: "I suppose you rather dread the week."

"Well, I do—rather—sir."

"Then I'll tell you what will make it easier—what will make it pass quickly and turn it into a splendid memory." He nodded again toward the back room. "Chum up with these fellows. You wouldn't of course be condescending to them ——"

"It's for them to be condescending to me."

He surprised me by saying: "Perhaps it is. You know best. But here we try to get on a broad, simple, human footing in which we don't make comparisons. But you get what I mean. The simplest, kindliest approach is the best approach. Just make it a point to be white with them, as I'm sure they've been white with you."

I said I had never been more touched in my life than by the small kindnesses of the past two hours.

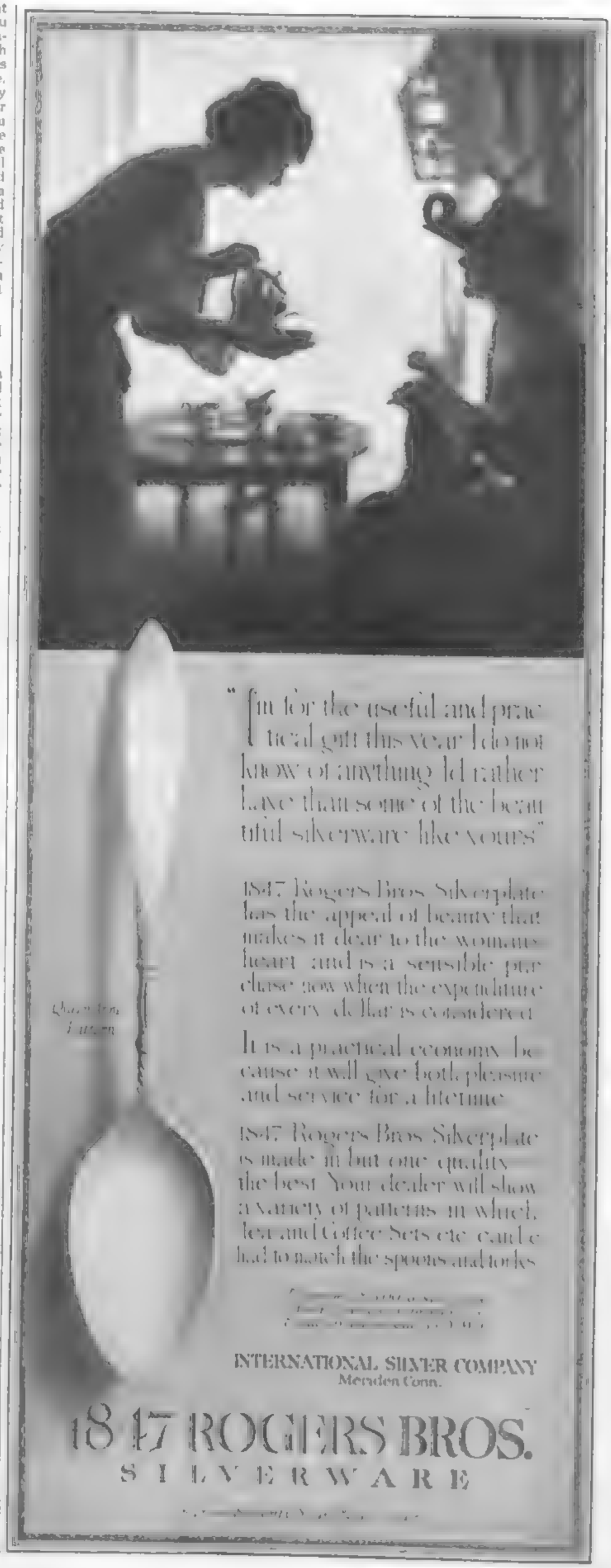
"That's the idea. If you keep on the watch to show the same sort of thing it will not only make the time pass but it will brace you up mentally and spiritually. You see, they're only children. Fundamentally you're only a child yourself. We're all only children, Frank. Someone says that women grow up but that men never do. Well, I don't know about women, but I've had a good deal to do with men—and I've never found anything but boys. Now you can spoil boys by too much indulgence, but you can't spoil them by too much love."

He stopped abruptly, because he saw what was happening to me.

The next thing I knew his arm was across my shoulders, which were shaking as if I was in convulsions.

"That's all right, old boy," I heard him whisper in my ear. "Just go up to the bathroom, and lock the door and have it out. It'll do you good. The fellows in there won't notice you, because lots of them go through the same thing themselves." Still with his arm across my shoulders he steered me toward the hall. "There you are! You'll be better when you come down. We're just boys together, and there's nothing to be ashamed of. Only, when you see other fellows come in—we have two or three new ones every day—you'll bear with them, won't you, and help them to take a brace?" He was still patting me tenderly on the back as with head bowed and shoulders heaving I began to stumble upstairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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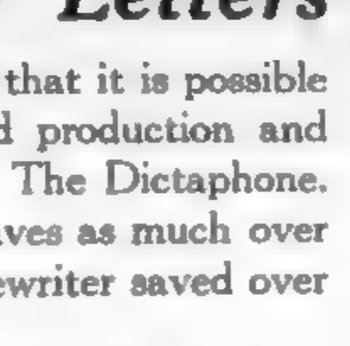

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BREAD

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yes, by old ladies, male and female. Not men. There's just one attraction for them."

"Well ——"

She turned now and faced him with a suppressed bitter energy. "Clothes," she said.

"That's nonsense!" he replied emphatically. "Dress is only incidental."

"When did you first notice me?" she demanded. "In bathing. That bathing suit cost more than any two of my dresses. It is absolutely right." August was confused by the keenness of her perception. It wasn't proper for a woman to understand such facts. He was at a loss for a reply. "Seven men spoke to me in it on one afternoon. It is no good for you to try to reassure me with platitudes; I know better. I ought to, at least."

August Turnbull was startled by the fire of resentment smoldering under her still pale exterior. Why, she was like a charged battery. If he touched her, he thought, sparks would fly. She was utterly different from Emmy, as different as a live flame from ashes.

It was evident that having at last spoken she intended to unburden herself of long-accumulated passionate words.

"All my life I've had to listen to and smile sweetly at ridiculous hypocrisies. I have had to teach them and live them too. But now I'm so sick of them I can't keep it up a month longer. I could kill someone, easily. In a world where salvation for a woman is in a pair of slippers I have to be damned. If I could have kept my hair smartly done up and worn sheer batiste do you suppose for a minute I'd be a companion to Mrs. Turnbull? I could be going out to the cafés in a landaulet."

"And looking a lot better than most that do," he said without premeditation.

She glanced at him again, and he saw that her eyes were gray, habitually half closed and inviting.

"I've had frightfully bad luck," she went on; "once or twice when it seemed that I was to have a chance, when it appeared brighter—everything went to pieces."

"Perhaps you want too much," he suggested.

"Perhaps," she agreed wearily; "ease and pretty clothes and—a man." She added the latter with a more musical inflection then he had yet heard.

"Of course," he proceeded importantly, "there are not a great many men. At least I haven't found them. As you say, most people are incapable of any power or decision. I always maintain it's something in the country. Now in ——" He stopped, rebegan: "In Europe they are different. There a man is better understood, and women as well."

"I have never been out of America," Miss Beggs admitted.

"But you might well have been," he assured her; "you are more Continental than anyone else I can think of."

He moved toward the middle of the bench and she said quickly: "You must not misunderstand. I am not cheap or silly. It might have been better for me." She addressed the fading light on the sea. "Silly women, too, do remarkably well. But I am not young enough to change now." She rose, gracefully drawn against space; her firm chin was elevated and her hands clenched. "I won't grow old this way and shrivel like an apple," she half cried.

It would be a pity, he told himself, watching her erect figure diminish over the boardwalk. He had a feeling of having come in contact with an extraordinarily potent force. By heaven, she positively crackled! He smiled, thinking of the misguided people who had employed her, ignorant of all that underlay that severe prudent manner. At the same time he was flattered that she had confided in him. It was clear she recognized that he, at least, was a man. He was really sorry for her—what an invigorating influence she was!

She had spoken of being no longer young—something over thirty-five he judged—and that brought the realization that he was getting on. A few years now, ten or twelve, and life would be behind him. It was a rare and uncomfortable thought. Usually he saw himself as at the most desirable age—a young spirit tempered by wisdom and experience. But in a flash he read that his prime must depart; every hour left was priceless.

The best part of this must be dedicated to a helpless invalid; a strong current of self-pity set through him. But it was speedily lost in a more customary arrogance. August Turnbull repeated the favorite aphorisms got from Frederick Rathe about the higher man. If he believed them at all, if they applied to life in general they were equally true in connection with his home; in short—his wife. Emmy Turnbull couldn't really be called a wife. There should be a provision to release men from such bonds.

It might be that the will to power would release itself. In theory that was well enough, but practically there were countless small difficulties. The strands of life were so tied in, one with another. Opinion was made up of an infinite number of stupid prejudices. In short, no way presented itself of getting rid of Emmy.

His mind returned to Meta Beggs. What a woman she was! What a triumph to master her contemptuous stubborn being!

IV

AT LEAST, August reflected with a degree of comfort at breakfast, Emmy didn't come down in the morning; she hadn't enough strength. He addressed himself to the demolishment of a ripe Cassaba melon. It melted in his mouth to the consistency of sugary water. His coffee cup had a large flattened bowl, and pouring in the ropy cream with his free hand he lifted the silver cover of a dish set before him. It held spitted chicken livers and bacon and gave out an irresistible odor. There were, too, potatoes chopped fine with peppers and browned; and hot delicately sweetened buns. He emptied two full spits, renewed his coffee and finished the potatoes.

With a butter ball at the center of a bun he casually glanced at the day's paper. The submarines, he saw, were operating farther south. A small passenger steamer, the Veronica, had been torpedoed outside the Delaware Capes.

A step sounded in the hall, and Louise entered the dining room, clad all in white with the exception of a closely fitting yellow hat. After a moment Victorine, a girl small for her age, with a petulant satiated expression, followed.

"It's a shame," Louise observed, "that with Morice and his wife in the cottage you have to breakfast alone. I suppose all those theatrical people get up at noon."

"Not quite," Rosalie told her from the doorway.

Louise made no reply other than elevating her brows. Victorine looked at the other with an exact mirroring of her mother's disdain.

"Good morning," Morice said indistinctly, hooking the collar of his uniform. "It's a bloody nuisance," he asserted. "Why can't they copy the English jacket?"

"It is much better looking," Louise added.

"Well," Rosalie proclaimed, "I'm glad to see Morice in any; even if it means nothing more than a desk in the Quartermaster's Department."

"That is very necessary," August Turnbull said decidedly.

"Perhaps," she agreed.

"I think it is bad taste to raise such insinuations," Louise said severely.

"An army," August put in, "travels on its stomach. As Louise suggests—we must ask you not to discuss the question in your present tone." Morice's wife half-audibly spoke into her melon, and his face reddened. "What did I understand you to say?" he demanded.

"Oh, 'Swat the fly!'" Rosalie answered hardily.

"Not at all!" he almost shouted. "What you said was 'Swat the Kaiser!'"

"Well, swat him!"

"It was evident, also, that you did not refer to the Emperor of Germany—but to me."

"You said it," she admitted vulgarly. "If any house ever had a Hohenzollern this has."

"Shut up, Rosalie!" her husband commanded, perturbed; "you'll spoil everything"

"It might be better if she continued," Louise Foster corrected him. "Perhaps then we'd learn something of this—this beauty."

(Continued on Page 85.

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(Continued from Page 82

"I got good money for my face anyhow," Rosalie asserted. "And no cash premium went with it either. As for going on, I'll go." She turned to August Turnbull: "I've been stalling round here for nearly a year with Morice scared to death trying to get a piece of change out of you. Now I'm through; I've worked hard for a season's pay, but this is slavery. What you want is an amalgamated lady bootblack and nautch dancer. You're a joke to a free white woman. I'm sorry for your wife. She ought to slip you a bichloride tablet. If it was worth while I'd turn you over to the authorities for breaking the food regulations."

She rose, unceremoniously shoving back her chair. "For a fact, I'm tired of watching you eat. You down as much as a company of good boys on the march. Don't get black in the face; I'd be afraid to if I were you."

August Turnbull's rage beat like a hammer at the base of his head. He, too, rose, leaning forward with his napkin crumpled in a pounding fist.

"Get out of my house!" he shouted.

"That's all right enough," she replied; "the question is—is Morice coming with me? Is that khaki he has on or a Kate Greenaway suit?"

Morice looked from one to the other in obvious dismay. He had a pleasant dull face and a minute spiked mustache on an irresolute mouth.

"If you stay with me," she warned him further, "I'll have you out of that grocery store and into a trench."

"Pleasant for you, Morice," Louise explained.

"Things were so comfortable, Rosalie," he protested despairingly. "What in the name of sense made you stir this all up? The governor won't do a tap for us now."

His wife stood by herself, facing the inimical Turnbull front, while Morice wavered between.

"If you'll get along," the former told him, "I can make a living till you come back. We can do without any Trubner money. I'm not a lot at German, but I guess you can understand me," she again addressed August. "Not that I blame you for the change, such as it is."

"I'll have to go with her," Morice unhappily declared.

August Turnbull's face was stiff with congestion. The figures before him wavered in a sort of fog. He put out a hand, supporting himself on the back of his chair.

"Get out of my house," he repeated in a hoarse whisper.

Fortunately Morice's leave had come to an end, and Rosalie and he withdrew in at least the semblance of a normal departure. August's rage changed to an indignant surprise, and he established himself with a rigid dignity on the veranda. There, happening on a cigar that burned badly, he was further reduced to a state of self-commiseration. That is, he dwelt on the general deterioration of the world about him. There was no discipline; there was no respect; authority was laughed at. All this was the result of laxness, of the sentimentality he condemned; a firmer hand was needed everywhere.

He turned with relief to the contemplation of Meta Beggs; she was enormously satisfactory to consider. August watched her now with the greatest interest; he even sat in his wife's room while her companion moved silently and gracefully about. Miss Beggs couldn't have noticed this, for scarcely ever did her gaze meet his; she had a habit of standing lost in thought, her slimness a little drooping, as if she were weary or depressed. She was in his mind continually—Miss Beggs and Emmy, his wife.

The latter had a surprising power to disturb him; lately he had even dreamed of her starving to death in the presence of abundant food. He began to be superstitious about it, to think of her in a ridiculous, nervous manner, as an evil design on his peace and security. She seemed unnatural with her shrunken face bowed opposite him at the table. His feeling for her shifted subconsciously to hatred. It broke out publicly in sardonic or angry periods under which she would shrink away, incredibly timid, from his scorn. This quality of utter helplessness gave the menace he divined in her its illusive air of unreality. She seemed—she was—entirely helpless; a prematurely aged woman, of the mildest instincts, dying of malnutrition.

Miss Beggs now merged into all his daily life, his very fiber. Regarding her in an attitude of admirable frankness he said: "Still it is extraordinary you haven't married."

The tide was out, it was late afternoon, and they were walking over the hard exposed sand. Whenever she came on a shell she crushed it with a sharp heel.

"There were some," she replied indifferently.

He nodded gravely. "It would have to be a special kind of man," he agreed. "An ordinary individual would be crushed by your personality. You'd need a firm hand."

Her face was inscrutable. "I have always had the misfortune to be too late," she told him.

"I wish I had known you sooner!" he exclaimed.

Her arms, in transparent sleeves, were like marble. His words crystallized an overwhelming realization of how exactly she was suited to him. The desire to shut her will in his hand increased a thousandfold.

"Yes," she said, "I would have married you. But there's no good discussing it." She breathed deeply with a sinking forward of her rounded shoulders. All her vigor seemed to have left her. "I have been worried about Mrs. Turnbull lately," she went on. "Perhaps it's my imagination—does she look weaker to you?"

"I haven't noticed," he answered brusquely.

Curiously he had never thought of Emmy as dying; she appeared eternal, without the possibility of offering him the relief of such freedom as yet remained. Freedom for—for Meta Beggs.

"The doctor was at the cottage again Thursday," she informed him. "I didn't hear what he said."

"Humbugs," August Turnbull pronounced.

A sudden caution invaded him. It would be well not to implicate himself too far with his wife's companion. She was a far shrewder woman than was common; there was such a thing as blackmail. He studied her privately. Damn it, what a pen he had been caught in! Her manner, too, changed immediately, as though she had read his feeling.

"I shall have to go back."

She spoke coldly. A moment before she had been close beside him, but now she might as well have been miles away.

* * *

THE fuse of the electric light in the dining room burned out, and dinner proceeded with only the illumination of the silk-hooded candles. In the subdued glow Meta Beggs was infinitely attractive. His wife's place was empty. Miss Beggs had brought apologetic word from Emmy that she felt too weak to leave her room. A greater degree of comfort possessed August Turnbull than he had experienced for months. With no one at the table but the slim woman on the left and himself a positive geniality radiated from him. He pressed her to have more champagne—he had ordered that since she preferred it to Rhine wine—urged more duckling, and ordered the butler to leave the brandy decanter before them.

She laughed—a rare occurrence—and imitated, for his intense amusement, Mrs. Frederick Rathe's extreme cutting social manner. He drank more than he intended, and when he rose his legs were insecure. He made his way toward Meta Beggs. She stood motionless, her thin lips like a thread of blood on her tense face.

"What a wife you'd make!" he muttered.

There was a discreet cough at his back, and swinging about he saw a maid in a white starched cap and high cuffs.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "Mrs. Turnbull wants to know would you please come up to her room."

He swayed slightly, glowering at her with a hot face in which a vein throbbed persistently at his temple. Miss Beggs had disappeared.

"Very well," he agreed heavily.

Mounting the stairs he fumbled for his cigar case, and entered the chamber beyond his, clipping the end from a superlative perfecto.

Emmy was in bed, propped up on a bank of embroidered pillows. A light from one side threw the shadow of her head on a wall in an animated caricature of life.

"I didn't want to disturb you, August."

Her voice was weak and apologetic. He stood irritably beside her.

"It's hot in here." His wife at once detected whatever assaulted his complete

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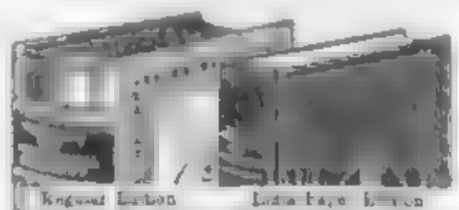

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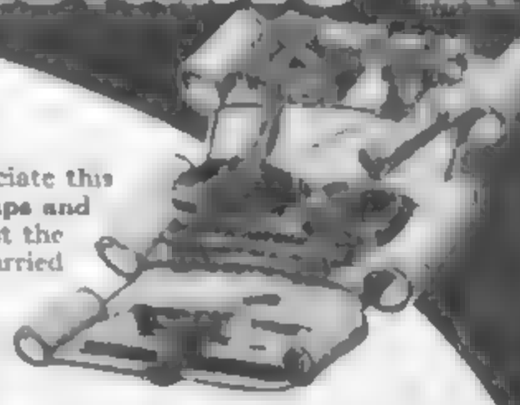

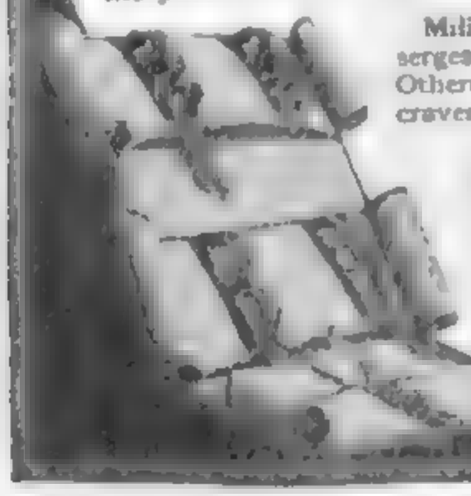

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comfort. She fell into a silence that strained his patience to the utmost.

When at last she spoke it was in a tone of voice he had never heard from her—impersonal, with at the same time a note of fear like the flutter of a bird's wing.

"The doctor has been here two or three times lately. I didn't want to bother you, and he said ——"

She broke off, and her hand raised from her side in a gesture of seeking. He held it uncomfortably, wishing that the occasion would speedily end.

"August, I've—I've got to leave you."

He did not comprehend her meaning, and stood stupidly looking down at her spent face. "I'm going to die, August, almost any time now. I wanted to tell you first when we were quietly together; and then Louise and Bernard must know."

His sensations were so confused, the mere shock of such an announcement had so confounded him that he was unable to penetrate the meaning of the sudden expansion of his blood. His attention strayed from the actuality of his wife to the immaterial shadow wavering on the wall. There Emmy's profile, grotesquely enlarged and sharpened, grimaced at him. August Turnbull's feelings disentangled and grew clearer, there was a conventional memory of his wife as a young woman, the infinitely sharper realization that soon he must be free, a vision of Meta Beggs as she had been at dinner that night, and intense relief from nameless strain.

He moved through the atmosphere of suspense that followed the knowledge of Emmy's condition with a feeling of being entirely apart from his family. Out of the chaos of his emotions the sense of release was most insistent. Naturally he couldn't share it with anyone else, not at present. He avoided thinking directly of Meta Beggs, partly from the shreds of the superstitious dread that had once colored his attitude toward his wife and partly from the necessity to control what otherwise would sweep him into a resistless torrent. However, most of his impatience had vanished—a little while now, and in a discreet manner he could grasp all that he had believed so hopelessly removed.

Except for the occasions of Louise's informal presence he dined alone with Miss Beggs. They were largely silent, attacking their plates with complete satisfaction. On the day of her monthly payment he drew the check for a thousand dollars in place of the stipulated hundred, and gave it to her without comment. She nodded, managing to convey entire understanding and acceptance of what it forecast. Once, at the table, he called her Meta.

She deliberated a reply—he had asked her opinion about British bottled sauces—but when she answered she called him Mr. Turnbull. This, too, pleased him. She had an unerring judgment in the small affairs of deference. Dinner had been better than usual, and he realized he had eaten too much. His throat felt constricted, he had difficulty in swallowing a final gulp of coffee; the heavy odors of the dining room almost sickened him.

"We'll get out on the beach," he said abruptly; "a little air."

They proceeded past the unremitting sprinklers on the strip of lawn to the wide gray sweep of sand. At that hour no one else was visible, and a new recklessness invaded his discomfort. "You see," he told her, "that bad luck of yours isn't going to hold."

"It seems incredible," she murmured. She added without an appearance of the least ulterior thought: "Mrs. August Turnbull."

"Exactly," he asserted.

A triumphant conviction of pleasure to come surged through him like a subtle exhilarating cordial.

"I'll take no nonsensical airs from Louise or the Rathes," he proclaimed.

"Don't let that worry you," she answered serenely.

He saw that it need not, and looked forward appreciatively to a scene in which Meta would not come off second.

Above them the long curve of the boardwalk was empty, with, behind it, the suave ornamental roofs of the cottages. A wind quartering from the shore had smoothed the ocean into the semblance of a limitless and placid lake. Minute waves ruffled along the beach with a continuous whispering, and the vault of the west, from which the sun had just withdrawn, was filled with light the color of sauterne wine

It was inconceivable to August Turnbull that soon Emmy would be gone out of his life. He shook his thick shoulders as if by a gesture to unburden himself of her unpleasant responsibility. He smiled slightly at the memory of how he had come to fear her. It had been the result of the strain he was under; once more the vision of mountainous bread and Emmy returned. The devil was in the woman!

"What are you smiling at?" Meta asked.

"Perhaps it was because my luck, as well, has changed," he admitted.

She came close up to him, quivering with emotion.

"I want everything!" she cried in a vibrant hunger; "everything! Do you understand? Are you willing? I'm starved as much as that woman up in her bed. Can you give me all the gayety, all the silks and emeralds there are in the world?"

He patted her shoulder. "You'll look like a Christmas tree. When this damned war is over we will go to Europe, to Berlin and Munich. They have the finest streets and theaters and cafés in the world. There things are run by men for men. The food is the best of all—no French fripperies, but solid rare cuts. Drinking is an art ——"

"What is that out in the water?" she idly demanded.

He gazed impatiently over the unscored tide and saw a dark infinitesimal blot.

"I have been watching it for a long while," she continued. "It's coming closer, I think."

He took up again his planning.

"We'll stay two or three years; till things get on their feet here. Turn the bakery into a company. No work, nothing but parties."

"Do look!" she repeated. "It's coming in—a little boat. I suppose it is empty."

The blot was now near enough for him to distinguish its outline. As Meta said, no one was visible. It was drifting. Against his wish his gaze fastened on the approaching boat. It hesitated, appeared to swing away, and then resumed the progress inshore.

"I believe it will float into that cut in the beach below," he told her.

His attention was divided between the craft and the image of all the pleasures he would introduce to Meta—Turnbull. It was a lucky circumstance that he had plenty of money, for he realized that she would not marry a poor man. This was not only natural but commendable. Poor men were fools, too weak for success; only the strong ate white bread and had fine women, only the masterful conquered circumstance.

"Come," she said, catching his hand; "it's almost here."

She half pulled him over the glistening wet sand to where the deeper water thrust into the beach. Her interest was now fully communicated to him.

"We must drag it safely up," he articulated, out of breath from her eagerness. The bow swept into the onward current, it moved more swiftly, and then sluggishly settled against the bottom. Painted on its blistering white side was a name, "Veronica," and "Ten persons." There was a slight movement at the rail, and a sharp unreasoning horror gripped August Turnbull.

"Something in it," he muttered. He wanted to turn away, to run from the beach; but a stronger curiosity dragged him forward. Unconscious of stepping through shallow water he advanced.

A hunger-ravished dead face was turned to him from the bottom, a huddle of bony joints, dried hands. There were others—all dead, starved. In a red glimmer he saw the incredible travesty of a child, a lead-colored woman, shriveled and ageless from agony.

He fell back with a choking cry, "Emmy!"

There was a dull uproar in his head, and then a violent shock at the back of his brain. August Turnbull's body slid down into the tranquil ripples that ran along the boat's side.

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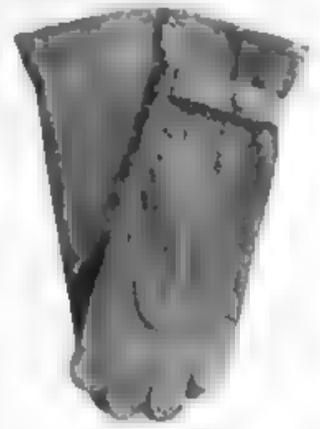

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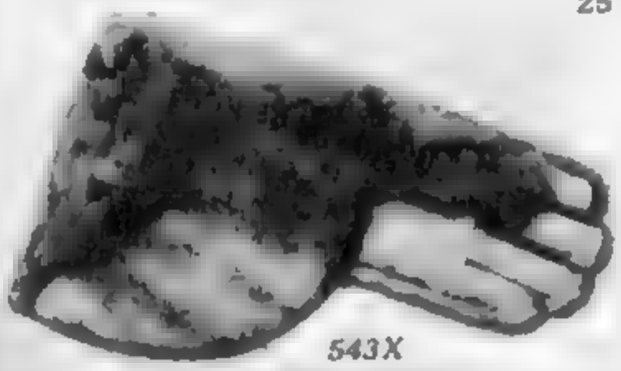

543X
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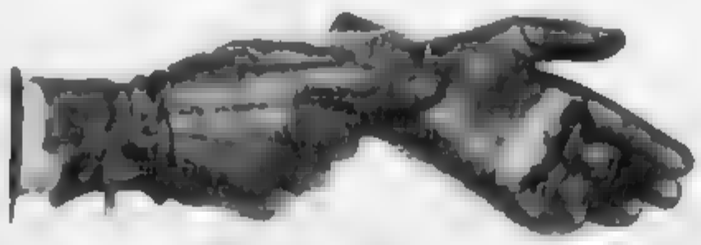

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YOUNG MEN OR OLD

(Continued from Page 8

forties, are always written up. They are the exceptions, the prodigies to which public attention must be drawn. Success at fifty or even sixty is taken as a matter of course.

But there has been a roughly defined but very real feeling in the business world that a man who was not on the road to success by thirty-five or forty did not have the real stuff in him. If he applied for a job in the years from forty onward it was assumed that he was not on the right road or he would not be looking for work. Therefore he was probably no good and "not the man we are looking for."

"They are still climbing or starting to go back between thirty-five and forty," is the way business put it; and hunting for a job has generally been considered a sign of going back.

Though this idea, this principle of selection of employees has some rough truth in it, it is so crude as a working principle, so shockingly unscientific, that it has brought untold hardship, unfairness and injustice into the business world.

For there is always a steady dropping out of place, out of line as it were, of both young and middle-aged through no fault of their own. Changes in management and business conditions, mergers, failures—all tend to turn men loose. Numbers of middle-aged business men who had actually been successful in Mexico in the years before the disturbance there found themselves in this country with nothing to do. Men engaged in various branches of importing are said to have lost positions after the war started. A very common source of turning the older workers loose is the retirement from business of small firms and partnerships. Not only wage-earners but clerks, salesmen, accountants, office managers and even professional men often find it difficult to make a new connection when they reach middle life.

A few rebuffs here and there, a few failures to make a new connection soon result in discouragement; and men once useful and fairly successful soon join the down-and-outs. No matter how fit and strong one may be and feel, he will soon become ill if enough people tell him he looks poorly. It is the same with the middle-aged man out of work who is repeatedly told that he is too old for the job.

Employers' Opinions

But there are more exact, one might say more substantial reasons why the industrial development of this country has favored the younger man. What is perhaps the fundamental reason, one which in itself does no discredit to the country, has been the natural desire to create organizations where promotion is from the bottom up rather than from the outside in. If a middle-aged worker is taken in from the outside to fill any but the most humble position the regular movement or chain is broken.

It has been thought that any extensive hiring of middle-aged employees would disorganize the system of promotion and fail also to leave enough of the supposedly easier positions for those who grow old in the service. With a regular system of promotion from the bottom up the vacancies in business have been largely at the bottom. Why, then, could not the middle-aged be used in these humble positions? For the obvious reason that from the very nature of the case they never can provide the material for promotion to anything like the same extent as the boy. Of course there are exceptions, but the mere operation of the laws of mortality make a thousand men of fifty less valuable as material for promotion than a thousand boys of sixteen.

Stripped of all pretense of scientific expression or of sentiment the idea was stated recently by the president of one of the largest banks in New York, who said: "Yes, of course we are hiring older men now, but we would much rather get boys and have them work up."

There is no flinching from the fact that to bring large numbers of the middle-aged into organizations stops the natural reservoir, and in normal times, when the supply of young men is ample, tends to discourage these young men, from whom inevitably the bulk of most working forces must be secured.

Another fact which must be faced, even under present abnormal conditions, is the difficulty of middle-aged or no-longer-youthful men and women adjusting themselves to the continual society of youths. A woman of forty-five recently took a position in a great corporation which employs many young girls of eighteen and twenty. A few days later she went to the employment manager and asked to be exchanged. "The girls are not nice to me," she said.

"Don't you know," replied the manager, "that girls of eighteen and twenty are never what you call nice to women of forty-five?"

"Of course what she really meant to say," remarked the manager in relating the incident later, "was that the girls did not show her enough deference."

A man of some standing and prominence, forty-eight years of age, was recently considered for a responsible and well-paid position in one of the great banks. He had previously had his own business. Finally the officers of the bank decided against him on the ground that he was too old, and explained their decision thus:

"It would be too hard for him to come into this big organization. He has always been an important person in his own field, and though his work here also would be important there would be dozens of officers higher in rank than he, and younger in years. They would have no time to pay any especial attention to him, and his pride would be hurt. There would be no place in this big organization for the prestige that he has enjoyed."

Boys' Work at Men's Pay

Very little has been said about another reason why industry has discriminated against middle-aged men, for it is neither creditable to the sense of justice nor to the ingenuity and adaptability of our institutions. The various pension, insurance and compensation schemes adopted by corporations have tended to keep them from employing older men. At first sight it might seem senseless for a corporation to let such considerations affect its selection of employees, for obviously rules can be made to prevent employees who come in at an advanced age from taking advantage of the company itself or the employees who have been with it longer. Proper adjustment would seem to be solely automatic and arithmetical. If an old man is a poor risk under an insurance scheme it seems simple enough to pay him less than those who started with the company in youth. Or if a man who comes in at fifty remains useful only fifteen years whereas the man who began at twenty has served the company much longer, where lies the difficulty in paying a smaller pension to those who have served fewer years?

But apparently corporations do not like to discriminate among their old employees. They find it hard to turn one man of seventy off and give another a pension. Nearly ten years ago when corporations were first beginning generally to adopt pension schemes it was predicted that the pension system would tend to reorganize society round a fixed period of individual usefulness, and probably a shorter period at that.

Of course there are other obvious reasons why corporations do not like to employ middle-aged men for relatively minor positions. Such a man is likely to have a family to support and therefore often requires a larger salary than a boy. Employers usually get their help as cheaply as they can, and if a boy can be had to do the work at fifteen dollars a week why hire a mature man at thirty-five dollars a week? Even where middle-aged men offer their services at salaries that are normally paid to boys the employers are fearful lest the older man cannot support his family on that amount and that trouble may follow the attempt. One of the New York banks, whose staff is among the largest in the world, is fairly besieged with applications from men in middle life. But the employment manager always considers such applications with extreme care for fear the applicants would not be able to support their families on the salaries offered.

But by far the most common reason why business leans toward young blood, and the one which always has and always will arouse the most discussion, is the supposed lack of adaptability and teachableness of

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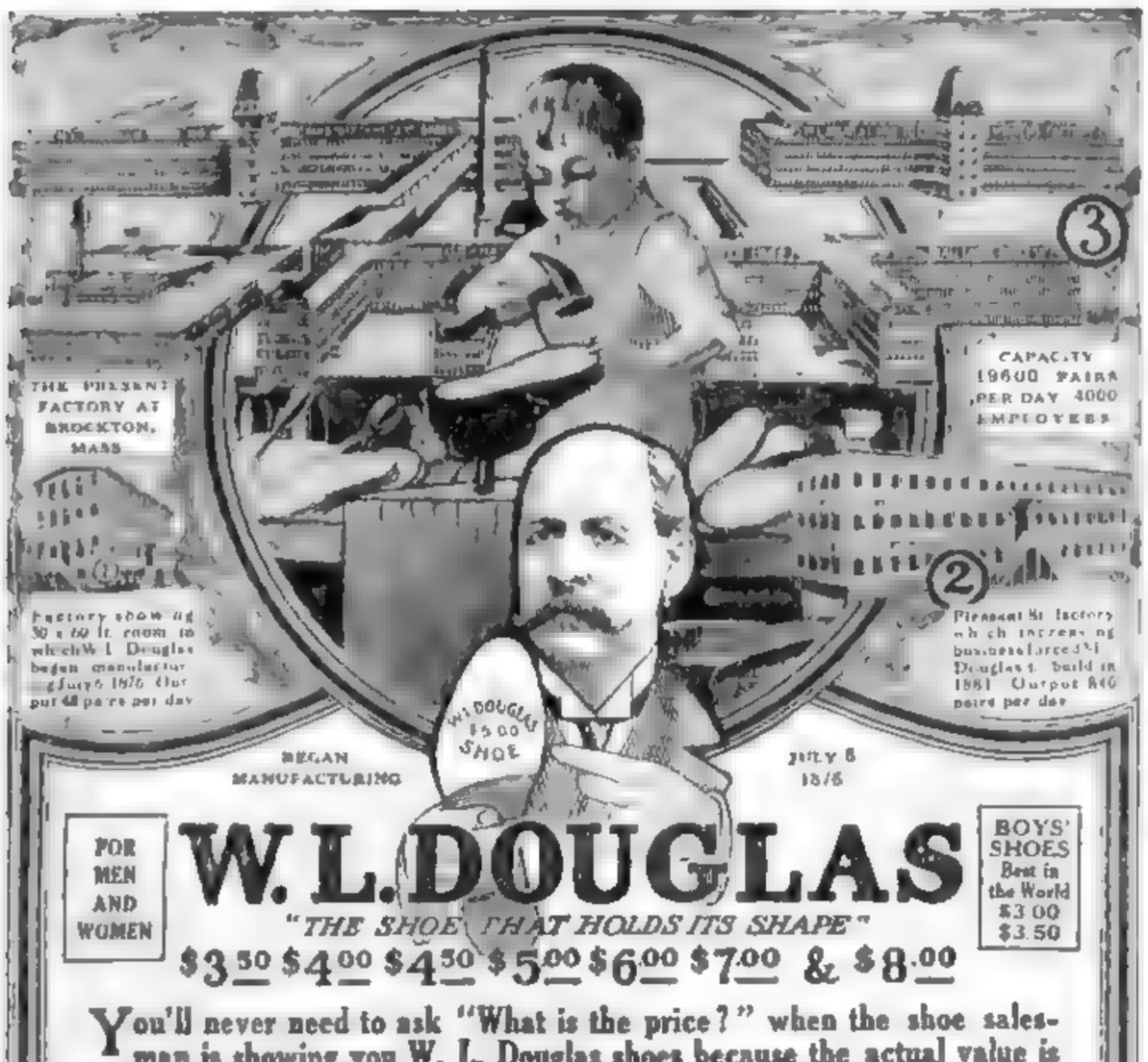
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the older man, along with a lack of creative ability. Upon this whole subject there is an amazing absence of exact knowledge, but there seems little doubt that, as a general thing, in the average the minds of the very young are more teachable, tractable, adaptable and creative, as well as less in a rut than the minds of those who are older.

"You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," said a steel manufacturer. "The habits of the middle-aged are set. The old steel workers say pooh-pooh when we talk 'safety first' to them. They say it is all nonsense; but not so with the young men. They do as they are told, as a matter of course. Indeed, they never knew anything else. Thus they fit into the new order of things, and that is very important in the steel industry because it has been completely revolutionized in the last ten years."

I asked a manufacturer, one of the most progressive and scientific employers and capitalists in the country, why it is he prefers a young-man organization. He himself is just forty. He replied that one reason he is always looking for young blood is because "business is changing rapidly."

How common it is for the older applicant to be refused a position in words like these: "Yes, we need a man, but you have been in another line all your life, and you cannot learn our business now; you are too old."

Unfortunately in the heedless rush and waste of American life this defect of those past the first blush of youth has been grossly exaggerated and overestimated. In an indirect way Sir William Osler, the great physician, is perhaps responsible. At the Commemoration Day Exercises at Johns Hopkins University on February 22, 1905, in a farewell address before leaving the university to go to Oxford, he spoke of the custom of retaining professors long past their period of usefulness, and jokingly referred to a novel in which the plot revolved round the idea of sending all men to college when they reach the age of sixty for one year and then chloroforming them. Becoming serious Doctor Osler added that "the effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty, those fifteen golden years of plenty, the . . . constructive period in which there is always a balance in the mental bank and the credit is still good."

Youth and Age

These words shook the very stars in their orbits, and though Doctor Osler had also spoken of the usefulness of older men no one paid any attention to that part of his address. The papers even quoted him as seriously advocating the chloroforming of all men over forty. The corrections of a misquotation never travel so fast as the misquotation itself, and though Osler's supposed remarks were much laughed over, the business world thought that he was not so far wrong after all, and became more addicted than ever to its policy of youthful speed and flashy spectacular success. It found in its own policy the supposed sanction not only of the medical profession but of learning, science and research.

The country was then just in the midst of that flush of prosperity and overconfidence which marked the era of trust formation in the early nineteen hundreds. A few men, especially Charles M. Schwab, had come to the front suddenly at an early age, and a whole school of business thought and practice, not to mention an entire literature of "success" and "inspiration," was just in the beginning. The day after Doctor Osler's address a great clergyman in New York said that his remarks would do incalculable harm to the middle-aged man in industry; and that is exactly what they did, with the immediate entry of the word "Oslerize" into the business vocabulary of the nation.

Though Doctor Osler did not publish his own books until after he was forty and despite the fact that his own mother lived in full possession of her faculties to the age of one hundred and one, he never took back what he had said. Indeed, he rubbed it in later by adding that "the work that counts is the essential, fermentative, vitalizing creations of the mind"; most of which "telling work of the world" he declared had been done before forty.

But where Doctor Osler struck his reeling blow, not only at the limited few in the world of science and research but at the untold millions of humble workers in the realms of industry, was in his overemphasis upon "creative" work. It may well be that the vitalizing conception, the initial thought or impulse, the preparatory work, the bent, may be determined before forty. But to have the grasp, mastery, judgment and experience to collect, analyze and actually use and apply these conceptions and impulses is just as important as to create them. It is idle to say which is the more important. Is hydrogen or oxygen more essential to water?

Surely then there is a place for the middle-aged, even for the older worker. If most of the eminent men in the world had actually died at forty, leaving out only a few soldiers and a few lyric poets like Keats and Shelley, or even if they had died at fifty or sixty, the world would be a sorry, barbaric place indeed. For it is hardly necessary to say that no end of actual compilations have been made of the age of achievement, and they always hit an average of fifty. This is true in both peace and war. Dr. W. A. N. Dorland some years ago studied the careers of four hundred of the world's most eminent men in every line and found that the average at which mental activity began was twenty-four and that the masterpieces of work, whether books, battles, poems, inventions, discoveries or business ventures, came at the average of fifty, ranging for various groups from forty-one to fifty-eight.

But what has all this to do with the humdrum multitudes of industry, the armies of factory workers and clerks? Only this, that if in the fields of learning and leadership there are a special class of work for young and another class for old to do, it is probable enough that similar principles of selection apply elsewhere.

Two Men Who Made Good

Of course at the present time employers are turning to middle-aged men as never before, and everywhere one goes evidence is found of the satisfaction they are giving. A man of forty-five who had been in the exporting business was thrown out of work by the war. He had some slight knowledge of foreign exchange but was not an expert. He had a large family and finally came so near to the end of his resources that the charity society was almost ready to step in. A friend begged one of the banks to take him. The bank was skeptical, but gave him a try. He is now doing work that no two men were ever before able to do. Officers of the bank can hardly credit this accomplishment.

The employment manager of the same bank told of a man of forty-four, with a wife and two children, who applied for a position. He had lived in a small town where costs were lower than in New York and had long had a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a year. The most that the city bank cared to pay was fifteen hundred dollars. A further objection to the man was the fact that he had never saved anything.

"But we took him," said the employment manager. "He begged us so hard to give him a try that I finally stretched the figure to eighteen hundred dollars and told him that he wouldn't be worth that much to us for six or nine months, and that he need not expect a raise for at least six months. I told him that at his age it was a gamble on his part and very much of a gamble on our part. "But," the manager concluded, "he will come through all right."

At one of the largest branches of the United States Employment Service the clerks in charge of registering applicants told me in October that it was rare for as many as twenty-five middle-aged men out of two hundred to apply, so rapidly was this class becoming settled. The great majority of applicants consisted of younger men who were shifting from one thing to another. On that particular day only three men above forty-five had applied. I asked a clerk if he would have any particular difficulty in finding jobs for those three.

"I should say not!" he replied. "Employers telephone us and when we say we have only middle-aged men in good physical condition the employers snap them up quick, even for manual work. When we have to report that the men are in poor physical condition the employers say: 'Send them along anyway; we can use them for porter work.'

"Employers are very anxious to get men above draft age, especially above thirty-one and thirty-six. But I don't think it is so much because they are afraid the younger

(Continued on Page 93)

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(Continued from Page 90)

men will necessarily be drafted as because they find the younger men are getting more restless. I never knew young men to be so restless, unsettled and careless about their work as they are now.

"They are getting out of clerical work everywhere and into shipyards and other government employ. In some cases the clerical work may be just as important, but the young men are getting out of it all the same. Perhaps you can say it is because they are patriotic or perhaps they are trying to avoid the draft or perhaps they are just restless. Maybe there is another reason too. Clerical work is one branch that is still paying low wages. Men are getting twenty-five dollars a week now who got the same pay years ago. Even young clerks who are getting forty dollars a week are leaving and starting at the bottom in some mechanical line for the Government, because it seems more important to them."

In no place would the physical strain seem to put so extreme a premium on youth as in the shipyards. There is no harder work than riveting, and employment in the shipyards often means separation from one's home and family ties, removal from familiar surroundings, poor housing conditions and the possibility of temporary employment, all of which have no appeal to the older man. Except in a few clerical positions men above forty-five are rare in the shipyards. But two-thirds of all the employees are between thirty-one and forty-five. Even in this industry where the strength of youth would seem to be most necessary a great proportion of the work is actually being done by thoroughly mature if not by actually middle-aged men.

But it must be admitted that until the shortage of young men became extremely acute it required much education, personal effort and solicitation to induce many employers to recognize the advantages of the middle-aged. Much has been accomplished here and there by employers' associations, newspapers and the like in the way of an actual drive or propaganda among the employers. It is all very well to get up anti-forty-five leagues, half-century associations and to say that preference for young men is only a state of mind after all, that age deadlines are nothing but habit and custom which the war is blowing into kingdom come.

The vital question has to do with what will happen after the war, when millions of youths come back. It may then take more than arguments and propaganda to find places enough for the older workers.

"We don't believe in doing too much for the middle-aged," said one employer, "because the young men who come back from France will have to be reckoned with."

After the War

It is impossible to say whether humane considerations or fierce competition will prevail the more strongly after the war. Business conditions may be such that in the eyes of employers physical vigor and adaptability will loom up above all other qualities. If the fight were to be only between competition and humane considerations the outlook would be dubious indeed for the older generation. But fortunately the science of selecting employees for the particular jobs for which they are best fitted is developing with amazing rapidity.

Until recently the prevailing attitude of a large part of industry was to regard the employee as "a kind of self-installing machine which required no oiling or cleaning, no expense for upkeep or repairs, and was seldom worth conserving or safeguarding, because so easily replaceable from the great number of similar human machines waiting at the factory gates." It has been said, with perhaps only a little exaggeration, that of any ten jobs only one was filled by the man who ought to be in it, and of any ten men only one was doing the work for which he was fitted.

Formerly if an employee gave dissatisfaction in one department he was fired, though another department might be looking for just that kind of man. For the machinery, for the raw and finished material there were blue prints, specifications, requirements, analyses—but none for the workers themselves, none for the lifeblood that made the machines go. But all that is changing. The applicants for positions are now being studied as carefully as the machines or the raw and finished product. Men are no longer fired because they fail to satisfy a single foreman exactly. Not all personalities get on together. Employees may do excellent work for one foreman and poor work for another. It is a matter of adjustment.

No longer does industry put the man with flat feet on a standing job, he who is color-blind on work that requires a sense of color, those with weak lungs in a dusty room or those with ruptures on particularly heavy work. Formerly if there was an easy berth open and half a dozen men applied for it, including several who were obviously too young and strong to waste their strength on that sort of occupation, the foreman either took the first chap that came along or perhaps picked out one of his own politics or religion. Now the central employment manager studies them all carefully and tries to select in scientific manner the one best fitted for the particular niche. It is not only war that shows the absurdity of having strapping young fellows as door tenders and ushers. W. H. Beveridge, the English authority on unemployment, pointed out the incongruity of such maladjustment nearly ten years ago.

Pep vs. Patience

This new attitude means of course that regardless of war and peace or of labor conditions in general, industry will automatically find more places for those who are handicapped, whether by years or other infirmities. For it may be that in a particular room in a factory the steadiness, responsibility and judgment of the older workers are sorely needed to offset the skylarking, roughhousing, flirting and untamed irresponsibility of the younger men. In some places the balance wheel, the leaven of the older employees is more needed than in others. Then of course it is well known that the middle-aged man often takes the employers' point of view more than the youth. He is less of a clock watcher. He sticks to his job better, shows more interest in and application to his work. Now if the labor turnover in a particular department has been notably high and costly it may pay even to reduce the total output of that department by employing older men. Smaller output is sometimes less costly than the constant changing of help. On the other hand, if there has been practically no turnover, then perhaps the middle-aged man is not needed at all.

Then too there are classes of work where promotion is practically impossible. Though the middle-aged employee may need a larger wage to begin with than the youth he often proves cheaper in the end, for he will probably be contented longer. In time the young man is likely to insist upon a raise even though the employer cannot afford to pay it.

In the case of salesmen much depends upon how anxious the concern is to keep a particular territory. The young man may be better to break into a new territory, but he is less likely to stay with it. If it is especially desirable to keep the trade after it has been won, the older salesman is often the more dependable.

Even in the case of higher positions, executive and semiexecutive, there has come a growing realization that it is dangerous to form an organization either all young or

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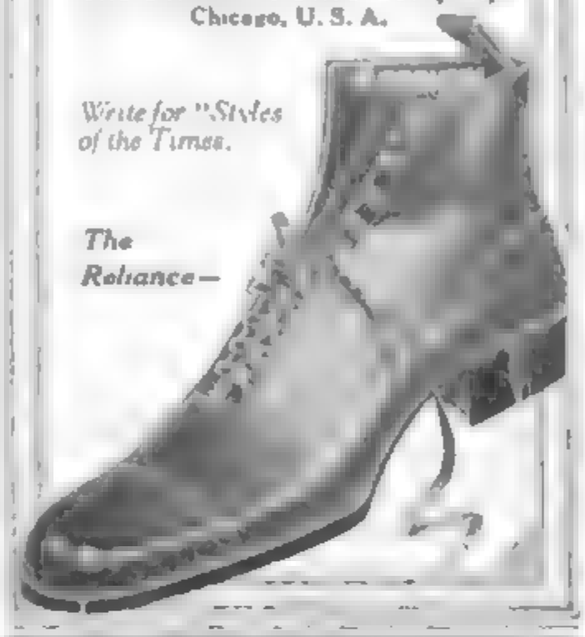

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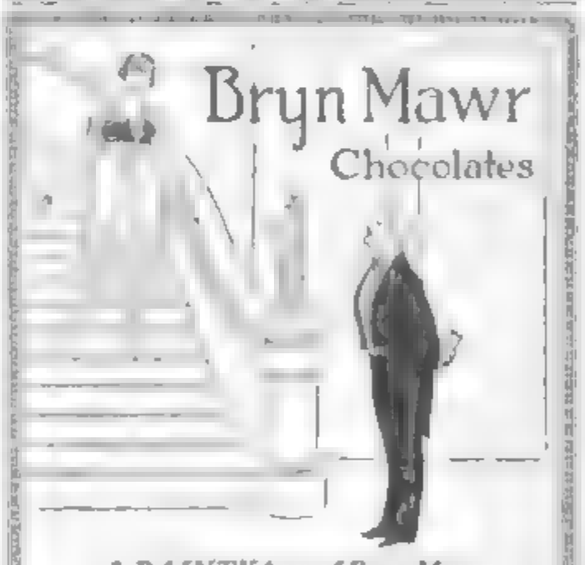

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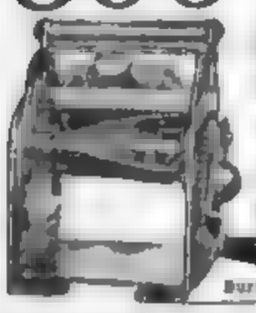

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all old. Such an organization is almost always astigmatic. If all young it tends to run amuck; if all old it becomes crabbed and atrophied. There are positions that middle-aged men are so much more obviously fitted to fill that one stands amazed at the foolishness of some employers in using young blood.

An executive of thirty-four, the moving spirit in a large enterprise, recently told of a new position he was about to fill, in which the sole but extensive and important work was to read over and handle the innumerable complaints and suggestions that were coming in.

"I want no skittish young thing like myself for that position," he said. "I don't want a man with too much initiative. The job does not need pep; but it requires an endless amount of human sympathy, experience, judgment and patience. No young man would have the patience. He would become irritated and annoyed and fear that the work would lead him nowhere."

The custom is growing of having one or more human dynamos in the thirties to generate ideas and more experienced men in the forties, fifties and even sixties to put a check upon too free a flow of these often half-baked suggestions. Wise management is recognizing more and more that to get the best results the older men must never be allowed to feel that they are has-beens. They must be made real factors, and that they are capable of such a part seems to be shown by the fact that young executives always value the praise of older men rather than that of their contemporaries.

But an even more fundamental change than increased care in selection will make in time for the fuller utilization of the older men. I refer to the gradual reorganization of industry on so-called functional rather than military lines. Formerly nearly every concern was organized from the manager down to the foremen and from them down to the workers.

This rigid form of management put a terrible premium upon the mere driving power and physical endurance of the managers and foremen. They always had more than they could do. They were not able, for one thing, to select and train their workers properly.

But now we are passing into a period of functional management—that is, between the manager and the foremen or between foremen and workers are being placed all manner of experts, such as chemists, engineers, employment managers, statisticians, planners, routers, schedulers, research men, instruction foremen and the like. With so much emphasis placed upon planning and instruction it would seem as if the young men who are now being trained in this type of management will have more of a place in the future than is usually the case with the older generation. For when they can no longer stand the physical pace of the production end, either in executive or actual wage-earning work, they can still be the instructors, planners, routers and research men.

There are many who utterly fail to realize what a change is coming over industry. The function of the executive is coming to be regarded as not one of command, of one who says "Do this," but of personal assistance and advice. Such an attitude naturally makes for a more complete use of all the talents the workers possess.

To utilize the older workers fully means a program that a man must be a part of when he is twenty or thirty. It is like the problem of crime—it is admitted that the hardened criminal is difficult to reach, but there is hope in the education of the children. There is far less likelihood of a middle-aged problem twenty years from now, because the boys and girls of to-day are being trained along special lines. The woman of forty-five who is a skilled stenographer or telegraph operator is not the one who has difficulty in getting a new position. It is the woman who has had no training or who has done only the most general kind of clerical work.

The rapid growth of industrial and vocational training will go far toward keeping men and women placed long after they have ceased to be young.

Of course there are always those who rise above all rules and limitations, who keep young and learn in spite of their years. We speak of age being relative, of how some men are young when others of the same years are old. Two thousand years ago Cicero wrote of the occasional old man "whose mind stands out of the reach of the body's decay," and only a few months ago a farmer of seventy-five, whose body as well as his mind was still young, went into an employment office in Philadelphia to secure a position in a munitions factory. There are men who come back from retirement at an advanced age and make great successes in this or that industry.

Doctor Osler spoke of the old Roman who cut loose from his own companions and by living with young men extended his years to one hundred and fifty. A successful newspaper editor at the age of sixty-three was asked to head an important department in a great university. At first he thought he was too old, but then he had this idea:

"It is true that I am sixty-three, but there are one million men in this country to-day who are only twenty-three. I will join that group and look at everything from their viewpoint.

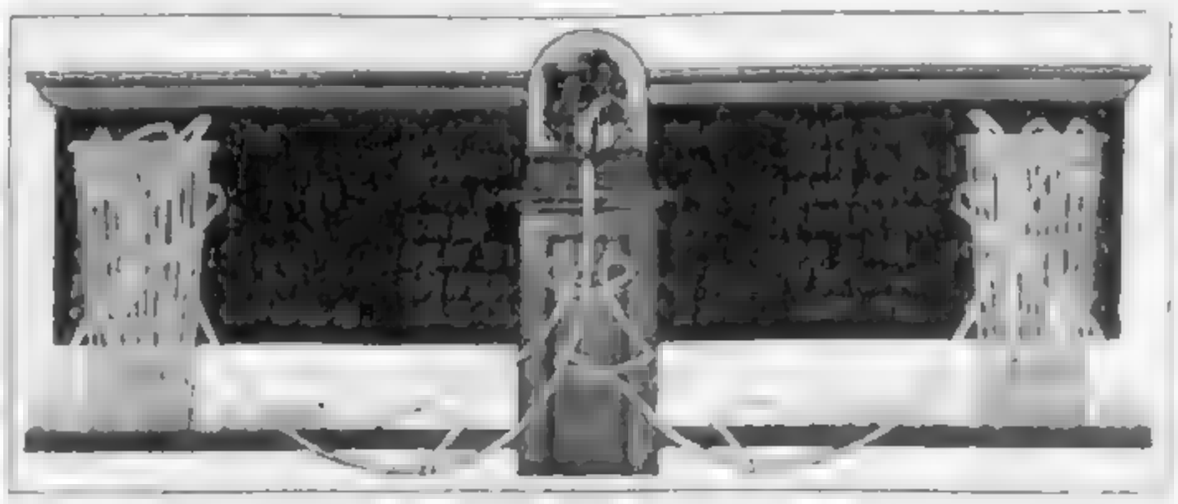
"That will be the motto of my life from this moment. Victor Hugo said that forty was the old age of youth and fifty the youth of old age. I will make the sixties the age of adventure."

These you may say are exceptional cases. But there is nothing exceptional about the fact that in many of the great commercial universities to-day fairly large numbers of men from forty to forty-five are taking courses. In one of the correspondence schools the average age is nearly thirty-five, which, allowing for the many very young clerks and the like who are enrolled, shows how the older fellows are still learning. It is literally true that age is to a considerable extent a habit of mind, largely within control of the individual.

A big corporation opened a school for its workers and compelled them to attend, as the lectures were held on the company's own time. The director, however, told six employees that they need not attend because they were too old. Of the six all were glad to be excused except two. These were both solicitors who were earning less than twenty dollars a week. They insisted that they could learn as well as the younger men and so they were reluctantly admitted. That was seven years ago. One of these men was then forty-three. To-day at fifty he is a general manager, and the other man of about the same age is now an assistant manager.

The director of the educational courses in this concern after relating the incident remarked: "The truth about this whole matter of middle age is that the man who goes on the scrap heap at that time of life does so because he has stopped thinking. He closes his mind at about the time his physical strength begins to deteriorate, and the result is fatal. He stops reasoning. It isn't that he lacks possibilities but that he stops thinking. He joins this and that party and church and believes he has a solution for life. That is deadly. We cannot stop. We must progress.

"The middle-aged man will find a place if only he keeps youthful in qualities of the open mind."



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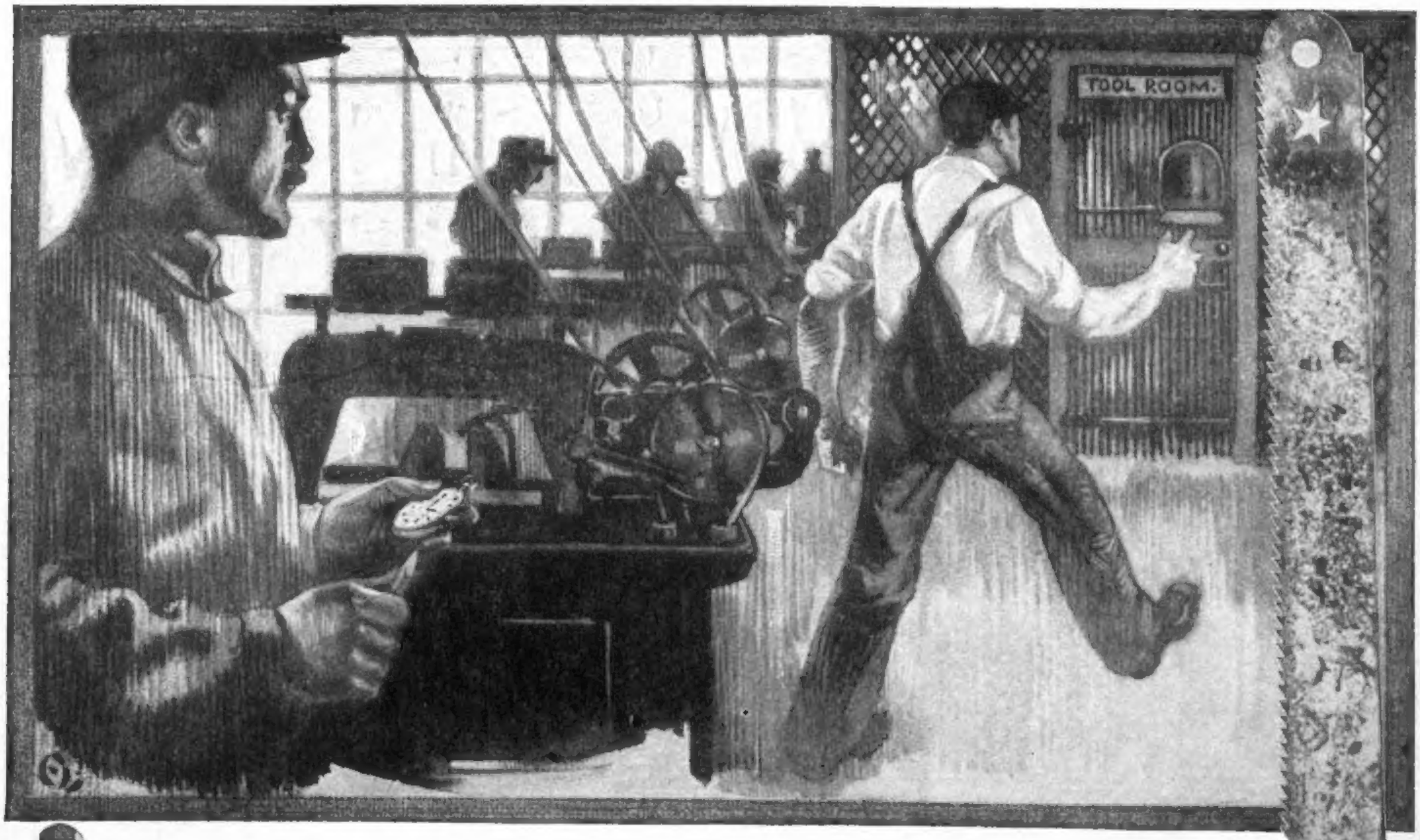

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MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Do *You* Think There is No Competition?

If anyone thinks there is no competition amongst the big packers he ought to go through a day's work with Swift & Company.

Let him begin at the pens when the live stock comes in; let him try to buy a nice bunch of fat steers quietly and at his own price, without somebody's bidding against him.

Let him realize the scrupulous care taken at the plant that not one thing is lost or wasted, in order that costs may be held to a minimum.

Let him go up into the office where market reports are coming in,—and reports of what other concerns are doing.

Let him watch the director of the Swift Refrigerator fleet, maneuvering it over the face of the country like a fleet of battleships at sea.

Let him take a trip with a Swift & Company salesman and try to sell a few orders of meat.

Let him stay at a branch house for an hour or two and see the retail meat dealers drive their bargains to the last penny as they shop around among the packers' branch houses, the wholesale dealers, and the local packing plants.

And then, when the day is over, let him have half an hour in the accounting department, where he can see for himself on what small profits the business is done. (Less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales.)

If he still thinks there is no competition in the meat business it will be because he wants to think so.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

Looking Forward To Right Shooting

YOUR boy's interest in firearms is a sign of his reaching out toward manhood. He has the vision of making his rifle shooting mean something—one of the foundation stones in his development into an all-'round man.

Give him the right start in his shooting—the proper encouragement!

Let him get in touch with the National Rifle Association.

Any boy under 18 years of age can have *official* instruction—shoot his .22 indoors or outdoors, under *official* conditions—win and wear the *official decoration for Junior Marksman.*

This N. R. A. lapel button is the only *official* decoration for Junior Marksmen in America. It is authorized by the U. S. Government. It takes rank with the decorations awarded to civilian riflemen, and to the soldier, the sailor, the marine.

* * *

Our *Service Department* is prepared to help your boy get started right, and wants to hear from him.

We believe that as his shooting progresses, and he grows more exacting about his rifle and ammunition, he will inevitably pin his faith for all time to *Remington UMC*—as so many thousands of others have done.

But whether he does or not—*Remington UMC will be glad to make his acquaintance for shooting right.*

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REMINGTON UMC

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., INC.
Largest Makers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
WOOLWORTH BUILDING, NEW YORK

BOYS—Write at once for the four *Remington Right Booklets* for boys

They are free to you if you mention this advertisement.

Remington UMC Service reaches millions of shooters throughout the inhabited globe—in this country over 80,000 dealers.

It will give you information about any kind of shooting.

It will help you organize your rifle club—give you the benefit of a hundred years' experience.

It will furnish your Club all the paper targets you need the year 'round.

No charge or obligation! Remington UMC service is a *free service* to every man and boy who wants to shoot right.

The Boys telling
Velvet Joe
how much they like
his tobacco

15¢